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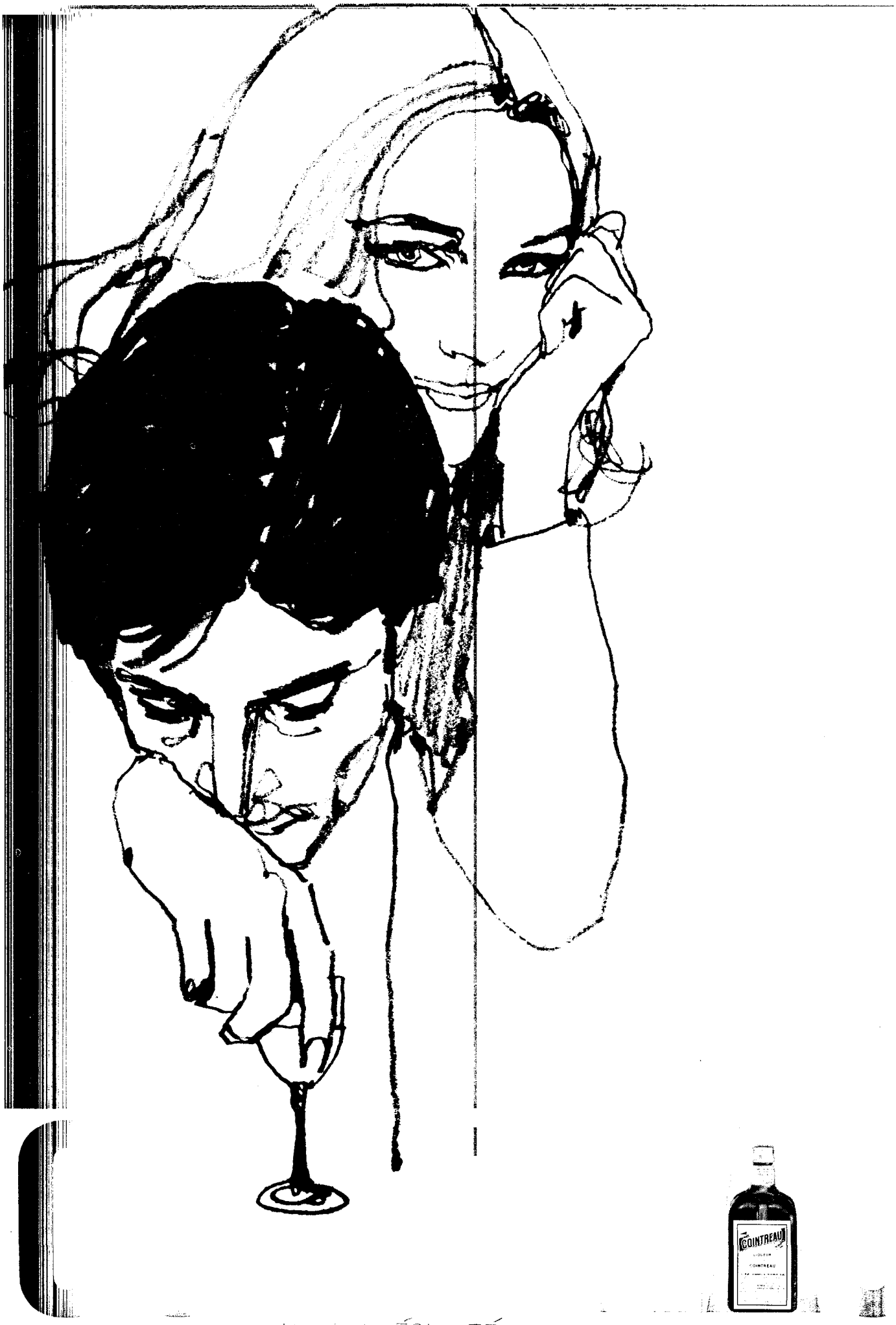

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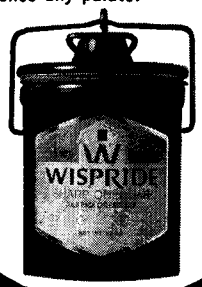

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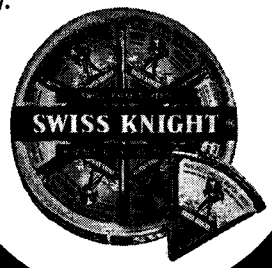

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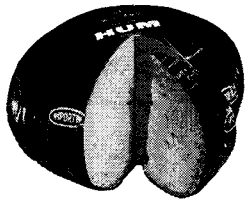

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

The Agony Lingers On

WASHINGTON.

THE LIBERAL FORCES, which have been the source of orderly progress within the United States during the past thirty-five years, are being ground to death between the New Left and the New Right. The political process began with the rise of the New Left, whose initial target was the liberals. Then came the Wallace movement, which provided a warning of the latent strength of the extreme Right. Since then, the Nixon administration, in power for more than a year now, has been in the process of enlarging its political base. The New Left, with its various components, has shifted its attack on the administration. But it finds itself at a serious disadvantage because it lacks coherence and leadership, while the "Silent Majority," which remained silent for so long even though it felt "radicalized" by the New Left, now has a national leader in the person of Vice President Agnew, around whom it can rally and go to the attack.

The Vice President told me recently that his having access to the same information as the President has makes him well placed to interpret where the administration is moving philosophically and in terms of policy, and although he does his own "interpreting," which can be a "high-risk activity," he has not yet "fallen off the bridge." He is convinced that so far he has not misconstrued the President's own thoughts and ideas, and that he expresses what the President in his own position prefers not to articulate. What makes it so much easier for him to understand the President, he feels, is that they share a similar middle-class background.

The success the Vice President has had with his speeches has given him a new extraordinary self-confidence and an almost smug assurance that he is expressing widely held views and winning new adherents daily. Essentially, his aim is to wrest the leadership of the politically less aware middle classes from what he calls the "self-proclaimed intellectual community," which he believes is the "most visceral" in the world and far more prejudiced than the middle class.

He found the antics of the Chicago conspiracy trial "distressing." He regrets that they led to "the disruption of a citizen's right to orderly trial by jury," and that the accused have been regarded by the liberal press as martyrs. "These are frightening things," he said, and he has discussed them with members of both parties, all deeply concerned about such developments. "We have a reactionary anarchy in our country, and yet, over the past year, it has been fashionable not to criticize those anarchists even though they favor the overthrow of our system. Now, since I have started to speak out against them, it is obvious that people wanted someone in the government to do that."

Mr. Agnew admitted that there was a danger that he might, unwittingly perhaps, incite emotions of another extremism, but he thought that the benefits of what he is doing outweigh this danger. "I provide the safety valve for the frustrations of a large section of public opinion," he said, "because I am saying what they feel in their stomachs." No doubt there is a lot to what the Vice President is claiming; the fact that none of the leading Democrats have yet launched a serious counter-attack and taken the Vice President to task is an indication of their own assessment of the public mood and his surprising success. At least for the time being they doubt whether such a move would be politically advantageous for them. All of which only goes to prove how feeble the Old Left is, and how much it feels itself on the defensive.

Significantly, several Old Left Democrats in Congress have recently complained to me about the mass media

in terms similar to the Vice President's. They too blame television for the near state of anarchy in this country; they are convinced that the overexposure of radical students and Black Panthers and the overemphasis on demonstrations and riots have done them in and account for their own political distress. They feel that much of the public blames the Democratic Party for having tolerated these excesses and for having indulged in political permissiveness. These voters are turning, therefore, to the Republican Party in the hope that it will prove to be tougher and more effective in restoring law and order. A situation is thus developing where television and the press are being blamed by both Republicans and Democrats for the troubled state of this nation; the only

(*Continued on page* 10)

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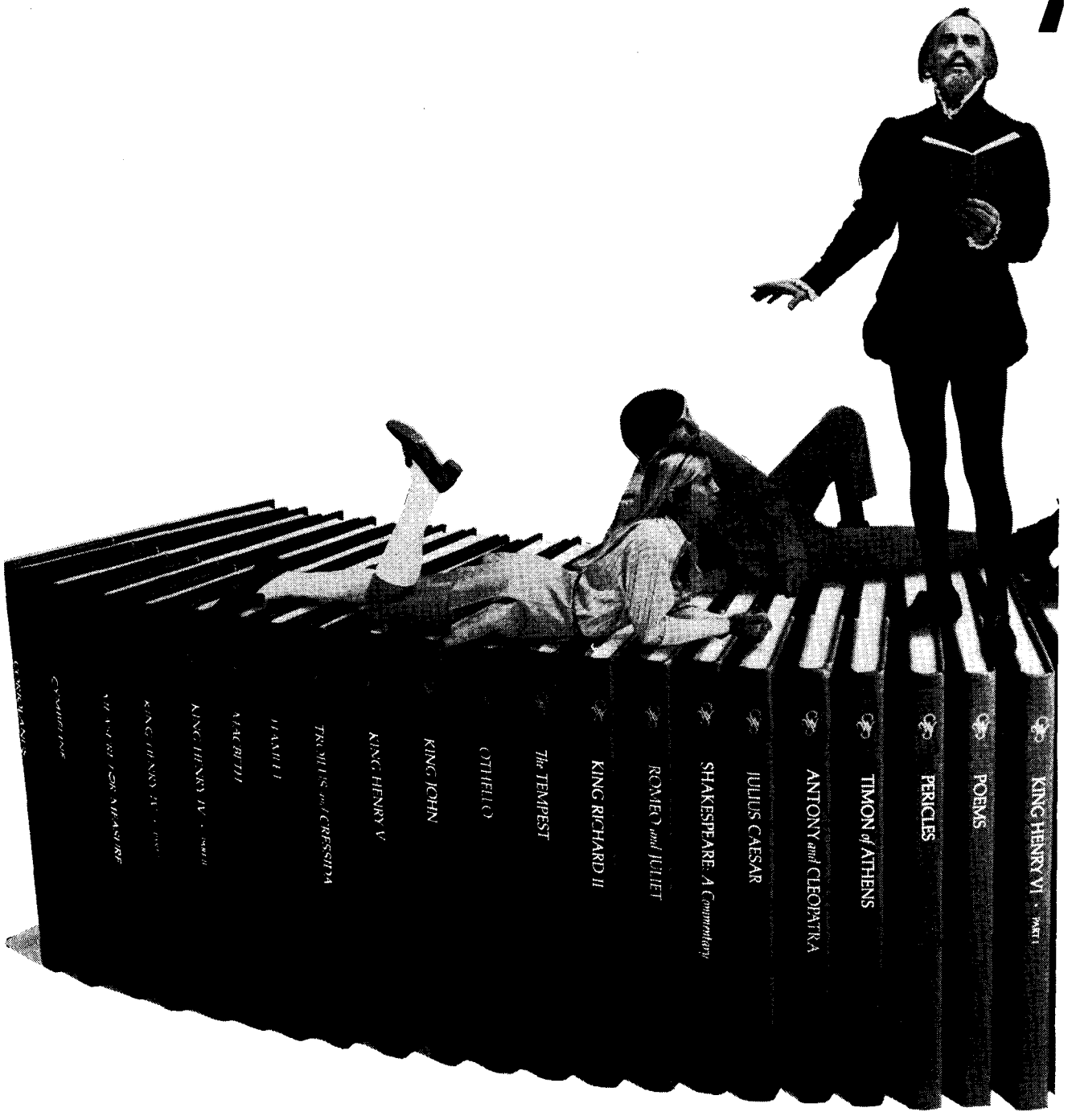

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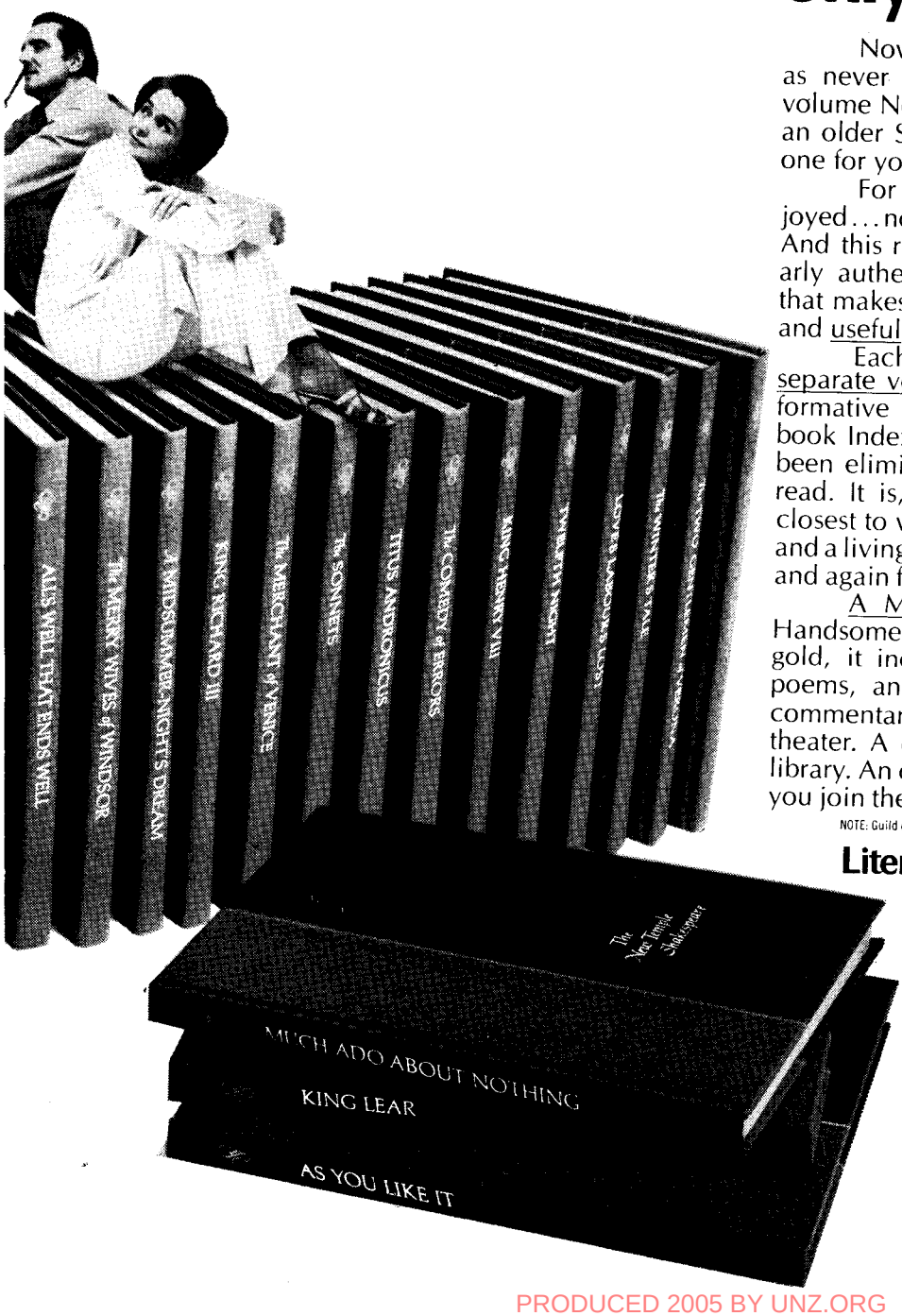

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(*Continued from page 4*)

difference is that Republicans now feel that it is helping to strengthen their party, and the Democrats that it is weakening theirs.

It remains to be seen what effect the situation will have on television programing and on liberal commentators —will they also be ground down between the pressures from the New Left and the New Right? The new mood of the country is bound to have its effect on them, too, and there are already signs that commentaries are reduced and de-opinionated.

The paradox of the current mood is that in today's "period of protest" issues and events under attack are often of little national interest, arousing primarily the emotions of a few, while a major issue, such as the demise of school desegregation, is only quietly and passively lamented. One reason is that President Nixon has decided to let this issue take its own course in Congress. Another is that the enormous progress achieved during the last fifteen years has created many deep wounds, and has led to a new political consciousness among blacks and middle-class whites. Both reasons have caused profound divisions within the nation.

Having tried in the past to provide a bridge over social chasms, the liberals today are rejected both by the white middle class that applauds Vice President Agnew and by the blacks, who are developing their own national consciousness. There is no one to act as a healer for the liberals. The only liberal around who continues to hold the respect of the young as well as vast numbers of adults, and who is listened to by even the authorities, is Ralph Nader. He survives because he attacks factual situations that affect everybody, and because he offers factual remedies that have wide appeal among all ages and classes.

Meanwhile, in the absence of a healer of national stature, it will be left to time to act in that capacity. The danger during this agony is that the antagonisms may deepen instead of fade away.

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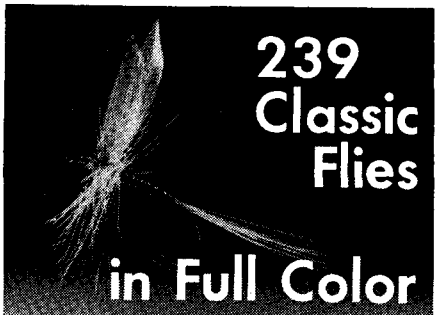

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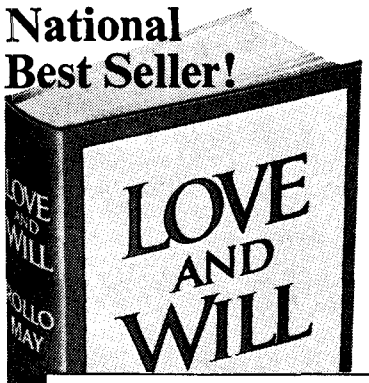

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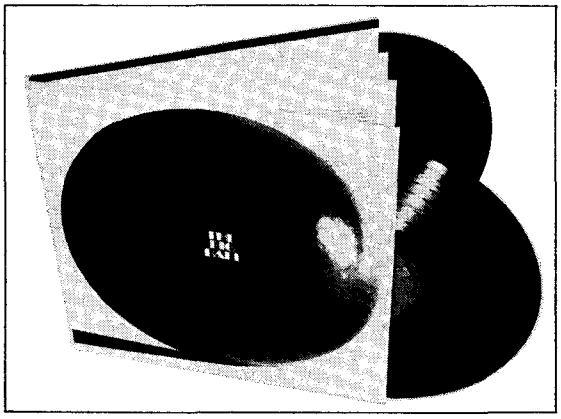
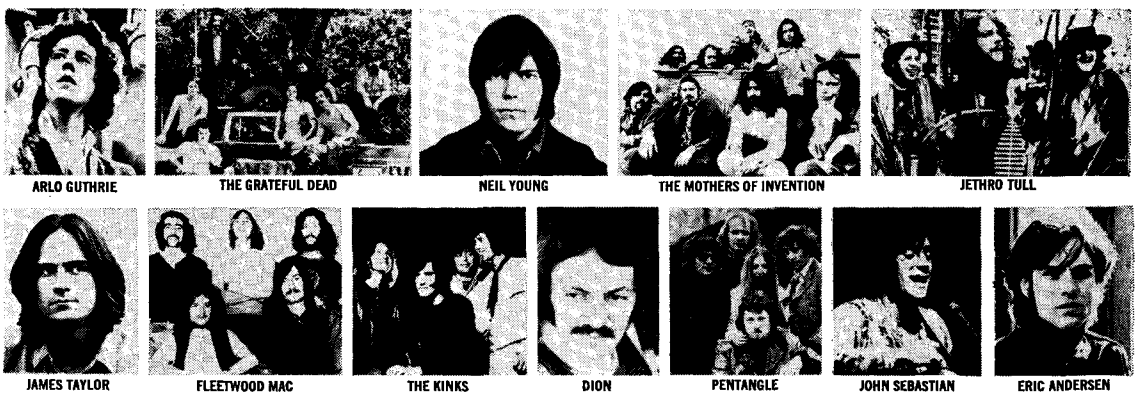
Warner/Reprise Announces Its Biggest Bargain: THE BIG BALL



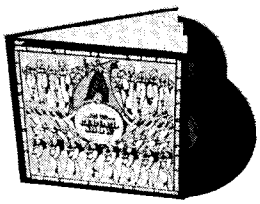
Over 20 outstanding record artists meet in an all-new and grossly underpriced ($2) two-record set.



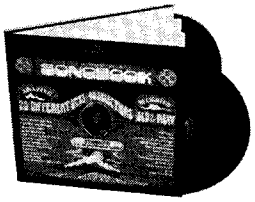
All the artists whose beauty you can see above, plus lots more (like Gordon Lightfoot, Tim Buckley, Ed Sanders of the Fugs, the Muldaurs, the Fifth Avenue Band...) are giving up their royalties to bring you THE BIG BALL. What this means is that for two bucks you can get mailed to your home, hovel, or box a classy two-record album, 28 stereo selections crammed with good musical things on four full sides, all new stuff for 1970.

With unaccustomed grace, Warner/Reprise is not making a buck on any of this. In supermarkets this sort of thing is called a loss leader, but in the record biz it's a very suspicious thing to do. Anyway...

There's only one way to get THE BIG BALL: by mail. No retail merchants. No stores. No markups. Should you be justifiably wary of mail order hypes, we can't blame you. We have, however, a happy history of doing good by mail. THE BIG BALL's two ancestors, SONGBOOK and RECORD SHOW, were sent to a whole lot of satisfied orderers-by-mail in 1969. (In case you missed those previous epics, we provide you with their pictures and order form here.)



RECORD SHOW: Two LPs featuring Jethro Tull, Peter, Paul & Mary, Kinks, Mothers of Invention, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Van Dyke Parks and lots of others.



SONGBOOK: Two full albums starring Jimi Hendrix, Arlo Guthrie, Everly Bros., Pentangle, Fugs, Sweetwater and a host more.

About one of these epics some long-haired creep from Richmond, Virginia wrote us, "Got your Songbook and Record Show things. Well, I finally found a record company that gives a damn. Bless your hearts."

We have a hunch he was right. There's only one way you can find out if the good fairy is still breathing. It's called the nearby coupon...

That done, we'll send you our extravagant BIG BALL set, featuring such delights as:

- One of John Sebastian's brand-newest songs.
- James Tayor's title track from his new album—"Sweet Baby James."
- Fleetwood Mac's fantastic "Oh Well."
- A released-only-in-England Kinks song.
- Pentangle's new version of classic oldie, "Sally Go Round the Roses."
- And about 23 other lovelies...

THE BIG BALL (plus such others as you have the cash for) will then be got to you as fast as the clowns in our mail room can pull it all together.

To: THE BIG BALL • Room 208
Warner Bros. Records, Burbank, Ca. 91505 M
Dear Big Ball:
Please send me what I've checked, and do it as fast as you can:
☐ THE BIG BALL LP ($2)
☐ RECORD SHOW LP ($2)
☐ SONGBOOK LP ($2)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

TV Can Be Terribly Vexing

How to Talk Back to Your Television Set is the title of a new book published by Atlantic-Little, Brown, and written by Nicholas Johnson, your friendly neighborhood Federal Communications Commissioner.

It's a book you should have at hand to read every time you get mad at your TV set, which should put it high on the list of the Ten Most Often Read Books.

Mr. Johnson addresses himself to every viewer whose sensitivities are offended by what TV offers as entertainment, and tells you how you can go about improving it.

"Shouting exhortations at an edifice is a poor substitute for some structural changes," he says. So he has included some pages of names and addresses to which you can write.

As a member of long standing of the People's Communications Commission, a new and just-this-minute-formed organization, I have written as many cleverly satiric letters to the networks as any viewer, and I have come to the sad conclusion that they consider my handiwork the product of a deranged mind. If you look in the files of the networks' incoming mail, you will find me listed under C, for crackpot.

One campaign I waged was for a simple little grammatical error that seems to have infiltrated the air waves, especially on the talk shows:

"The people are responding in a way that are not acceptable," said a man the other night. Would it hurt if the host stopped the show and said: "That should be *is* not acceptable." "Is" is the predicate of the singular subject, "way." A little knowledge for the viewers is not all that dangerous.

A lawyer said: "I've advised my client not to testify till we know what the nature of the charges are."

The announcer of a golf tournament: "The car carrying the players have just arrived at the fifteenth hole."

Senator John C. Stennis (Miss.): "We will have to pass a Constitutional amendment to say that under certain facts a person would forfeit their right to a trial."

This laissez-faire attitude toward the English language does not enhance TV's charm. It's as if the networks have broken out in a massive epidemic of pluralcy.

Fortunately, all TV is not like that. There is still a half-hour oasis on NBC Monday nights in a program called *My World and Welcome to It*. Literate, expertly written, acted, directed, and produced, the program is delightfully unlike the year-in-and-out, factory-made domestic situation comedies that clutter our sets. It is pure James Thurber.

So naturally NBC has announced that *My World* will be dropped next season. But the network has a good reason, other than the fact that the show didn't get an acceptable rating. The three networks, we are told, are concentrating on programs that have "relevance and social awareness." So in place of *My World*, NBC will give us a half-hour Red Skelton show, marked down from the hour he had on CBS, which canceled him after nineteen years.

My World was highly recommended (G) in this space some weeks ago. The mail response was from viewers who had been watching it, and thank-you notes from those who hadn't. Nicholas Johnson, of course, would have been happier if they had written the network. Many of the writers had a valid reason: "Whenever I've written a network to praise a program, it inevitably was taken off the next season. I don't want to jinx this one." And now, as my wife is wont to say, "the chickens have come home to roast."

Mrs. Bettye K. Hoffmann, in charge of TV mail at NBC, recently admitted there had been a lot of warm letters about *My World* from the "better educated, teachers, ministers." There had also been some from people who objected to what they claimed was misogyny —the men in the show hated their wives and all women.

Not true. Those who were favored to have met James Thurber knew him as a gentle man. His battle between the sexes was all skirmish, no search and destroy.

There were also letters, Mrs. Hoffmann says, from orthodontists who embraced the extraoral anchorage worn over her teeth and from ear to ear by the adorable little girl in *My World*. It was a selling point to convince their frightened little patients who doubtlessly thought of it as another form of misogyny.

Postscript: Mr. Mort Werner, head of NBC programing, when asked earlier this season which program he was most proud of, said *My World and Welcome to It*.

That's the pride that goeth before a fall season.

"May prove to be one of the remembered books of the year."*
THE FEAST OF FOOLS
by Harvey Cox
author of The Secular City
A theologian's plea for the rebirth of festivity and fantasy in our society.
*"If he merely succeeds in explaining the estranged generations to each other, he will have accomplished a great deal." —John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate
"Never the esoteric theologian . . . Cox courageously calls on us to reexamine our traditional pieties . . . and to experience the threat and the liberation of confronting the sacred with the comic . . . Psychology is in his debt."—Psychology Today
"Verdict: well worth reading."—Washington Post
$5.95 at bookstores.
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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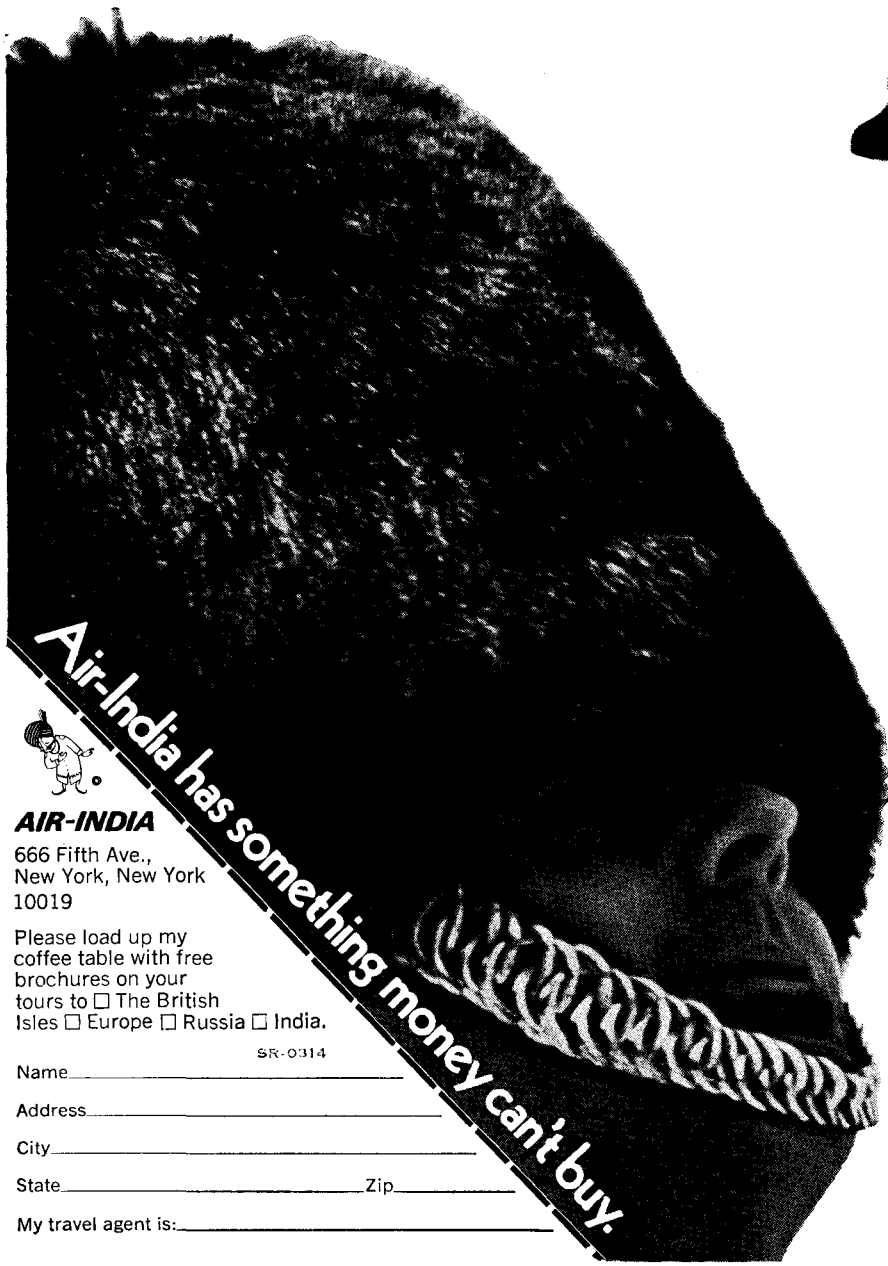
It's tour-shopping time.



'Tis the season to mail away for those delightful summer vacation brochures.

In the spirit of the times, Air-India has some extra-special summer vacation brochures to mail away for. They'll tell you about the unique tours we have to the British Isles, Europe, Russia and India.

A brief preview. For just about $300 you can have two weeks in the Isles by auto or rail. Or two weeks in London, Dublin and Edinburgh with flights between cities. Your just-about $300 covers round-trip air fare, accommodations and more.

Or you can dig a little deeper and get some extraordinary treats. We've an exclusive two week theatre tour of London, Moscow and Leningrad. And we can give you India almost any way you want it, starting at $654 for 17 days to $2,190 for 29 days.

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Tour prices based on round-trip group economy air fares from N.Y. We form the groups!

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Address_____

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My travel agent is:_____

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Is "the Silent Majority" a new phrase? No, says reader Mary Byer, of Hagerstown, Maryland. In a Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, clipping, dated September 13, 1887, she noted a heading for the death notices:

Some of Those who have been
Called To Join the
Silent Majority.

"I hope," she writes, "the majority now is not that silent!"

As for ourselves, we scurried around and found you proverbs about silence from all over—i.e., "God protects the silent man" (Persian); "The silent man is the best to listen to" (Japanese); "Silence is power" (West African). We even found one democratic one: "It is bad luck to live near the home of a silent person" (Spanish).

Finally, we located a poem on the subject by Leonard Robbins:

How a minority,
Reaching majority,
Seizing authority,
Hates a minority!

Poetry too—albeit closer to home—came from Mrs. Claire Gerber, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Gerber is a grandmother for the first time, and her verse was, she admits, inspired by a baby-sitting stint:

Christopher crawls.
Christopher creeps.
What a relief
When Christopher sleeps!

Our readers had a field day during the fortnight reading classified ads. One was located in the Long Island *Press* by Mrs. Florence Just, of Long Island City:

APARTMENTS to Share 18A Jackson Heights—Loving room, share kitchen and bath with one person. Walk to everything.

It takes a heap of living, we've always said, but why all that walking? Anyway, another classified came from Josephine Leamer, of Denver, who found it in the Denver *Post:*

MEN—TAKE NOTE Luscious blonde window, 39, well-proportioned—property owner.

Honestly, a window like that gives us the shutters. But no matter—our third and final classified was spotted by Joseph Durham, of the College of Education of Illinois State University. And where do you think he found it? In *SR*, no less:

NATIONALLY-KNOWN sex educator-author wishes challenging summer employment.

And what, we'd like to know, is he up to during the winter?

In any case, our headline of the fortnight came anonymously—from the society page of the *Times Democrat* of Altus, Oklahoma:

LADDS ANNOUNCE
DAUGHTER'S BROTHEL

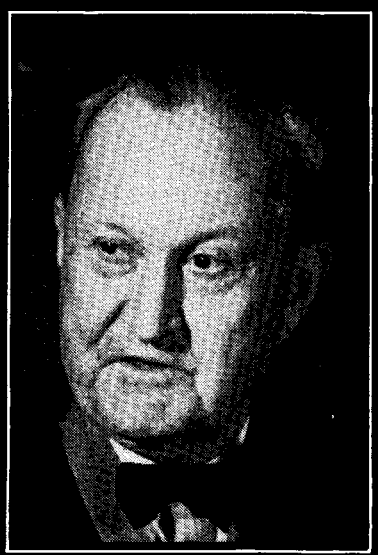
Don't worry, though—it was just too many cooks involved in the announcement by Mr. and Mrs. James Ladd, of the engagement of their daughter, Marsha Ann. Meanwhile, in Milwaukee, Mrs. L. J. Smotherman found her Quote of the Fortnight in the Milwaukee *Sentinel.* The paper ran a dispatch from Washington in which Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard spoke out about anyone being able to thwart federal court orders. "People who thwart federal court orders," his quote was quoted, "go to hail."

"At least," writes Mrs. Smotherman, "'hail' wasn't capitalized." As for ourselves, our own Quote of the Fortnight came to us at the movies where we heard Hal Wallis, in a trailer advertising as the next attraction his magnificent *Anne of the Thousand Days,* speak out as follows: "The particular appeal of historical films is that you're dealing with history." As if that weren't enough, Mr. Wallis further declared: "Making a film like this involves everything that goes into the making of history—sets, wardrobe, costumes, and props."

Making statements like that is pretty historical, too, Hal baby.

Elsewhere on the movie front we were so impressed with George Scott's performance in *Patton* that we think he ought to get this year's Oscar, even though he's not eligible until next year's. During the filming, incidentally, Scott got so far into the part that he

Adman, senator, publishing chief...
these are a few of
THE LIVES OF WILLIAM BENTON
By SIDNEY HYMAN



A Madison Avenue giant of the 1920s, as co-founder of Benton and Bowles; a senator who was the first and fiercest fighter against Senator Joseph McCarthy; publisher of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—these are a few of the achievements of the remarkable subject of this biography.

William Benton was also an educational innovator at the University of Chicago during the Hutchins era, an assistant secretary of state, and ambassador to UNESCO. He has been successful in countless business ventures, including that typical twentieth-century invention, Muzak.

Born with the century, in April 1900, Benton has kept pace with, and in many cases helped shape, its history. His biography, in the words of *Publishers' Weekly:* "affords some invaluable inside views of U.S. business and politics during the Democratic golden days." $10.00

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Chicago, Illinois 60637

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St. Renault and the Dragon.

Your paycheck is being ravaged. Old dragon inflation has got hold of your money belt and will not let go.

Everything costs more. Everything—from soup to nuts. And a visit to the supermarket is enough to make a brave man shudder.

ENOUGH OF THESE DEPRESSING FACTS. THERE IS A SOLUTION.

The Renault 10.

Which costs **$1725*** and is the lowest priced four-door sedan in America.

And purchase price isn't the only money you save. The Renault 10 gets up to **35** miles to the gallon. (Sometimes more.) And reduces your gas bill by about half.

And you can figure that you'll save a little money because it costs less to register a Renault in most states. And you'll save a little bit more money because the Renault doesn't wear out your tires as fast as bigger, fatter cars.

And the fact that the Renault uses virtually no antifreeze puts a couple more dollars in your pocket.

Yet, you get all this economy in a comfortable reliable family car.

The Renault 10 cruises all day at 85.

The Renault 10 has 4-wheel independent suspension.

The Renault 10 goes from 0 to 60 in 19 seconds.

The Renault 10 has 4-wheel disc brakes as standard equipment.

The Renault 10 is more comfortable on a long trip than most big American cars.

Monsieur Dragon, en garde.

RENAULT 10

$1725*—35 MPG

For nearest dealer see Yellow Pages or write Renault Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632. *Suggested retail price, P.O.E., taxes, freight, options, (such as whitewalls, radio, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional.

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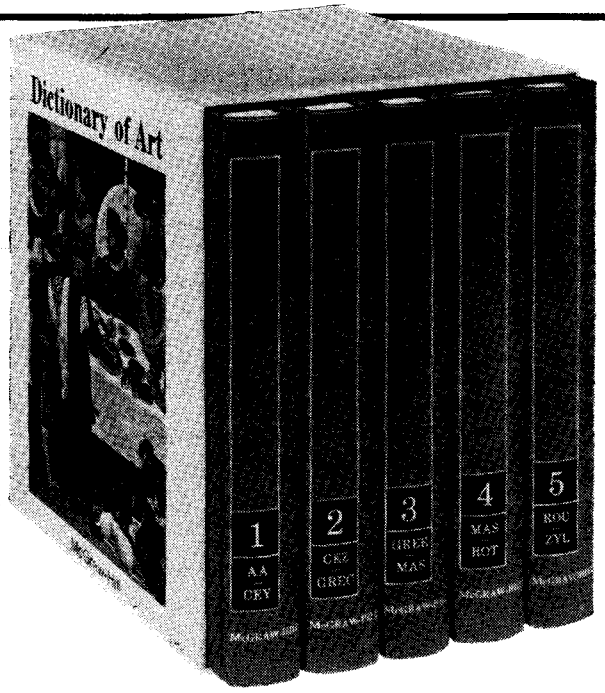
"A superb achievement both in scholarship and production" —ARTS Magazine

"An invaluable museum in miniature" —AMERICA

"An admirable addition to the literature of art" —WASHINGTON (D.C.) POST



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FROM PREHISTORIC cave paintings to today's Minimal Art, this amazing reference covers every aspect of the visual arts. It explains the techniques as well as the special terminology of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the decorative arts. Encyclopedia-style articles cover each of the principal periods and schools in art history. The thousands upon thousands of biographical articles tell you exactly why each artist is considered important.

More than 2,300 magnificent illustrations, 400 of them in full color, bring you important works of art of both East and West. Included are 195 *full-page* color plates of great masterpieces. Handy guides describe the museums and architectural landmarks in all major cities of the world.

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actually thought he was Patton. On one occasion, when director Franklin Shaffner wanted a scene just completed done differently, Scott first glared at him, then strode forward, then smote the air with his riding crop. The scene stayed as previously played.

On the book front our favorite title is the forthcoming story of present-day advertising by Jerry Della Femina, *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor.* Also in the title field, a friend of ours went into Brentano's. "Do you have," he asked the clerk, "*Little Monsters?*" "Indeed I do," replied the clerk quickly. "Two at home—and one away at school." And still elsewhere, there's *Toots* by the peerless Bob Considine. Toots's real name? Bernard. No George though —just Toots Bernard Shor.

Finally, put down March 24 on your calendar in large letters. That evening there will be the largest theater party in history—a million people in thousands of movie theaters all over the country gathered to pay tribute to the late Martin Luther King and see *KING: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis.* The tribute ($5 tax deductible) will go to the Martin Luther King Foundation and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, as well as other groups working against poverty, illiteracy, and social injustice through nonviolent methods. But best of all there will be no deductions whatever —all selling expenses, theater rentals, production costs, etc., having been, as the program notes, "absorbed by existing entities." As for the film itself, it is produced by Ely Landau, of *Long Day's Journey* and *Pawnbroker* fame, and, since we have already seen it, we can assure you that it is a) for accurate, b) for brilliant, c) for constructive, and d) for a damned near perfect documentary. It will be shown that night and that one night *only. Don't* miss it.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1874)

(IVOR) BROWN:
DICKENS AS SOCIAL REFORMER

It was the Fabian Shaw, once briefly a Marxist . . . who wrote of *Little Dorrit* that it was "a more seditious book than *Das Kapital.* All over Europe men and women are in prison for pamphlets and speeches which are to *Little Dorrit* as red-pepper to dynamite."

From "Charles Dickens" (1812-1870 A Centennial Volume) edited by E.W.F. Tomlin.

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Introducing a more involving kind of European vacation.

Most Americans, when they go to Europe, usually manage to remain remarkably *detached* from the country they're visiting.

They eat in Americanized restaurants, stay in Americanized hotels and if they talk with anyone, it's usually other Americans.

It's not their fault.

They probably share the wish we all have. "Wouldn't it be nice if instead of *learning* the language I could somehow stay over in Europe and just *pick it up*."

This year Berlitz offers you a rare chance to do something about that dream.

Because we are a world-wide organization, we have been able to set up a unique program that we call Live and Learn.

And it's exactly what the name suggests.

You live in Europe.

And you learn in Europe.

We put you up in comfortable quarters (maybe a hotel or even a castle) with a few carefully selected people of your own age. (We can handle young adults, older adults, even teen agers from 12 to 15 or 16 to 19). You live in the country you choose: France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Austria or Switzerland. (Or Mexico.) And you can stay for 4, 6, or 8 weeks.

For half the day, we teach you the local language.

But don't let the word "teach" put you off.

This isn't teaching the way you know it. There's no writing, no dreary lists of verbs to learn, no books. Instead, we just *talk* to you.

First, we teach you the simple words.

Then we show you how to put them into simple sentences.

And soon you are talking back to us.

The other half of the day, you're talking back to the local people.

If you wish you can do it on your own.

Or, because we're well known to the local communities, we can arrange for you to join in local sports, go sightseeing, to parties, concerts, art galleries, etc.

Naturally, a program like this has to remain fairly intimate, so we can't take too many people. If you'd like to join us, we suggest you mail the coupon now.

Do it and this year you can come back with a lot more than a suntan.

You can come back with a language.

Berlitz® Live and Learn™ Summer 1970.

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866 3rd Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
or phone 212-581-5101

I would like to learn
☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ German ☐ Italian

My age is ☐ 20-30 ☐ 30-40 ☐ over 40

Please send details of Live and Learn programs and departure dates.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____ Phone_____

The cost of this course may be a deductible educational or business expense under the Internal Revenue Code.

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There's nobody else exactly like you. That's why Equitable uses ESP.

ESP. Electronic Security Profile. It's the Equitable man's computer-age way of projecting your current financial objectives into the future—and designing a Living Insurance Program to help meet them.

Just tell The Man from Equitable the facts about yourself. Your goals. Your finances. Together with our ESP computer, he analyzes those facts. Makes sure you get a Living Insurance program that's suited for you, you alone. Designed to fit your projected needs—from now right through retirement. ESP. It treats you like an individual.

Whether it's a Living Insurance program for a family...or programs to help solve today's social problems...helping people build a better life is what Equitable is all about.

Helping people build a better life

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Saturday Review
March 14, 1970

THE WORLD WAR INDUSTRY

History's Greatest Dead End

"The world arms race is an old subject, and an uncomfortable one. Yet it remains the world's greatest waste of resources and its most pressing danger."

by FRANK BLACKABY

The past twenty years have produced a record of virtually total failure in attempts to introduce any effective form of arms control, let alone disarmament. Clear evidence of this failure lies in world-wide trends in military expenditure. According to figures recently compiled by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, the rate at which world military spending has been rising over the past two decades gives some idea of what may happen if attempts to curb the arms race are as unsuccessful between now and 1990 as they have been between 1950 and 1970.

The two basic figures concerning the world war industry—to use Professor Kenneth Boulding's apt term—are those needed for a first appraisal of any world-wide industry: the share it takes of the world's output and its trend rate of growth.

Over the past twenty years, military spending has taken close to 8 per cent of the world's output. Only during the two World Wars did the proportion exceed this percentage. Even in 1913, after the naval arms race, the military's share in world output was probably not more than 3 per cent. The present high figure is not simply a result of the immense expense of the gleaming weaponry needed to support strategic confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union. There have never before been standing armies of millions of men continuing under arms for decades. Throughout the 1960s, NATO and Warsaw Pact countries combined had more than ten million men in their armed forces.

Although it is not easy to give relevance to this close to 8 per cent figure, a report from the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency does provide a potent comparison: "Global military expenditures are equivalent to the total annual income produced by one billion people living in Latin America, South Asia, and the Near East. They are greater by 40 per cent than world-wide expenditures on education by all levels of government, and more than three times world-wide expenditures on public health."

(Although this is a valuable report, it nonetheless has its limitations in that it was prepared by a government agency of one of the major world powers. The report's text discusses the rise in world military expenditures between 1965 and 1967 without once mentioning the word Vietnam. The increase in United States military spending in Vietnam accounted for two-thirds of the rise in world military expenditure between those years.)

The growth rate in the world's military expenditure over the past twenty years has been more on the order of 6 per cent a year, in real terms—that is, omitting the effect of inflation. By going back fifty years instead of twenty, the rate of rise is probably about 5 per cent a year. A 5 per cent a year growth rate means a doubling every fifteen years; a trebling every twenty-three years; and a quintupling every thirty-three years. It means that the world is now devoting to the military a quantity of resources roughly equal to the world's whole output at the turn of the century. This figure of 5 per cent is the long-term trend rate. Year-to-year movements have been irregular. World military expenditure has tended to move up in jumps, and then level off for a while. For example, it rose some 30 per cent between 1965 and 1968, and since 1968 has leveled off, as United States spending in Vietnam fluctuated.

There is no automatic economic brake to prevent world military expenditure from continuing to show a rising trend of around 5 per cent a

FRANK BLACKABY is an economist at the National Institute of Economic and Social Research in London. Presently on leave, he has been working with the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute and recently has authored the first *SIPRI Yearbook on World Armaments and Disarmament.*

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year, in real terms, indefinitely. It cannot, of course, indefinitely rise faster than world output; but world output itself has been increasing at around 5 per cent a year during the past decade.

So all the military leaders have to do, in order to continue doubling the quantity of resources they have at their disposal every fifteen years, is to ensure that military expenditure maintains its present share of world output. That, indeed, often tends to be their line in budget arguments. In many countries a conventional percentage of national output has been established for military use and has become hallowed by custom. If the figure falls below the established norm, the chiefs of staff complain they are not getting their fair share. Military expenditure—or defense, as it is almost always called in national budgets—tends to be treated in budget debates as if it were a common good, like public health or education, which one naturally wants to have more of as one grows richer.

In fact, a constant share of the world's product for military purposes is a recipe for the indefinite continuation of the world's arms race at the rate of the last two decades. If world military expenditure's present share in world output is maintained, and if world output continues to grow as fast as it did during the last decade—and neither of these assumptions can be dismissed as implausible—then by the early years of the next century the world will be devoting to military purposes a quantity of resources equal to the whole of its present output. It is hard to present a picture of the sort of advanced weaponry that might then be around. In 1945, anyone who had forecast the array of weapons employed in the present strategic confrontation would have been dismissed as wholly fanciful, and deeply pessimistic, too. It is awesome how far and how fast the world has come in weaponry in the past twenty-five years. Clearly, if the arms race goes on, anti-missile-missile-missiles will stop being a joke and will become a reality somewhere along the way. Armies may be deployed along the sea bottom. Surface-to-air missiles and medium-range surface-to-surface missiles may then be thickly spread all around the world.

Behind the mountainous quantity of military expenditure in the last twenty years there has been a wide variety of different forms of arms competition. At one end of the spectrum, there has been the strategic arms competition between the two major world powers; at the other end, the proliferation of conventional weapons in the developing countries.

The strategic arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union has always been an arms race, never a plateau. The "strategic plateau" was a strategist's concept that never at any time approached reality. It was logical, in one sense, that at some point both sides might tacitly decide that they had enough lethal power, and stop increasing the number of nuclear warheads and elaborating the methods of delivery. But this situation never occurred. In fact, in spite of all the intellectual expertise devoted to strategic thinking in the United States, the strategic arms race has been a fairly unsophisticated process—in the decision-making, of course; not in the weaponry itself.

A considerable part of the "action-reaction phenomenon" of this race can be traced now on the United States' side, with the help of a growing body of slightly penitent testimony from some of those experts who had positions of responsibility then. On the Soviets' side, there is no testimony, penitent or otherwise; the rationale of their strategic decisions can only be guessed at from what is known of their arms procurement and deployment.

Two episodes illustrate this phenomenon. When the Kennedy administration came into power at the beginning of 1961, it was already politically committed to a high forward estimate of likely Soviet missile construction. This commitment was used as the justification for a program of expansion of both land-based and sea-based missile forces that swelled the number of U.S. strategic missiles from 160 in 1961 to 1,350 in 1965. This program went inexorably ahead, with an immense amount of technical improvement in the weaponry along the way, despite steadily increasing evidence that the Soviet Union was in fact doing comparatively little to build up its missile forces. By 1965, the United States had a better than 4-to-1 missile superiority in numbers alone, and a significant qualitative edge—particularly in submarine-launched missiles — as well. Faced with statistics such as these, the Soviet Union, not surprisingly, began to accelerate its missile installations the following year. This Soviet move is now being used as the rationale for another major step by the United States: the construction of an anti-ballistic missile system.

To take another example: In a statement of position at the beginning of 1967, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara said, "We must, for the time being, plan our forces on the assumption that the Soviet Union will have deployed some sort of ABM sys-

Long and short term trends in the volume of world military expenditure

Based on constant price figures

	Average per cent change per year						*Size of military expenditure in 1968 US $ bn, current prices and exchange-rates*
	Long-term trend[a] 1949–68	Short-term trend 1965–68	Year-to-year changes 1965–66	1966–67	1967–68	Budgeted change in 1969	
United States	+ 7.7	+12.0	+19.2	+15.4	+ 2.0	− 0.6	*79.5*
Other NATO	+ 5.3	+ 1.6	+ 0.9	+ 4.7	− 0.9	+ 0.4	*24.4*
Total NATO	**+ 7.1**	**+ 9.3**	**+14.1**	**+12.8**	**+ 1.3**	**− 0.4**	*104.0*
USSR	+ 4.0	+ 9.3	+ 4.7	+ 8.0	+15.5	+ 5.9	*18.6[b] or 39.8[c]*
Other Warsaw Pact	+ 7.1	+10.9	+ 7.2	+ 7.4	+18.5	+12.8	*13.4[b] or 6.3[c]*
Total Warsaw Pact	**+ 4.1**	**+ 9.5**	**+ 5.0**	**+ 7.9**	**+15.9**	**+ 6.8**	*32.0[b] or 46.1[c]*
Other European	+ 5.2	+ 2.0	+ 3.1	− 0.3	+ 3.2	+ 0.3	*2.5*
Middle East	+12.8	+19.9	+ 8.2	+32.5	+20.0	..	*2.7*
South Asia	+ 5.2	− 2.5	+ 1.9	−11.7	+ 3.0	..	*1.9*
Far East (excl. China)	+ 6.5	+ 8.4	+ 0.7	+10.3	+14.8	..	*4.0*
Oceania	+ 7.9	+17.7	+18.9	+18.2	+16.1	..	*1.4*
Africa	..	+ 7.6	+11.5	[+ 1.4]	[+10.0]	..	*1.2*
Central America	+ 3.2	+ 5.2	+ 9.7	+ 5.1	[+ 1.1]	..	*0.5*
South America	+ 2.7	+ 3.7	− 9.3	+12.8	[+ 8.8]	..	*2.1*
World[d]	**+ 5.9**	**+ 8.9**	**+10.2**	**+10.7**	**+ 5.8**	..	*159.3[b] or 173.4[c]*

a 1957–68 for "Other Warsaw Pact" and Far East, excl. China; 1949-67 for Central and South America.
b At official basic exchange rates.
c At Benoit-Lubell estimated defense purchasing-power-parity exchange-rates. See reference section, page 198.
d Including an estimate for China of $7 bn in 1968.

—Source: *SIPRI Yearbook of World Armaments and Disarmament*

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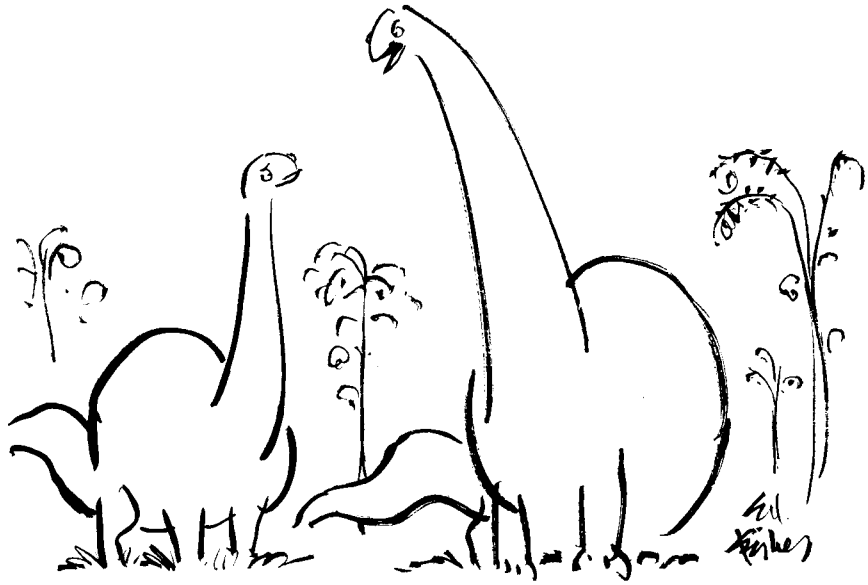
tem around their major cities by the early 1970s." Consequently, the Pentagon began to insist on the need to double the number of existing targetable warheads—then around 4,000—in order to allow for the ones which would be shot down by anti-ballistic missiles. The program for developing MIRVs was pushed ahead. Now it is admitted that the Soviet ABM system consists of some sixty launchers around Moscow and no more: that is, sixty additional warheads would be needed, not 4,000. But the MIRV program still goes ahead.

The pattern is not a complex one. First, the potential threat is overestimated; defense planners are, in fact, generally required to plan on the basis of a higher-than-expected threat. Then a program is started to meet this threat. The threat proves to have been overestimated, but the program—already well under way—is not changed. And, likely as not, it provokes as a reaction the sort of increase in weapons by the other side that was originally feared. Belatedly, the overestimated threat is made real.

There is one particular characteristic of this strategic arms race that is important to an understanding of its nature; it applies to some extent to the race in tactical weapons, too. It is that a large part of the competition is conducted in the research and development establishments on either side. Weapons research and development is a process that proceeds quite happily under its own impetus, without any need for direct reference to what the other side is doing. Actual deployment tends to be justified, on the United States' side at any rate, by some quantified statement, however inaccurate, of the potential threat. Research and development decisions do not need any such justification; work on new weapons can be initiated and carried on for five or six years, more or less independently of the enemy. Large research establishments have to have something to do. Once the research on a new weapon system has been successfully completed, there develops strong pressure for deployment. Nobody is keen to see his invention lying around unused.

This partially self-propagating character of the present-day strategic arms race is presumably one explanation for the oddity that the competition has gone merrily on for nearly eight years now through a period when tension between the two great powers has been slackening. By all the standard criteria, tension is much lower now than it was before 1962. The weaponry nonetheless has continued to build up. So much for the view that arms races are the results of increasing tension and, if tension is reduced, the arms race will wither away by itself. For this particular arms race, the facts lend no support to this view.



"Look, kid, we're aware of the problems besetting our society. We're working on them."

In the developing nations, military expenditure is tiny, compared with that of the major powers. But, in fact, it has been rising faster in these countries, over the past decade, than in the rest of the world. Most of these countries do not produce weapons themselves, except for small arms. All their heavier weapons are imported from the big powers. Here, then, is another important facet of the world arms race since World War II—the substantial and increasing flow of major weapons from the producing countries to the non-producers.

The result has been a "horizontal proliferation" of fairly sophisticated conventional weapons. For example, in 1955 no developing countries had supersonic military planes; by 1968, twenty-nine such countries had them. In 1957, no developing country had long-range surface-to-air missiles; by 1968, these weapons had spread to eighteen such countries. All this weaponry was supplied by the big powers. The United States and the Soviet Union were the prime suppliers, mainly for political reasons. Britain and France combined supplied about a fifth of the total; their motives were mainly economic.

The United States was first with a policy of supplying arms to these countries, for a variety of reasons. It had a world-wide system of military bases, and arms supplies were one way of keeping a host country friendly. It also had an active policy of "containing communism." Most of the United States' weapons were supplied to countries designated "forward defense areas," that is, countries on the fringe of what was then called the "communist bloc." Some supplies were also sent to areas labeled "free world-orientated areas." The whole policy fitted in with a picture of the world in which the forces of light everywhere needed to be strengthened to resist attacks from the forces of darkness.

The Soviet Union did not begin to show an interest in non-communist developing countries until 1955. Thereafter, it found an increasing number of clients, and in recent years the quantity of major weapons it has been sending to developing countries has been roughly the same as that of the United States. Taking the whole of the 1960s, the United States and the Soviet Union between them have sent about $6-billion worth of major weapons—that does not include considerable quantities of small arms—to developing countries. The Soviet Union has in general sold the weapons; and the United States' supplies, which were mainly gifts in the Fifties, were mainly sales by the end of the Sixties.

Weapons have not always stayed where they were first sent. There have been several notorious incidents where they have moved on to unintended destinations, such as when ninety fighter planes sent to Iran ended up in Pakistan. Nor have they always had the political effects intended. Indeed, it is interesting to judge this arms trade from the point of view of a committed cold-war warrior on either side: Did it achieve the objectives set for it? A dispassionate cold-war warrior must judge that a great deal of it was waste. The United States' supply of arms to

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Good News from Nigeria

At the time the war in Nigeria ended six weeks ago, two questions dominated all apprehensions. First, what about the oft-stated fears of the then Biafran leaders that their defeat would touch off a wave of retributive mass murder? Second, would enough food get through to the enclave to prevent death by starvation of a million or more Ibos?

The editors have just seen a reassuring report on these questions by representatives of the American Friends Service Committee who have recently returned from the former war zone. The good news they have brought back with them is that the Nigerian government, far from fostering a campaign of genocide, has ordered the occupying troops to exercise restraint and mercy. The policy has been maintained successfully except for a single episode involving the Nigerian Third Marine Division, which authoritatively was reported to have engaged in some atrocities and looting. Other than this, however, the troops have treated the Ibos as returning citizens and not as vanquished foes. Ibo police are being reinstated, a move that is having a reassuring effect on the people. Major General Yakubu Gowon set the symbolic tone of reconciliation for the entire country when he embraced Ibo Major General Philip Effiong on the latter's arrival in Lagos. General Gowon's promise of general amnesty is being kept. No imprisonment has been reported by the Quaker observers.

Outsiders who had expressed severe apprehension during the war about the danger of genocide—and this includes this writer—now should not hesitate to commend General Gowon for the enlightened and morally imaginative policies being carried out by his government. On the basis of the present Quaker report, the world is being afforded an object lesson in merciful and progressive attitudes toward a defeated foe.

With respect to food, the Quaker team reports week-by-week improvement in the general situation of the Eastern Region. (The term Biafra is no longer used; Biafrans now are referred to generally as Ibos.) The week before last, for example, six thousand tons of food were distributed to hungry Ibos. This quantity is still inadequate for the total nutritional and health purposes of the general population but it is several times higher than the amount flown in when the war airlift was in full operation.

A related item of good news is that the market places are beginning to function again. At war's end, Biafran currency became worthless and the regular city and village economy was at a virtual standstill, except for barter. Now, however, each family has been given 200 shillings of Nigerian currency. Perhaps the most promising long-range development of all is that the Ibos are returning to the food-producing areas that had been evacuated in the early months of the war.

None of this general improvement, however, means that serious, widespread health and food problems do not persist. Hundreds of thousands of children are still suffering from anemia, tuberculosis, malaria, and the diseases that pursue small and undernourished bodies in a prolonged war. Food and medical relief operations on a large scale will have to be maintained for many months—both for Ibo children and adults, but especially for children.

SR's ABC Project (Aid to Biafran Children) has been changed to Aid to African Children. We are now working through the American Friends Service Committee. In particular, we have accepted responsibility for the full support of a doctor, a nurse, and a supply chief in the Arochuku area of the Eastern Region. We will also help supply food and medicine for about 3,000 patients in the community sick bay.

SR's mobile medical program in the Eastern Region was made possible by contributions from readers. Since the project began, friends of the magazine have contributed $92,000. This enabled us to maintain a medical station in the wartime enclave; required drugs and supplies were flown in. Enough funds are left over to support the Quaker medical operation in Arochuku for six months. In the meantime, therefore, no further contributions are being sought. If it should be necessary to enlarge the project, or to extend it beyond that time, we will make the facts known. Meanwhile, we thank our readers for having joined us in this venture. We also thank the doctors who carried out the program—Dr. Omar Fareed, chief medical coordinator, who had several tours of duty in the enclave, superintending the general medical program and arranging for required shipments of drugs; Dr. Frank Catchpool, who served as field medical director until he contracted hepatitis and was compelled to return to the United States; Dr. Davida Taylor, who succeeded Dr. Catchpool and who was evacuated under fire in the closing hours of the war; Dr. Fergus Pope, who undertook ABC's first medical mission in the enclave; Dr. Dieter Eichenlaub, of West Germany, who joined the project as a volunteer; and Dr. Aaron Ifekwunigwe, an Ibo pediatrician without whose unflagging help and guidance the project would have been impossible. And, of course, twelve-year-old Henry Onwubiko, an Ibo youngster who wandered into our station at Owerri one day and notified us that he had decided to adopt us. He moved in and more than justified his room and board as a general handy man and paramedical assistant. Acknowledgment must also be made of the work in the United States of Patricia Peterson, who handled the myriad coordinating details and maintained correspondence with *SR* readers, and of Fairfield Hoban, who assisted the editor in the administrative direction of the project. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Not So New Federalism?

INASMUCH AS Henry Brandon writing about "A New Federalism" [STATE OF AFFAIRS, Feb. 14] is privy to a paper "circulated among Cabinet members," we should not be surprised, I suppose, to find him, like those members, acting as an apologist for the Nixon administration. I boggle, however, at a suggestion that a man so given to rhetoric-without-performance as President Nixon could be associated, even by a Brandon, with "the soft sell, the underpromise."

Perhaps states' rights should be described as states' duties, but this is *not* what we are seeing in the "new federalism" exemplified in attempts to bestow federal largesse on the states with *no* restrictions or standards, as has been the practice in the past. As a resident of the South, I certainly don't believe that fairness in administration lies close to home. If it does, I'd like to see the evidence. Indeed, if the "growing majority" that supposedly believes such nonsense includes anyone but Brandon and Nixon, I'd like evidence of *that*.

EDGAR CRANE,
Houston, Tex.

Now Feminism: Pro and Con

WHEN LUCY KOMISAR in "The New Feminism" [*SR*, Feb. 21] speaks blithely for 51 per cent of the population she is taking up more room than she can defend. She wants relief from tedium for the quasi-educated, growing segment of women who seem to take a perverse joy in brooding over their futility. They want dignity bestowed on them from the outside. Presumably, Miss Komisar is quite willing to saddle her less fortunate sisters with that part of the routine of life that she finds so burdensome.

There is a goodly number of whole and successful women who are intellectual and spiritual companions to men of *their* choice and stature. They were not parked in day-care centers, nor are their children, and the hope of humanity rests in them.

The next decade will be too busy and crucial for women to fritter away their time and talents in plush protest meetings. There are more important things to consider, such as not having children unless and until they are prepared for the task of raising them.

As for the indignities heaped upon all of us, men and women alike, by advertisers, girlie magazines, etc., they require the consent and cooperation of women, many of whom seem to be eager volunteers.

The perpetuation, in fact creation, of a viable society and the effectual control over its disastrous numerical growth rest with woman. In woman also rests its ultimate climate. In woman reside the power and the glory she is so busy denying herself in the fretful examination of the feminine mystique.

Woman has tricked herself into clamoring to be like the vain and arrogant man of her creation who struts off with briefcase or lunch pail in pursuit of profitable busy-ness and beats his chest in gorilla triumph or, if bested, howls with dismay.

Some women know who and what they are; they need no shrill advocate. They also know that as many men as women toil at an unloved task and must find what satisfaction they can in themselves or each other.

HENRY ZEBUHR,
Glen Gardner, N.J.

I'M HOPELESSLY behind the times. I'm a housewife. That means I spend three hours a day cooking and cleaning. The rest of the time I read, dream, study, listen to records, and paint. And, oh yes, I take care of my baby, which for some completely illogical reason is the warmest, most satisfying experience I've ever had—next to making my husband feel he couldn't be happy without me.

I haven't the slightest desire to compete for any job on any terms with any man —or woman. Would someone at WLU please tell me where I went wrong?

PATTI SOUTHGATE,
Covington, Ky.

JUST AS the black man discovered he did not need to move to the suburbs and have his hair straightened to become a self-respecting human being; the woman should be assured she need not put her children in a commune, throw her bra in the river, and become a mechanical engineer to gain esteem.

(MRS.) SUE CRAIG,
Indianapolis, Ind.

LUCY KOMISAR might be reminded that Freud did not invent the absence of a penis in the female nor decree its presence in the male. What Freud did make clear to students of human psychology was that an over-keen awareness of anatomical differences in childhood could lead to severe personality manifestations in either sex. Since Miss Komisar's article tended to skirt the subject of male anatomy and yet immersed itself in a female-male competitive dialectic, it might be more illuminating to *SR* readers if Miss Komisar reflected upon the not-so-obscure psychological relationship between the efflorescence of hard-core feminism and implacable anatomical dissatisfaction and envy.

VINCENT BRYAN, PH.D.,
Counseling Psychologist,
The Bernard M. Baruch College,
New York, N.Y.

THE NEW FEMINISTS should be very careful not to do away with too much of our status quo. It would be an unhappy morning if we were to wake up and find that our failures could no longer be blamed on anyone but ourselves.

(MRS.) ANN KIMBALL PIPE,
Clayton, Mo.

DORIS LESSING voices her desire to "postpone the sex war" until the "more urgent issues" of human survival are settled. She thereby misses the fundamental importance of women's liberation to population control—the necessity of at least stabilizing human numbers early enough for major attacks on environmental contamination and famine. Surely the threats of overpopulation would be mitigated if women in general had creative avenues in society besides child production, if women had full rights to exercise responsibility for their fertility, and if women had a greater role in designing the world for which they are called upon to breed citizens.

We are finally at the point of realizing that specialized, myopic "solutions" to human problems have merely resulted in compounding them. It is just possible that women may help to bring a more holistic approach to bear upon the formulation of real answers.

JENSENE GODWIN PAYNE,
Louisville, Ky.

THE NEW FEMINISM elicits no howling rage from this mere middle-aged male. Feminism begins *my* emancipation, too! No more worrying the right word to praise m'lady's appearance; no more remarking her special competences; no

(*Continued on page* 117)

"Must you always knock?"

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Sandra M. Brown, Ph.D.
President, Multi Media Education, Inc.

Militant forces, such as the National Organization for Women (NOW) and the Women's Liberation Front, are fighting for a female-par-male equal rights amendment to the Constitution. Is it possible then that a female will be considered equally for any given executive position? Why not? We're equally educated. Dedicated. Ambitious. Energetic. And ready to compete. We're willing to relinquish all of our so-called protective rights sometimes condescendingly granted. Is business equally willing to de-sexigrate?

The Feminist cause seen from several perspectives—Tulane University

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Paula Ladd
(Psychology) Newcomb College '70

The true desire of most women today is not amendment of their legal status or of their physical constitutions, but for judgment as individuals rather than by stereotype. Women have an innate capacity to function in a state of continued tension, suiting them better than men for some of the demands of ulcer-ridden modern business.

Elizabeth Stein
(French) Newcomb College '70

If a woman sets high academic and career goals for herself, particularly in fields dominated by men, she is probably mature enough to be aware that achievement of these goals entails acceptance of responsibilities equal to those of men. These may include possible military induction and the relinquishing of many of the traditional social formalities in male-female relationships. Therefore, if women are willing to accept these responsibilities, shouldn't they be given a fair chance to prove this willingness?

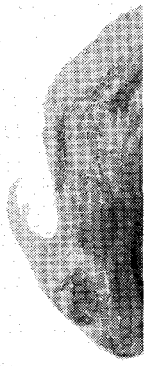
And as seen from the male side of the campus

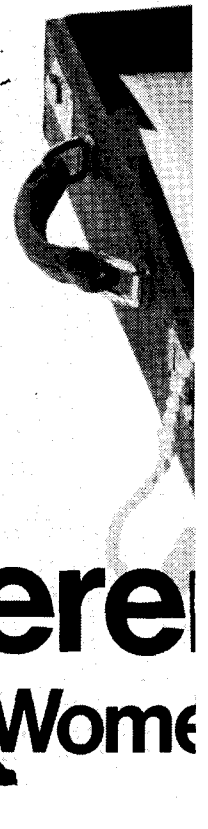
Kim Cameron
(Sociology) Brigham Young University '70

The supposition of Dr. Brown, the N.O.W., the W.L.F., and the S.D.S. apparently is that complete non-discrimination is the summum bonum. Discrimination between men and women cannot be removed unless we call for the de-sexigration of people. Is it possible to eliminate sex discrimination unless we force everyone to become sexless? Women admittedly deserve more equal consideration in some areas, but neither business nor society will ever de-sexigrate.

Dr. Brown advocates equal consideration of women for executive positions. It is evident that women are willing to serve on the president's cabinet, the supreme court, or numerous boards of directors. Are they equally as willing to bear the burden as ditch diggers, farm hands, or to register for the draft? The men now 19 to 26 will gladly share the draft quotas with women of comparable age.

Interestingly enough, recent psychological research indicates that extreme anxiety is evident in the large majority of women when pressured to equalize with men. Maybe the W.L.F. should convince women before they try to convince business.





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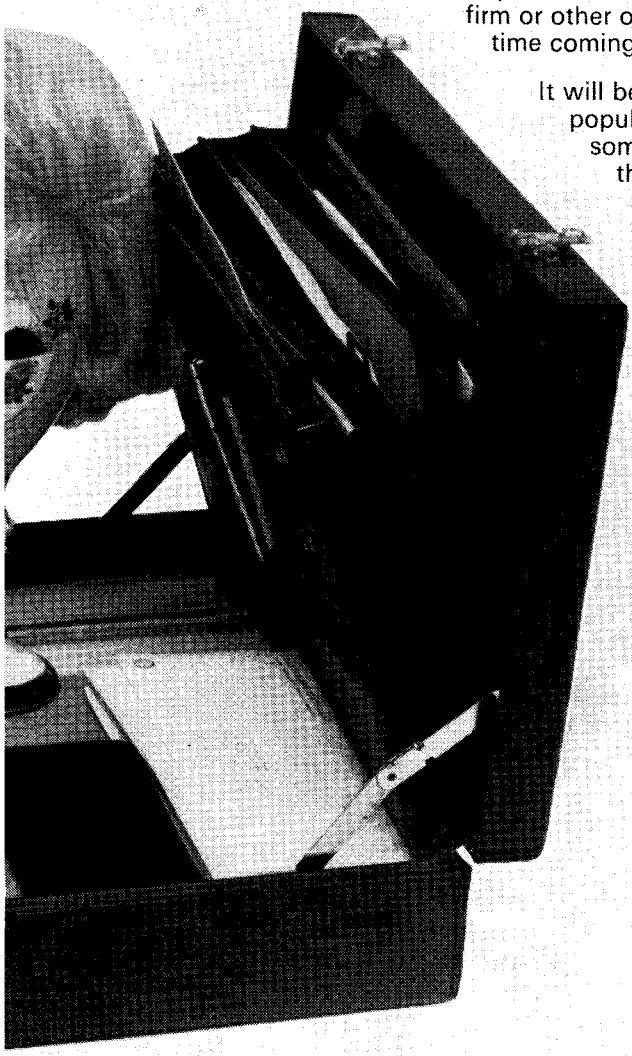
H. D. Doan
President
The Dow Chemical Company

How did I get into this? It seems to me there is no completely acceptable answer to the question. In fact, my only protection (beyond considerable ignorance on the subject) seems to lie in the fact that women, whether militant or not, don't even agree amongst themselves on the points raised—and I suppose I could also point out that this is usually the case anyway, and blow the game before I even start.

It does seem to me that in the long run female equality *is* going to become a reality—and that includes females in any executive position in any business firm or other organization—but that it is going to be a very, very long time coming.



It will become a reality mainly because the problems posed by the population explosion are soon going to compel us to reverse some of our oldest ideas about woman's place in the affairs of the world. Since the beginning of time woman has been the child bearer; this is still her primary role. Thousands of years of culture developed around this one major role for women are not going to be turned topsy-turvy very suddenly; indeed, it will take more than a few generations to do this, if it is ever done at all.

I'm quite aware that this is a stereotyping of woman's role, but I point it out because this particular stereotype has deep roots. I think prejudices built on skin color would be minor problems by comparison.

But to correct the population runaway in the next few years it seems inevitable that we are going to be obliged to de-emphasize the glories of motherhood and instead emphasize other opportunities for women. The career woman will need to be just as much a hero as mothers today, and we will need vigorously to encourage women to pursue talents other than motherhood. And when we do these things, as well we must, sooner or later, then our treatment of women and the status of women will change radically, I suspect, and true equality will come. But it will come slowly.

In Russia women do all kinds of jobs from street-cleaning to outnumbering men as doctors. But even there they have not become managers in any numbers, and they aren't well represented in the Presidium, either. Even more strikingly, in Israel women have accepted all the responsibilities of men, including military service, and the same situation prevails. While it is true that Israel is currently run by a girl from Milwaukee, she apparently is an isolated case.

None the less, women are invading and achieving real excellence in so many fields that there is surely room for optimism on the part of equality advocates. But I doubt whether N.O.W. militarism will come into vogue very quickly simply because such a large majority of women don't believe in it.

I firmly believe too that the stability provided by women is probably absolutely necessary to male performance, and will remain so.

Performance can be mercilessly demanding in terms of innovative effort, time, mobility, dulling monotony, and frustrations of many kinds. Men expect this of themselves, but they need support. Some women can and do expect this of themselves too, but given our culture, how many?

I think the hair shirt being pieced together by the feminist movement should be scrutinized more closely before it gains acceptance as the season's fashionable garment.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Slaughter by the Innocents

A CLUE to understanding what playwright Robert Marasco is up to in *Child's Play* lies in the work's original title, *The Dark*. For what happens in this murky thriller about violence and interfaculty malice in a Catholic boarding school has its source in that dark repressed area inside people that pre-Freudians called the devil's workshop. It is Mr. Marasco's thesis that once the door to this workshop is opened even a crack, the unleashed evil can seep out of it to infect a whole school.

That the school is already infected is indicated when the curtain rises on a student body surrealistically entranced in menacing conspiracy. Boys in uniform lurk on the stairs and in the arterial hallway outside the faculty study. A cassocked teacher comes onto the scene only to have one of the boys silently defy his authority. Soon we discover that this is only one of a number of alarming manifestations among the students. What is wrong? The school's permissive elderly teacher, Joe Dobbs, feels that the school's martinet Latin instructor, Lash Malley, has been unduly rigorous in his disciplining of the boys and that they are reacting to this pressure.

Soon we see other more violent acts in which boys beat up other boys who mysteriously cooperate with their persecutors by not resisting. The headmaster is baffled, but, when he finds out that Malley has been receiving obscene photographs through the mail and that somehow the boys have learned about his sexual aberration, he fires him. Malley commits suicide, but this doesn't exorcise the boys' compulsion for violence. Dobbs, whom Malley has accused of hounding him and turning him in, has won his personal feud. Yet at the end of the play the silent, predatory students surround Dobbs menacingly. He is to be destroyed by the forces he turned loose on Malley.

The proceedings are adroitly staged by Joseph Hardy, who is helped enormously by Jo Mielziner's ominously lit and threateningly dark setting. Fritz Weaver is splendid as Malley, never overdoing either the sympathetic or unsympathetic aspects of the role. Pat Hingle plays Dobbs as a deluded man, who even at the end is not strongly aware of his guilt. Ken Howard is personable as the sensitive young teacher who inexplicably finds himself cutting a stigma into his own hand and who is overwhelmed by backstage faculty life. And Peter MacLean, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds show us three priests of varying degrees of nonsanctity.

All of these naturalistic performances keep the action from becoming ludicrously melodramatic, but unfortunately they also leave the audience somewhat unsatisfied. For one thing, the power struggle between Dobbs and Malley seems too slightly motivated. For another, we are curious as to how Dobbs prompted his students to such drastic behavior. Furthermore, a vague suggestion that religion with its symbols of blood and crucifixion had something to do with it is never developed.

On the more positive side, Marasco demonstrates on occasion that he has a gift for sophisticated humor. When a neophyte teacher attempts to chat with a forbiddingly mature member of the faculty on the grounds that they are now colleagues, the older man replies, "Yes, we are colleagues. It's time we came to grips with that." This is high level comedy, and an entire play about schools written in this vein might be most successful.

However, *Child's Play* is not written in one vein. It holds our interest from moment to moment by a shrewdly manipulated combination of theatrical tensions, without ever quite becoming any one of the plays it keeps promising to be.

The benign triumph of one cultivated innocent over a world contaminated with sanity was celebrated in Mary Chase's 1944 comedy, *Harvey*. Although times have changed, a certain amount of lunacy can still be better than living one's life as others expect one to.

Although the play's style now strikes us as old-fashioned, and full of somewhat too obvious humor and transparent tricks, the current Phoenix Theatre revival is a relaxed reminder of a pleasant and less troubled era in the American theater. One still remembers the original production with a pixilated and slightly Irish Frank Fay as a delightfully uproarious alcoholic, Elwood P. Dowd, who would misinterpret malicious, probing questions about what he would like with, "What do you have in mind?" And Josephine Hull as his sister Veta seemed hilariously naïve and nutty.

The current revival boasts two stars who were even more famous in 1944, James Stewart and Helen Hayes. Their performances are different and quite rightly so. Mr. Stewart plays Elwood as the retired gentleman full of an old-fashioned adherence to good manners and a true aristocracy that permits him to find more value in bartenders than in stuffy social types. His decision to be hallucinated seems considered and deliberate. Miss Hayes, on the other hand, plays Veta as a fierce conformer to small-town high society values. Underlying her silliness is a hard-bitten practicality, and she is superb slipping from feigned sweetness to quick, tough-minded comment.

Because of this approach the comedy's eponymous invisible rabbit becomes more of a symbol than a magic figure. Yet under Stephen Porter's thoroughgoing and unwhimsical direction the play still works to a considerable extent. Marian Hailey plays Veta's ungainly daughter as connivingly nasty. Henderson Forsythe emanates a cold ruthlessness as the doctor. And Jesse White effectively repeats the role of the vulgar asylum attendant he created in the original. They, of course, represent the normal world Elwood has rejected.

More sympathetic are Peggy Pope as the head psychiatrist's wife (who draws a splendid laugh with her vapid delivery of the question, "If we can't do a favor for someone, then why are we living?") and Mariclare Costello as the asylum's goodhearted nurse. They represent the silent minority of passively good people who go along with the Establishment, but who would really prefer something more humane.

Ultimately, however, it is the audience's nostalgia for the two stars, and for the period, that contributes most to the evening's success. Indeed, the orchestra is sold out for the limited, six-week run at the ANTA Theatre. But, I suspect, the pure in heart can see Harvey just as well from the balcony.

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An essay review of "The Psychiatrists," by Arnold A. Rogow (Putnam, 317 pp., $7.95)

Analyzing the Analysts

by GEORGE KRUPP

On reflection, it seems somewhat surprising that no one has sociologically analyzed the analysts. If for that reason alone, we can be grateful to Arnold A. Rogow, graduate professor of political science at the City University of New York. In his new book he takes a cool and lucid look at a profession that until now has remained outside the spotlight of objective inquiry.

The logic that led him, as a political scientist, to undertake "a comprehensive inquiry into the scope, influence, and future of psychiatry in the United States" is plainly stated in the preface. Professor Rogow believes that *"ultimately politics in a democracy reflects values much more than it shapes them."* [Author's italics.] By "values" he means — quoting anthropologist Clyde Kluckhohn—"not just a preference, a desire, but a formulation of the desirable, the 'ought' and 'should' standards which influence action." Any sound understanding of American politics, therefore, requires a clear awareness of the underlying American value system, and this in turn leads to an examination of the social process by which these values are formed and transmitted.

In Professor Rogow's judgment, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts play an important role in this process. They do so in three ways. First, their own "ought" and "should" standards are communicated to their patients and influence therapeutic change, regardless of whether the therapists wish this to happen or not. Second, since their patients are so often themselves influential people, they "are strategically placed for shaping values at all levels of society." Third, "where the public once turned to the minister, or the captain of industry, or the historian, or the scientist, it is now turning more and more to the psychiatrist . . . to render presumably expert judgment on a large variety of . . . problems."

Assuming these hypotheses to be valid, Professor Rogow set himself the task of learning all that he could about the men and women who practice psychiatry and analysis. Apart from the kind of thorough research that his footnotes reflect, he used a questionnaire to probe the attitudes and opinions of members of the American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychoanalytic Association (from which 149 psychiatrists and thirty-five analysts responded out of a possible total of 460). In addition, Professor Rogow interviewed thirty-eight therapists at length.

Disarmingly, he notes that his sample is self-selected and does not constitute a representative group. He also points out that since "we do not have any reliable description of the 'typical' psychoanalyst or 'average' psychiatrist . . . there is no way of knowing to what degree the 184 respondents qualify or do not qualify as spokesmen for American psychiatry and psychoanalysis."

These admissions are more than a little disconcerting. But, having delivered this *caveat*, Professor Rogow then suggests that, until more hard data have been accumulated, "those who are made restless, anxious, or critical by these qualifications would do well to recall that absolute facts, like absolute love, absolute virtue, and absolute truth are difficult to come by and may be irrelevant to life's major concerns."

Thus, having commendably indicated the limitations of his questionnaire,

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Professor Rogow dismisses those who might take the limitations seriously by lecturing them as though they were college students in Philosophy I. This is one of the bothersome games professors sometimes play. It might be called "Heads I Win, Tails You Lose." But such game-playing is unnecessary. *The Psychiatrists* can stand on its own merits, which are not inconsiderable.

For one thing, the book takes a judicious approach to a subject that is heavily invested with controversy and emotion both inside and outside the profession. In recent years, as Professor Rogow makes clear, psychiatry has been savagely mauled by critics, filmmakers, playwrights, novelists, and intellectuals ("it has become increasingly the fashion . . . to regard psychoanalysis as something of a fraud"). In these attacks, of course, the creative imagination conjures up the psychiatrist it then demolishes; but it is different in the courts of law, where judges and jurors find themselves "more confused than enlightened" by the conflicting testimony of psychiatric experts whose services are enlisted on opposite sides. Here the diametric contradictions of the involved psychiatrists do little to persuade the public of the objectivity of their professional testimony. And what excuses can be given for those psychiatrists or analysts who play the journalistic game of "analyzing" a public figure—Senator Barry Goldwater, President Lyndon Johnson, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis—whom they never met?

More important, as Rogow emphasizes, is the criticism fermenting within the ranks, for "psychoanalysts and psychiatrists themselves have become increasingly skeptical about the goals, methods, and achievements of their professions." Indeed, so effectively does Rogow pinpoint the confusions and failings of the profession that if a reader went no further than the first chapter he might reasonably conclude that psychiatry is well on its way to joining alchemy in the annals of obsolete ideas.

Professor Rogow, however, moves on to different conclusions. "Most psychoanalysts and psychiatrists," he explains, "do not make the claims for themselves that are sometimes made in their behalf by laymen; in particular, they do not pretend to have answers for all of the problems of their patients, or even for their own." He directly contradicts the popular notions that the psychiatrist is a power-hungry demon seeking to play God, or is crazier than his patients. "For every therapist or analyst who himself needs a therapist or analyst, there are a hundred of the 'solid citizen' variety attempting to meet their responsibilities to their patients, their own families, and the larger society."

This seems to me perhaps too generous an evaluation—and yet, is it? I do not know of any other profession in which self-criticism is more freely practiced; it could hardly be otherwise, because if the therapist is aware of nothing else, he is aware that there is much of which he is *not* aware—and that he is therefore engaged in a lifelong search to become more aware. Can this be said of journalists, to take one example, or politicians, or clergymen? Certainly it would hold true of particular individuals, but I wonder whether a cross section of any other profession would disclose to an objective political scientist a comparable number of "solid citizens" who are struggling with their own sense of inadequacy in trying to cope with the overwhelming problems of the day.

The Psychiatrists, however, is not a eulogy to a profession. It is a recognizable portrait of an individual, jowls and all. Dr. Rogow's typical therapist is a male in his forties, highly individualistic, an agnostic or atheist (who therefore is not comfortable with genuinely religious patients), married (has never been divorced), has several children, is culturally superior to other physicians, and is a liberal Democrat. He works, on the average, fifty-five to sixty hours a week, and this includes evening hours for patients who cannot leave their jobs (though "only obstetricians-gynecologists make fewer house calls than psychiatrists"). If he is an analyst, he makes more than his fellow psychiatrist (more than half the questionnaire psychiatrists had an average gross income of between $20,000 and $40,000; well over half the analysts made between $40,000 and $60,000). "In fact," Rogow concludes, "in terms of his private life, the average psychiatrist and analyst, committed to marriage, children, and affluence, might even be regarded as 'square.'"

This quality of being "square" is involved in one of psychiatry's most serious contemporary problems: the nature of its social role. What function is it serving in today's society and what function should it serve tomorrow? The conflict runs deep. As Rogow indicates, it is true that psychiatry and psychoanalysis tend to accept and reinforce existing social patterns, the "square" way of life. But there are those in the ranks who object. Rogow refers to the British psychiatrist R. D. Laing as the spokesman for the view that "society is sick" and therefore "people who are perfectly adjusted to the society are themselves sick although regarded as 'normal,' and those deemed to be sick may be reasonably healthy or experiencing their sickness as a 'growth process.'" To this end, he quotes Laing's powerful one-sentence argument: "The perfectly adjusted bomber pilot may be a greater threat to species survival than the hospitalized schizophrenic deluded that the bomb is inside him."

If Rogow is correct, the younger psychiatrists are moving in Laing's direction. No less an authority than Anna Freud expresses the dismay of young people in general, who, she asserts, "are not interested in man's struggle against himself, but in man's struggle against society. They see that what psychoanalysis may lead to is adaptation to society. That's the last thing they have in mind."

One of Rogow's most important contributions bears on this problem. "Certainly it is possible," he writes, "that the central weakness in Freudian psychoanalysis is not its lack of scientific method, its rigidity about the length and number of sessions, or any other of the criticisms mentioned in earlier chapters, but its neglect of socialization processes that have affected the nature of repression and altered both the conscious and unconscious components of behavior."

A political scientist who stands outside the discipline of psychiatry, Professor Rogow has a trained objectivity that serves him well throughout the book, with one major exception. It is too bad he has not succeeded in comprehending the basic therapeutic process. He consistently views it as a method of supplying answers to questions, resolutions to problems. For example, he quotes a letter from a young woman who says that at twenty-five she is "faced with the crisis of finding some meaning in life," and who asks: "How do you find something to look forward to? And how do you achieve that sense of purpose in what you are doing that will end this questioning?" Professor Rogow replies: "Psychiatry in its pres-

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ent state, unfortunately, does not have a satisfactory answer . . ."

In thus expecting psychiatry to have "a satisfactory answer" the author puts himself in the same position as the patient who says, "Tell me what to do to be happy, doctor, and I'll do it."

The therapeutic process rests on the assumption that if answers are to be found, the patient must find them because he alone knows where they are buried. If he is unwilling or unable to see them, or to recognize them, or to implement them, then they are not answers in any functional sense. The psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst are fundamentally catalysts. Using whatever therapeutic means are available, they struggle to communicate with a troubled human being, striving to help him achieve some measure of inner change and growth, to establish some degree of self-esteem and self-confidence, so that he can "therefore choose life."

In his final chapter Professor Rogow briefly refers to those who believe that drugs will eventually replace psychiatry as a means of healing the emotionally ill. He himself does not seem persuaded of this, and he quotes a psychiatrist who says: "One hundred years from now, psychiatrists will still be talking with patients about their marriages, kids, jobs, hang-ups in general. The human transactional process, after all, goes way back before psychiatry, and I doubt that the need for some type of psychotherapy will ever disappear."

Dr. Rogow concludes with a discussion of the anticipated need for the expansion of psychiatric services, particularly among the poor. He notes that "one certainty in the future is the continued growth of the community mental health movement," with centers designed to treat patients without removing them from their homes, schools, and jobs. Since the demand for personnel will far outrun the supply, the solution may be foreshadowed by recent experiments in which housewives in one case and clergymen in another were trained to give some form of psychotherapeutic help. Rogow's suggestion that college teachers be similarly trained would seem to have considerable merit since, as he points out, "it is to a friendly and respected professor that the student is first apt to turn when he is in trouble . . ."

And if the professor is in trouble, to whom will *he* turn? To a psychiatrist, no doubt. For, as this book makes clear, in our grievously troubled world there are vast numbers of troubled human beings desperately searching for help in their efforts to cope with life's dilemmas.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Bettering Almah

ISAAC ASIMOV'S ARTICLE "Bettering the Good Book" [*SR*, Feb. 28] was nothing more than a bunch of half truths which are typical of the blasphemous liberals who try to undermine the deity of Jesus Christ.

Asimov points out that the Hebrew word *almah* has been taken to mean virgin when it actually means young woman. He is correct. However, according to *Young's Analytical Concordance to the Bible*, a better translation would be *concealment, unmarried female*, which means untouched and unmarried girl or, as we would refer to her today, *virgin*.

GLEN YALE,
Waynesfield, O.

Mid-East Tragedy

IN HIS VERY INTERESTING essay-review of four recently published books on the Middle East [*SR*, Feb. 14] Manfred Halpern is surprisingly behind on his facts.

He says: "The Palestine Arab fedayeen, however, are struggling to solve this problem [of the Arab refugees] by destroying the state of Israel and allowing only those Jews to remain who arrived before 1948 and are content to live in the Holy Land as a minority under Arab rule."

This policy is stated in Article 8 of the Palestinian National Charter adopted by the First Palestinian Congress in May 1964 in Jerusalem. However, this article has been revised in a special session of all the major Palestinian organizations convened in mid-July 1968 in Cairo. The convention replaced the 1964 Charter by a new Palestinian National Covenant. Article 6 of this Covenant says explicitly: "Jews who were permanently in Palestine until the *beginning of the Zionist invasion* [of Palestine] will be considered Palestinian."

In all the current Arabic literature dealing with the Arab-Israeli conflict, the "Zionist invasion" of Palestine is stated to have started with the Balfour Declaration of 1917. One must conclude that the prospect of living with a small Jewish minority of 600,000, after deporting a million and a half, seemed too risky to the Palestinian delegates to the 1968 Convention. Therefore, they sought to reduce the number of Jewish citizens of Palestine to a negligible community.

BARUCH H. S. MAZOR,
Brookline, Mass.

MR. HALPERN'S REVIEW is simply a vehicle for the promulgation of Arab propaganda. This is not surprising coming from a former State Department man. Although your readers should be sophisticated enough to recognize the Nasser line, some of the more outrageous misrepresentations deserve comment:

1) The Israelis are castigated for indifference to the plight of Arab refugees. It was not Israelis who told the Arabs to leave their homes—in fact, they asked them to stay. Arab leaders told them to run so that their war of annihilation would be simplified, and upon its completion former Arab residents would be permitted to return and take possession of the entire country. Israel took in 600,000 Jewish refugees from Arab countries without U.N. handouts. Arabs perpetuate the misery of their brethren for political purposes, not because they lack the means to help them. Israel supported the partition resolution of the U.N., which provided a homeland for Palestinian Arabs as well as for Jews. It was the Arabs who rejected partition in the hope of winning it all.

2) Israelis are presented as "mighty aggressors" oppressing the helpless Arabs. It is not Israelis who are calling for a holy war to annihilate Arabs. It is not Israelis who refuse to negotiate.

3) Israelis are accused, apparently, of willfully inflicting damages upon a helpless enemy in emulation of the actions of big powers. It was Nasser who declared a "war of attrition." That the Israelis have turned this into another Nasser fiasco is Nasser's problem. Israelis are engaged in a carefully planned campaign of destruction of Arab military installations. There is nothing capricious or vindictive about it. Arabs insist that they are at war and have announced their intention of resuming full-scale hostilities as soon as possible. Israeli action is aimed at making this impossible.

4) Halpern concluded that continuation of the status quo spells "disaster for both Arabs and Israelis." The status quo is maintained by neither Arabs nor Israelis. If others would leave the Arabs and Israelis alone, they would have to solve their own problems and could live together in peace to their mutual benefit, as they had for many years in the past. At present, both Arabs and Israelis are the victims of power politics and economic exploitation by the big powers.

JOEL I. HAMBURGER,
Southfield, Mich.

Crime and Punishment

FATHER DANIEL BERRIGAN'S "essay review" of *Casualties of War* [*SR*, Feb. 14] was nothing more then a thinly disguised appeal for leniency for the crimes that he has been properly convicted of committing.

Father Berrigan committed a crime when he broke into a government office and he should be punished. His peremptory opinion that his motives were altruistic cannot be the basis for a dismissal of the charges against him. The abuses that this leads to are readily apparent.

Father Berrigan should be envied by the rest of us who live in the world as it is and not the way we imagine it.

EDITH HERNY,
Oceanside, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Gonzalo Torrente Ballester (born 1910) taught history at Compostela before coming to join the literary *tertulias* of Madrid. He became well known as a brilliant and severe drama critic on the Rightist newspaper *Arriba*. After he started publishing novels and plays in the early 1940s, it was noted that he was as ruthless toward his own characters as he had been toward other writers. A natural and rich language, a restless, personal style, and a sense of melancholic irony were qualities that won praise for his great trilogy *Los gozos y las sombras* (Joys and Shadows). Now, in a novel with the English title *Off-Side*, he again displays these attributes. It is issued in Barcelona by Ediciones Destino, one of Spain's most enlightened publishers.

In *Off-Side* Torrente Ballester once more proves his mastery at maneuvering a number of characters and plots and successfully uniting them at the end. The novel traces the lives and destinies of a group of former Spanish Republicans who come out of prison together and try to enter the mainstream of life in the prosperous and somewhat corrupt Madrid of the postwar years. It is not easy, for their records show they have played the game of life off-side. Their success is varied, and has nothing to do with their inherent virtue or wickedness.

Like ex-Nationalist combatants, ex-Republicans are both good and bad, and Torrente Ballester does not idealize them. They get involved with homosexuals, prostitutes, and drugs. However, having put his many characters through a long penance, the author grants them a happy ending.

Truth that is stranger than fiction converts easily into great novels. Jacques Robichon has written for the Librairie Académique Perrin *Le Roman des chefs-d'oeuvre*, presenting the historical facts underlying fourteen masterpieces of world literature. A few are familiar. Everyone remembers that Proust's Baron de Charlus was the real-life Robert de Montesquiou, but it is good to have them presented together in the light of the latest scholarship. Though Flaubert declared that "*Emma Bovary, c'est moi*," his model was Delphine Delamare. Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* was based on the wealthy heiress Marie Nivelleau, daughter of a tightwad moneylender of Saumur. If you are interested in the way the Abbé Prévost, Goethe, Emily Brontë, Alexandre Dumas, and others transformed living people into literary characters, Robichon will show you, having ferreted out their identities from archives, memoirs, letters, etc.

How important is it to publish the incomplete and unpolished manuscripts major writers leave behind them at their death? Publishers can usually sell them, but do they serve the interests of the author? Should those who have not dutifully exhausted the works published during a writer's lifetime start delving into posthumous fragments? The answer varies from author to author. Manuscripts from the desk drawers of Proust and Svevo have actually contributed to their reputations. How about Elio Vittorini or Walter Hasenclever? Einaudi has just published an unfinished, episodic novel by Vittorini (1908-1966) entitled *Le Città del Mondo* (The World's Cities). Despite the cosmopolitan title, the locale is once again Sicily. Miniature genre paintings of peasants and workers at their daily tasks do not fit together into a whole. Apparently Vittorini lost his enthusiasm in the 1950s, for political or personal reasons. Yet his loyal fans will welcome the volume. Even more grateful will be the readers of Walter Hasenclever (1890-1940) for the posthumous appearance of *Irrtum und Leidenschaft* (Error and Passion), issued by Berlin's Universitas Verlag. The conclusion of the book, which is an autobiography based on three major loves of his life, is abruptly truncated, as was the life of its author, who committed suicide in Paris.

Italophiles (and who is not?) will be fascinated by a new series published by Sugar Editore: "Guides to the Mysteries and Secrets of . . ." Richly illustrated volumes just right for an overcoat pocket, they cover in alphabetical order every community, large and small, in Tuscany, Latium, Naples, and Campania. We are regaled with legends, superstitions, curiosities, hagiography, and historical dramas, which even the tiniest communities boast. Bomarzo? The curious story of the Garden of the Monsters. Cuma? The legend of the Sibylline Books. Monte Cassino? Not only the devotion of Saint Benedict, spurning the beauteous Ciociara whores sent by the Florentines to tempt him, but also the orgies of the less flesh-resistant Mark Antony. The most recent of legends, only now developing, are also included. One of these says that Moroccan troops were largely responsible for the destruction of the Abbey of Monte Cassino in 1944, thus getting the U.S. Army off the hook. Maps to hidden treasure, to sites of mysterious phenomena, to sacred precincts all increase the fun.

Two novels from Germany deserve mention, one by a newcomer and one by a veteran. First is Wolfgang Georg Fischer's *Wohnungen* (Dwellings). Viennese-born and now residing in London, Fischer takes as his setting Vienna between 1910 and 1938, with its social upheavals culminating in the menace of Hitlerism. It was a Vienna Fischer hardly knew, since he is only thirty-six. Critic Helmut Mader writes of this first novel, published by Munich's Hanser Verlag, "The novel shows the world of things as a reflection of the world of persons."

Hans Erich Nossack (born 1910), hailed as an existentialist "discovered" by Sartre, has published through Surhkamp a satirical novel, *Dem unbekannten Sieger* (To the Unknown Victor). In it Professor Genau (a symbol of the "exact" but sometimes sterile scholarship of the old German universities) relates the success of his doctoral thesis investigating a well-planned 1919 revolution in Hamburg, led by an unknown victor named Hein. Slowly the reader learns that the unknown man was the professor's own father, that accurate and documented history can overlook reality. Truth, in other words, can stand unrecognized before the scholar.

A literary event that is exciting England and Germany especially is the discovery at Elbersberg, near Bayreuth, of a manuscript Book of Hours, or prayer book, once owned by Sir Thomas More. The work contains some autographic notations by the "man for all seasons," as well as genealogical entries by his son John. The manuscript somehow found its way to Münster before the eighteenth century, falling into the hands of Baron von Druffel. Eventually the book came into the possession of a housekeeper, who bequeathed it to the village church at Elbersberg. The present parish priest there has brought it to public attention. With Thomas More, as Chesterton predicted, becoming more and more significant to men of the twentieth century any and all new data for a deeper understanding of this martyr and saint are most welcome.

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An essay review of "La Raza: The Mexican Americans," by Stan Steiner (Harper & Row, 418 pp., $8.95), and "Sal Si Puedes: Cesar Chavez and the New American Revolution," by Peter Matthiessen (Random House, 372 pp., $6.95)

No Mañanas for Today's Chicanos

by JOHN RECHY

The Colonia Pancho Villa hangs over the barren hills of Juárez, Mexico, like a worn shroud. Close up, it's a fetid hell of adobe shacks crushed against gaps in the hills. In summer, disease is a presence. Children slide on "haystacks" of garbage. There is no running water. In winter, people freeze to death. Rain erodes their hovels.

In El Paso's south side two-story tenements quiver like giants on tangled stalks. One dark, dank, unlighted outside toilet serves up to six families. Velvety grime from petroleum (some units have no gas) clings stubbornly to walls. Each winter people die from noxious fumes. Water for up to eighteen units is provided by one small sink near the toilets. As many as ten people live in each two-room unit. There are skeleton beds in the unventilated kitchens. Before one unit a small trailer squats like a tombstone; it will carry a family to the fields of California.

Every morning, beginning before dawn, the men and women from the *colonias* in Juárez will cross the bridge over the waterless Rio Grande into Texas—legally or illegally. They will then join their cousins from El Paso's south side. In front of employment bureaus or on the streets, they will wait for trucks or cars hunting cheap labor. Some will become strike-breaking scabs. ("I understand," says an El Paso tenement resident. "I would too if my family was starving.") Jobs are scarce; they go to the persons willing to work for least. Such jobs may take them to the lower Rio Grande valley of Texas, where they will subsist—if they do—in wooden shacks, without water, electricity, or sewage system.

These people are descended from the Aztecs, Toltecs, and Mayans. They are the Mexicans—Chicanos—who are heirs to "one of the most ancient cultures, magnificent literatures, and historic universities in the Americas . . . , [to] learned men whose civilizations compared with the greatest in the world," writes Stan Steiner in *La Raza.*

No people in the New World have an older written history. Before the founding of the University of Mexico in 1553 (nearly a century before the founding of Harvard), school systems among these Indian nations were teaching medicine, art, philosophy, engineering, architecture, and even astrology and the meaning of dreams. Some Olmec writings have been dated as far back as 600 B.C. This heritage was brought to the North American Southwest by the Spanish conquistadors and the Mexican Indians. Thus was born the culture of *la raza,* a fusion of Spanish and Indian. A rich literature—poetry, history, plays, essays—developed from it.

Steiner's *La Raza* (the phrase is translated as "the race," but is used by Mexicans to indicate pride in their heritage) is a book of panoramic scope and realized intention, an impressionistic history of the Mexican people from their original magnificence through their defeats and on to their burgeoning self-awareness and militancy. It is an intricate, fascinating tapestry, rich, colorful, beautiful. The book is also a relevant and timely chronicle, important because today the noble culture of *la raza* is all but forgotten in the Southwest, virtually erased from existence.

Luis Valdez, director of El Teatro Campesino, the theater of the field workers of California, says, "There is no textbook of the history of *la raza.* Yet the history of the Mexican in this country is 400 years old. . . . Our history has been lost." In the Southwest schoolbooks hardly refer to the significant contributions of *la raza.* Thus the Chicano can rightly claim, in Steiner's words, that he has been "humiliated by the textbooks, tongue-tied by the teachers, de-educated by the schools."

Children in Texas schools have been forced to kneel and ask forgiveness for speaking Spanish. In some, "Spanish monitors" act as spies. Schools, asserts a San Antonio student, "try to brainwash the Chicanos . . . try to make us forget our history to be ashamed of being Mexicans. . . They succeed in making us feel empty, and angry, inside."

In kaleidoscopic chapters that shift from past to present, Steiner traces the outrages against the Mexicans, including the seizing of their territories by land-grabbers—and by the United States in the Mexican-American War, which General Ulysses S. Grant, then a lieutenant in the invading army, called the "most unjust [war] ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation . . . a conspiracy to acquire territory out of which slave states might be formed." The war resulted in the defeat of the Mexicans, who were already weakened by their successful struggle for independence from Spain. The United States Army "committed atrocities to make heaven weep and every American of Christian morals blush for his country. . . . Murder, robbery and rape of mothers and

daughters in the presence of tied-up males of the families" were common, wrote General Winfield Scott, the commander of the United States Army.

That was only a blood-soaked prelude to U.S. savagery against the Mexicans.

Steiner chronicles the mass deportations of Mexicans during the frightened 1950s. Contemptuously dubbed "Operation Wetback," a wave of official terror was unleashed by the Border Patrol against Mexican workers entering the U.S. illegally. Yet farmers knowingly employed these destitute, vulnerable "illegals" until the harvest was completed. Then they reported them for deportation—before their wages were paid.

Today hundreds of people are still virtually enslaved on ranches throughout the Southwest. (One Chicano labored for thirty-three years in the fields without pay.) In many other ways Mexicans suffer inhumanity. Once a locked, windowless truck containing more than three dozen workers on their way to the fields was abandoned on a Texas highway. Amid cries and the pounding of bloody fists on steel walls, several of them suffocated to death.

In the area of the Rio Grande valley, which Steiner calls "The Region of the Damned," migrants live under conditions "close to peonage." Ruled despotically by the Texas Ranger mentality,

JOHN RECHY, a Chicano, is the author of the novels *City of Night, Numbers,* and the forthcoming *This Day's Death.*

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this valley has a history of savagery. The murders of Mexicans may exceed the lynchings of blacks in the South. From a porch—his court—the clownish Judge Roy Bean claimed that there was "no law in his books against killing a Mexican." According to Jovita Gonzales, a respected Texas writer, the Rangers "executed" several hundred Mexicans in the early Twenties without arraignment or trial. There is a brutal saying that "every Texas Ranger has some Mexican blood . . . on his boots."

It is not surprising that a strike by melon pickers against La Casita Farms in that area would be met with violence from the Rangers. Breaking into the home of a "trouble-maker," guns ready, they kicked Magdaleno Dimas, a laborer, and smashed his head with the barrel of a shotgun. A suit brought against the Rangers by the farm workers' union was mysteriously "lost" in the courts.

Poverty—like racism—has haunted the Chicano in America. Pregnant women are so undernourished that in a San Antonio area hospital they are routinely given blood transfusions. In New Mexico's Taos County, malnutrition is comparable with that of war-ravaged peoples. More than half of the New Mexico village families live on incomes below the poverty level of $3,000. Signs in front of their homes often proclaim: "We Are Hungry." A Senate subcommittee on migratory labor heard a woman field worker testify to the constant presence of death, hunger, illness, brutal treatment, and fear of retaliation from employers if they protest.

Yet the myth of the lazy Mexican living happily on welfare persists. A Chicano spokesman points out, "The ranchers and businessmen in the Anglo communities get ten times as much as we do through farm subsidies, oil depletions, crop parities, soil-bank programs." In a single year one district in Texas received $5-million in agricultural payments for 400 farmers; the same district got a measly $224,000 worth of food for 146,000 poor people. "We don't want welfare," says a proud New Mexico farmer. "We want enough of our land to graze a milk cow."

The claim for restoration to Chicanos of their ancestral land constitutes a dramatic struggle in the courts of New Mexico. The claim is based on the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, which expressly — and "In the Name of Almighty God"—guarantees, "inviolately," retention of property by owners and their heirs within the annexed territory of New Mexico. Although this treaty is often mentioned in history books, the guarantee of property retention is virtually never quoted nor mentioned.

Destroying archives of land-grant records and using other methods of robbery, speculators, who included two lawyers and perhaps the territorial governor, seized this land. To call attention to the plight of the impoverished New Mexico farmers and to bring the matter of land claims into the courts, Reies Tijerina and a man from the Federal Alliance of Free States made a citizen's arrest of two forest rangers for trespassing in Carson National Forest. In another symbolic act they attempted a raid of the Tierra Amarilla courthouse to arrest the district attorney, whom they accused of persecuting them. Armed troops, tanks, and aircraft were enlisted in the pursuit of Tijerina and his men. Houses were invaded without warrants, and several of Tijerina's supporters were imprisoned and kept under repressive conditions within a corral, also without warrant. Subsequent vindictive charges against Tijerina, now in jail, are inching through the maze of courts.

But others, more militant, are ready to take his place in the *barrios* of California and the Southwest. Already there are the Brown Berets, born in the streets and dedicated to act in self-defense to protect the rights of Chicanos "by all means necessary." Their motto is "To Serve, Observe, Protect." Their insignia is a holy cross and two crossed rifles. The color of their caps proclaims pride in the color of their skin. Newspapers have described them as a "highly disciplined paramilitary organization." "You think of guns," says a young Chicano leader. "That's not what we mean by self-defense. It's not the vigilante thing, or the Minutemen. Self-defense means protection of your people from the injustices we feel the police subject us to." "Who organized [the Brown Berets]?" asks another. "The police organized them."

In Denver a small seventeen-year-old Chicano boy is shot in the back by a policeman who, arguing self-defense, is acquitted. Another cop, also cleared, claims he tripped and his gun went off, killing a Mexican youth. Other killings take place with frightening regularity under similar circumstances. Writing in a *barrio* newspaper, a young man claims, "More Chicanos are killed by the cops on the streets of the Southwest than any other minority group in the population." Arbitrary frisking, cruel harassment, racial taunts, savage arrests are daily occurrences in the Chicano *barrios* from San Antonio to El Paso to Los Angeles.

Precipitated in part by such conditions, a "blowout" occurred in 1968 in East Los Angeles. Calling for reform of abysmal school conditions and demanding the transfer of prejudiced teachers and the revision of the schools' curricula to acknowledge Mexican contributions to the country, 15,000 Chicano students shut down classes throughout their *barrio*. There followed an invasion by the cops and a blockade of the neighborhood. Thirteen leaders, including a teacher, were jailed and charged with "conspiracy" to disturb the educational process. They were hurriedly tried, convicted, fined, and placed on probation.

"Blowouts, Baby, Blowouts!" proclaimed a young writer in a school newspaper, ominously echoing the blacks' "Burn, baby, burn!" That cry reflects the restiveness and demand for change. "It's time for a new Mexican Revolution," a speaker tells students

"Yes, but it somehow makes the glory pretty empty when I think that not more than six people down there can correctly spell my name."

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at UCLA. "We've got to stand up and talk straight to the *gabachos* [Anglos], saying, 'Hell, no! I won't go!' to your whole lousy system."

To some, that system includes the powerful Catholic Church. "The Church has conspired with those in power," a San Antonio Chicano charges, scoring Archbishop Lucey in particular. "Why? To keep the poor people ignorant. Why? Because in every *barrio* the Church owns slum property, tenements, rat-holes."

Another "blowout" occurred in a Denver high school where students insisted that a teacher who had made a racial slur be transferred. They were barred from the principal's office by 250 cops. In the ensuing riot men, women, and children were beaten, Maced, and tear-gassed by police. Thirty-six Chicanos were arrested. "Some say it was a riot," reported an eyewitness. "It wasn't. It was more like guerrilla warfare."

Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales, once a prizefighter, now a poet and a presence on the political scene, told the students: ". . . you have made history. We just talk about revolution, but you act it by facing the shotguns, billies, gas, and Mace. You are the real revolutionaries."

And so they are. In the streets of the *barrios* of Denver, El Paso, San Antonio, Los Angeles, something beautiful has happened to them. They do not share the crippling ambiguous identity that their parents suffered. Were they Mexicans? Latin-Americans? Spanish-Americans? Indians? Spanish? "Let's end the hangup about identity," says a Chicano in Arizona. "We know who we are."

The revolution is also being waged on another front—the grape fields of California. Peter Matthiessen's *Sal Si Puedes* ("Escape If You Can") documents its own list of horrors surrounding the migrant workers: abysmal living conditions, exposure to dangerous sprays, a 1967 average income of less than $1,500, housing codes specifically excluding laborers' camps (officials of the Farm Bureau Federation in Bakersfield, California, admitted to the Housing Authority that they deliberately created miserable living conditions for the migrants so they would leave immediately after the harvest was completed), violations of child-labor regulations (a skinny boy of ten is described struggling to lift a heavy box of grapes), exclusion from Social Security and Workmen's Compensation, filth and illness, an infant mortality rate 125 per cent higher than the national level.

Protesting such conditions, workers led by Cesar Chavez, himself a field laborer, struck the grape growers of California in 1965. The strike was greeted by violence. Local sheriffs hounded the strikers. Speeding cars dashed against the pickets. One man was permanently crippled; his case crawls through the courts. Nixon, not yet President, declared his intention to eat California grapes at every opportunity.

The strikers had to battle the courts, too. Expediently claiming a labor law unconstitutional, a Los Angeles court granted an injunction that kept the U.S. Immigration Service from enforcing a Justice Department regulation forbidding green-card (legally entered) Mexicans to work in fields where a labor dispute has been certified. Growers quickly hired scabs. As soon as the harvest ended, the courts decided the law was constitutional after all.

"Most good Americans, like 'good Germans,'" Matthiessen says, "have managed to stay unaware of inhumanity in their own country [because] . . . . misery refutes the American way of life." And he correctly sees the plight of the migrant worker as part of a multifaceted evil, "related to all of America's most serious afflictions: racism, poverty, environmental pollution, and urban crowding and decay—all of these compounded by the waste of war."

Yet the broad scope of Matthiessen's intentions is marred by a staggering insistence on comprehensiveness, and also by his awe of Chavez.

On the first count, his document becomes so tangled in a labyrinth of labor-union details that the drama of the strike itself is sometimes all but lost. Brilliant descriptive flashes, dramatically built confrontations (the excitement of the picket line, with strikers challenging scabs to cross

—George Ballis (Black Star).

—Gene Daniels (Black Star).

—Gene Daniels (Black Star).

"Mystical, ascetic, dedicated," Cesar Chavez (top row) leads striking grape pickers—members of the United Farm Workers of California (second row, left). About those migrant laborers who become strike-breaking scabs (second row, right) an El Paso Chicano says, "I understand. I would too if my family was starving."

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over) indicate what the book might have been.

Matthiessen's admiration for Chavez is boundless. He sees him as the one who, "of all leaders now in sight, best represents the rising generations." That is not so. Mystical, ascetic, dedicated, Chavez is unquestionably a giant figure in the emergence of *la raza*, much as Martin Luther King is for the blacks. But he is not yet a saint, and Matthiessen seems to attempt his canonization. At the end of his book he remembers Chavez in a San Francisco church. "A man trapped against his will in Heaven. . . . The hands, the dance cried to the world: Wait! Have Faith! Look, look! Let's go! Good-bye! Hello! I love you!"

The young militant Chicanos are not in the mood for waiting, and their faith in evolutionary social progress is waning—nor do they "love you." Instead they await the fierce warning from a Chicano James Baldwin and search for their own Malcolm X, their own Eldridge Cleaver. They know that a nonviolent man like Chavez lives under the constant threat of assassination in a lunatic state.

Despite its honest outrage, Matthiessen's book has too much of the sweet, lovely, idealistic, decent wistfulness of Martin Luther King's "I have a dream." The dream has turned into a nightmare. Steiner knows that, and his book reflects it—and, though unstated, this: that in reconstructing their own violated history, the young Chicanos have also discovered the submerged history of American violence.

"Mañana Is Here!" proclaims a banner appearing recurrently in gatherings of Chicano militants. The ludicrous, false image of the sleepy Mexican waiting for tomorrow is gone. And The Man had better know it, because tomorrow is indeed here.

THE PLEASURE SEEKERS:
The Drug Crisis, Youth and Society

by Joel Fort

Bobbs-Merrill, 255 pp., $6.50

LET'S PLAY GUESS-THE-DRUG.

1) What widely used substance answers this description: "Its mechanism of action on the brain and other body organs is unknown; it accounts for thousands of deaths and illnesses each year, and it produces not only chromosomal breakage, but actual birth defects in lower animals"?

2) Which drug "strongly stimulates the central nervous system with excessive doses producing tremors, convulsions, and vomiting"?

3) What might you take to get "increased alertness and mental activity and a greater capacity for muscular work . . . a very potent mood-elevator or euphoriant and perhaps the strongest antifatigue agent"?

Now the answers. How many said LSD for No. 1? Well, you're wrong. Heroin? Wrong again. It's aspirin. But don't worry, birth defects have been observed only in *lower* animals.

No. 2 sounds rather gruesome, doesn't it? It's nicotine.

No. 3 seems to be potentially valuable for combating fatigue and depression. But somehow American doctors haven't gotten around to prescribing cocaine. They probably will, though. It's not that they have anything in principle against dispensing addictive drugs.

What I have just done is to describe selectively the properties of certain drugs (the full descriptions are in Joel Fort's *The Pleasure Seekers*) in such a way as to manipulate your response to them. Two broadly accepted and totally legitimate drugs were presented as fiendishly dangerous, while a discredited and illegal substance sounded medically viable.

We are very easy to manipulate, we magazine scanners, TV gazers, billboard blinkers, Bargainhunters Unanimous, and Hypochondriacs Unlimited of America. For example, much of the prevailing mythology about marijuana in this country, and even internationally, was perpetrated by one man, Harry Anslinger, who headed the Federal Bureau of Narcotics for about thirty years and still represents the U.S. in the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs. Anslinger worked up a kind of frothing evangelical crusade against the devil-weed, complete with hair-raising handbills associating marijuana with every kind of crime, violence, personal and physical degradation.

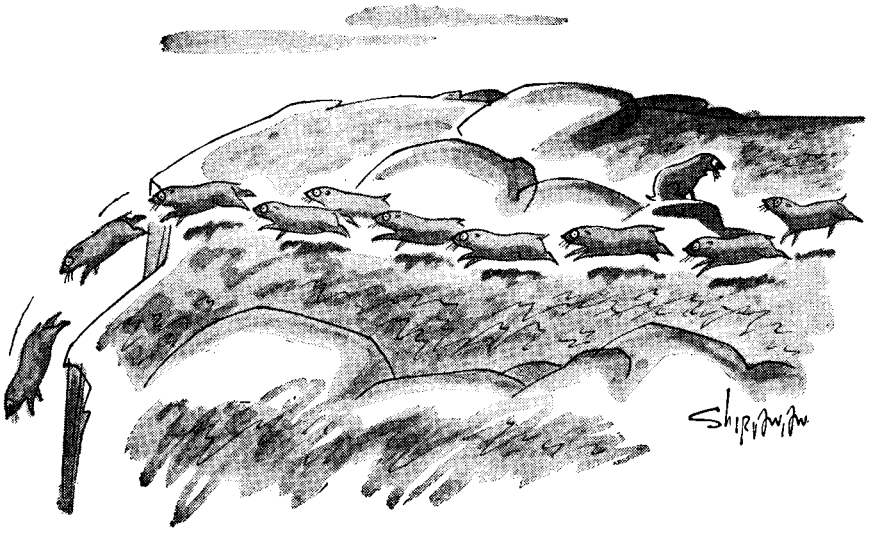
But unlike most stump-thumping preachers, Anslinger pulled the strings that governed a growing federal agency, large amounts of public money, and the votes of many legislators eager to believe that something they could package, label, and outlaw was responsible for the disintegration of morality and the rebellion of youth in America. They would have done better to look into each other's eyes. The slogan "Marijuana is more dangerous than the hydrogen bomb" has effectively alarmed Congressmen even though, as Dr. Fort remarks, "they have never been particularly concerned about the hydrogen bomb itself."

I am tempted to dwell on the marijuana issue because it is so current, because every day so many lives and dollars are being wasted, because of present laws and official attitudes, against which evidence has mounted so overwhelmingly. But that would be unfair to Joel Fort's book, which goes far beyond polemics on any particular issue. Fort surveys the whole range of Mind-Altering Drugs ("MADs") to reveal how deeply our culture is committed to chemical cure-alls, stopgaps, and escapes, how confused and hypocritical are our attitudes toward drugs, and how relentlessly the real crises in our country keep building while we dope ourselves up on myths and socially approved concoctions.

The MADs Fort talks about are alcohol, opium, caffeine, amphetamines, LSD-type drugs, sedatives, and tranquilizers. He describes the extent of use, forms of abuse, legal controls, chemical composition, and action in the body (so far as this is understood) for each of these categories.

The facts and figures he gives on alcohol are, well staggering:

> Pouring down American throats yearly are roughly 650 million gallons of distilled spirits, 100 million barrels



"I don't care if I am a lemming—I'm not going."

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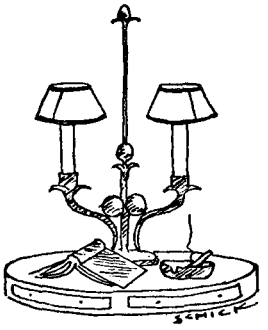
. . . of beer, 200 million gallons of wine, 100 million gallons of moonshine . . . and vast amounts of legal home-made wine and beer.

At least six million of our citizens are alcoholics or . . . chronic excessive users. . . . One-third to one-half of all arrests by police in America are for chronic drunkenness . . . Cirrhosis is the sixth leading cause of death in this country . . . as many as 20 per cent of the inmates of state mental hospitals are there because of chronic psychosis due to alcoholic brain damage, an *irreversible* condition. . . . Between 50 per cent and 70 per cent of the . . . deaths and . . . injuries each year from automobile accidents involve or are caused by alcohol.

And so on. How can the same legislators and judges who ignore the monstrous abuses of booze dare to imprison people for distributing or possessing



marijuana, which is not physically addictive, not dangerous to body organs, not even fattening? In the familiar steppingstone theory of addiction narcotics police try to link pot to heroin. Why don't they ever point out that nearly all heroin addicts "used as their first potent mind-altering drugs alcohol and nicotine, both of them *illegally* in their early teens"?

Eldridge Cleaver hits it in *Soul on Ice,* talking about his first imprisonment, at eighteen, for possession: "I had got caught with a bag full of love —I was in love with the weed and I did not for one minute think that anything was wrong with getting high. I . . . was convinced . . . that marijuana was superior to lush—yet the rulers of the land all seemed to be lushes."

Fort points out the barbarousness of making criminals of drug users, a practice which he equates with "burning witches at the stake or putting mentally ill in dungeons." He urges that all drug use be handled as a sociological and public health matter, and predicts that within a decade his view will be the consensus.

That proposal is part of his "master plan" to deal with and move beyond drug problems. Other aspects of the plan are a ban on advertising of MADs, thorough and factual drug education from elementary through high school, and greatly strengthened treatment and rehabilitation programs.

The Pleasure Seekers is extremely valuable both as a source of information and as a manual for reform. It is the most complete and practical, humane and knowledgeable study of drug use and drug laws in the U.S. Unfortunately, it is fairly dull reading. Fort's style lacks color and rhythm. For its pithy, provocative, or humorous moments the book relies too heavily on quotations from livelier writers. One must either doggedly plow through jam-ups of statistics or indolently skip them. But there is something compelling about Fort's humanity and honesty, his deep understanding of dissident forces in society, and his sharp eye for the liars and totalitarians in the power structure.

As I write this, I am at once angered and saddened by a recent newspaper article. It is about what the author calls Diane Linkletter's "LSD-induced suicide." Not even *allegedly* LSD-induced. The story naïvely exposes the blindness, fear and guilt that cause people to point desperately accusing fingers at a drug, when the real villain is much deeper and closer.

Diane's parents seem to have known nothing about their daughter. At eighteen she eloped to Mexico; they had no idea of what had happened till she came back wanting an annulment. As for her drug usage, frequent depressions and suicidal thoughts, "they never dreamed what had been going on."

The writer of the article joins the parents in blaming LSD for the tragedy. In perfectly straight tones he tells us, "Diane's family background was exemplary. She was . . . raised in an atmosphere of money, social position, togetherness and a good home life where excessive partying and drinking had no place. They were religious and church-going."

Money, social position, and church. And a set of exemplary, or shall we say typical, parents who never dreamed what was going on with their daughter.

Switch back to Joel Fort. "Youthful drug use . . . is a barometer and a commentary on the society, reflecting the failure of the family, the schools, and the 'leaders'. . . Our youth are herded, processed, harassed, coerced, infantilized, rejected, drafted, criminalized, and otherwise prevented from self-realization. . . Drugs are ideal [smoke screens]. . . . The more they are talked about and used to monopolize public attention, the less the candidate or office holder needs to talk about the real criminal, social, and health problems of the society."

Linda Hess

Linda Hess, a free-lance writer, was recently on the staff of The Foundation for Mind Research in New York.

Personal History

PUBLIC WORKS: A Dangerous Trade

by Robert Moses

McGraw-Hill, 952 pp., $14.50

ROBERT MOSES presents a *Festschrift* to Robert Moses in *Public Works: A Dangerous Trade.* The book comprises nearly 1,000 pages of New York City and State history, which pours forth like concrete—a substance the great road-and-park-builder spread with abandon. Despite its length the record is not personally self-revealing; there is more in it of automobiles than of autobiography.

Its aim is limited: "a source book with quotations from reports, talks, writings, and correspondence since 1919, with incidental notations to make them understandable, and with plenty of illustrations." Moses has achieved this well, without concealment or backtracking, and he has proved the thesis of his title, that public works are a dangerous trade—especially for those who get in the way of Robert Moses's bricks and brickbats.

When he started out as a young municipal investigator before World War I, building parks and parkways and planning cities meant pioneering. Nobody was thinking about pollution, ecology, and environment—the trinity of catchwords that are the new pop substitutes for what used to be called simply Nature. Educated at Yale and Oxford, Moses was something new in government, especially New York City government, which was ruled by sheriffs and aldermen with an occasional short-lived reform mayor. He was a visionary and, of all things, a Republican. Moses was exceptional for at least two other reasons: He never got his hand caught in the public treasury because he never put it there, and he knew how to press all the levers of government at once and not just those of a particular department.

The automobile came along as the great American dream when Moses began building his municipal empires. He was—at one time or another and sometimes all at once—head of the Long Island State Park Commission, the State Council of Parks, the State Fine Arts Commission, Jones Beach State Parkway and Bethpage Park Authorities, Triborough Bridge Authority, New York City Tunnel Authority, New York City Construction Coordinator, Mayor's Slum Clearance Committee, New York State Power Authority. Building highways to accommodate the gasoline-burners became his primary mission. His super-thruways have helped bring the country closer to the city as well as

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foul up the countryside. Hindsight now tells us that still greater planning was required to safeguard other aspects of life: that making America the home of the motorarchy (with a national highway toll of more than 50,000 deaths every year) was good for General Motors—which awarded Moses $25,000 for an "essay" he entered in a contest—but not necessarily for the country.

In a book of this size it is surprising to find only a few pages concerned with what the parkways have wrought and with the problems of clean air and water. Mr. Moses does write:

> State statutes have been enacted in recent years to insure water-pollution control. In 1965, the state was authorized to pay to a municipality through contract up to 30 per cent of the cost of construction of a municipal sewage-treatment plant. In 1966, the discharge of sewage into any of the waters of the state by watercraft was made a misdemeanor. In 1967, the New York State Pure Water Authority was established to plan, finance, construct and operate sewage-treatment works and to contract with municipalities for such purposes. All we need is a realizable financial program and the political courage to meet most of the charges locally with only incidental state and Federal aid.

For one who has yelled so loud for construction, Mr. Moses sounds timorous about conservation.

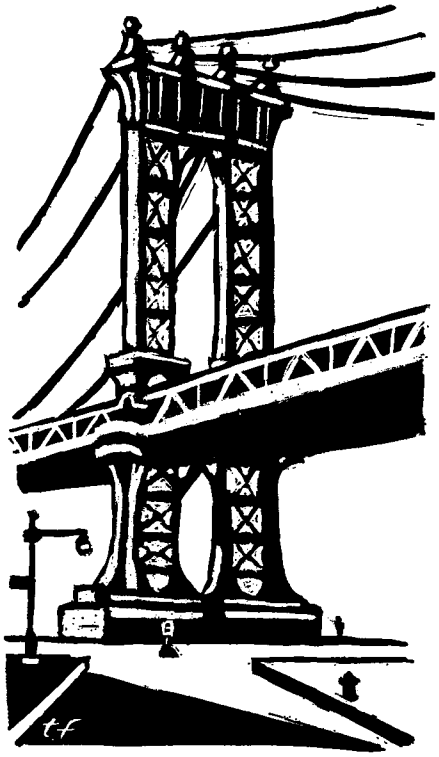
The positive role he played in grabbing up land for parks and beaches remains his greatest achievement. He was always a maximum-use man, one who believed that the estates of the wealthy could not remain private enclaves in the name of "forever wild." Whenever a corner lot became available in the city, Moses was there to make it a playground—often helped by Federal, state and city works funding. The building of Jones Beach Park in Nassau County was his finest hour. The townships and the rich in their summer cottages did not want intruders from the city fouling up their beaches. It took Moses not only to obtain the beaches for millions of people but to safeguard them so they would not become another Coney Island. Jones Beach derived its name from a Colonial freebooter and smuggler. Governor Rockefeller and the state powers ought to rename it to honor the man who really created it, perhaps in time for his next birthday on December 18.

One of the valuable parts of *Public Works* is the appraisal of various public figures. Moses's thumbnail portraits of mayors, governors, and others are sharp. Al Smith remains his favorite public official. He gives credit to Jimmy Walker for helping to pave the way for the Long Island Parkway system leading to Jones Beach. Fiorello La Guardia receives the highest marks, especially in contrast with John Lindsay, who gets some needles. Governors Roosevelt and Lehman he ranks high. A valuable lagniappe is the record of correspondence with Frank Lloyd Wright about the building of the Guggenheim Museum. Moses recognized that Wright was a genius and that the city had to bend some of its building laws to his will.

From his book Mr. Moses emerges as a doer rather than a dreamer, an irascible pioneer and an affable cuss. A summing-up of his work, from his start as a city investigator in 1913 to his last major job as president of the New York World's Fair in 1964-65, finds far more in the plus than in the minus column. But a Moses-watcher cannot help wondering whether it wouldn't have been better for New York if he had put his talent and energies into renovating the city's subway and bus system and the entire Metropolitan Transportation Authority, now floundering so badly, instead of devoting himself profitably for seven years to an unnecessary and forgotten fair. He could have helped the millions stuck on the trains and roadways going out to Jones Beach.

Herbert Mitgang

Herbert Mitgang of The New York Times editorial board is author of "Working for the Reader: Culture, Literature, War and Politics in Books, 1950s to the Present," to be published in April.



SUPERIOR PERSON: A Portrait of Curzon and His Circle in Late Victorian England

by Kenneth Rose

Weybright & Talley, 475 pp., $10

IN THE GALAXY of proconsulates that studded the firmament of the nineteenth-century British Empire, none glittered quite so brilliantly as that of the viceroy of India. And in the long procession of peers who upheld the might of the raj, few if any could show qualifications for the office to match those possessed by Baron (later Earl, still later Marquess) Curzon of Kedleston—the "superior person" of this superlative biographical portrait by Kenneth Rose. Readers may be tempted, in fact, to think of Curzon as having held a vested right to the Viceregency. "Almost from boyhood," says Rose, "he had consciously equipped himself for the task of governing India," and when he finally reached that goal in 1898 there was reason to believe that another Clive might be in the ascendant.

Instead, India broke Curzon. During the seven years of his stewardship his many noteworthy achievements were overshadowed by an endless succession of unedifying cat-fights with the Home Government. As Rose observes, "there were moments when the adversaries did not seem worthy of a great empire," and the outcome for Curzon was long exile in the political wilderness—a sentence made doubly grim by his American wife's premature death in 1906. Even when he returned to Britain's highest councils as foreign secretary in 1919, "humiliation and disappointment alone awaited him." Thirty-four years earlier a respected adversary, none other than Gladstone, had predicted that "Mr. George Curzon . . . will, if I mistake not, be one day the Conservative Prime Minister." That prophecy can be said to have foundered on the rocks of the Viceregency.

Yet the real tragedy of Curzon's Indian experience was that it turned his personality rancid and left him all but friendless—a singularly heavy burden for a man whose earlier years had been spent in the gratifying warmth of almost universal esteem and an affection that often spilled over into love. It is those years, happily, to which Rose devotes the greater part of his book. Apart from the closing pages, the Curzon we meet is no rudely overbearing autocrat but an engaging young patrician of exceptionally lively intelligence and humor. "Tall and handsome, with the complexion of a

Charles Miller, the critic, is currently writing a book on the British Empire.

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milkmaid and the elegance of one of Ouida's guardsmen," Curzon also possessed what Rose aptly terms a "genius for friendship," and for more than twenty years he drew around him a charmed circle of beautiful and extraordinarily gifted people.

The more admirable side of the upper-class Victorian mentality and many of the distinguished figures it produced loom large in Curzon's gilded world during this period. Even as a youngster at Eton he found "an eagerly grasped opportunity to establish friendly relations with Mr. Gladstone" by inviting him to address the school's literary society. Curzon was at Oxford's Balliol College "in the dawn of its golden age" under the forbidding and brilliant Benjamin Jowett, who "molded both intellect and character to meet the growing responsibilities of those who aspired to rule." Upon his entry into politics, where his leadership potential won almost instant recognition, Curzon was one of Lord Salisbury's youngest and most trusted lieutenants. In his social life he might have been called a Proper Bohemian. He was a leading light in the Crabbet Club, a gathering of convivial iconoclasts whose membership included Oscar Wilde and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (The latter once suggested, "Our motto I think should be *Mens*

insana in corpore sano.") With Arthur Balfour he held center stage among the supercerebral "Souls," who "cared much for intelligence but nothing for convention." In both these institutions Curzon also served as a sort of rhymester-laureate, bringing added luster to the bonhomie of dinners and other occasions with slightly awkward but spirited Gilbertian verses, such as:

A second time these friends are met,
Again the festal board is set,
The envy of a world to whet,
  Again 'tis George N. Curzon,
The author of the original crime,
The minstrel of a former time,
Who mounts his Pegasus of rhyme
  And claps his rusty spurs on!

That Curzon could find time in abundance for such social-intellectual frivolities seems especially remarkable when one considers the prodigious—indeed, obsessive—scope of his industry in more conventional fields of endeavor. Not content with mere excellence, he was driven compulsively to strive for the top rungs of both the scholarly and governmental ladders. When he sustained one of his few academic setbacks by failing to achieve a first in Greats at Oxford, he set about at once to erase that blot by taking two of the university's more coveted history prizes (no one had ever won both before), and then going on to the summit: a prize fellowship at All Souls College.

During the twelve years he spent in the House of Commons before his elevation to the peerage, his activities assumed the dimensions and pace of a cyclone. Huge demands on his time as a backbencher were made by Salisbury, whom he served for nine months as Parliamentary under-secretary for India and for three years as under-secretary for Foreign Affairs. Yet he still managed to attend assiduously to the needs of his constituents, and "was never too busy for sympathy, reassurance and advice," which he gave lavishly to his friends, whose intimacy and trust he treasured.

Although Conservative-aristocrat by upbringing and intuition, Curzon was anything but a Blimp. He never lost his admiration and regard for Gladstone, with whom he enjoyed "a respectful familiarity that bordered on friendship." He was attracted—albeit briefly—to Randolph Churchill's "restless creed" of Tory democracy, and went

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—Culver.

George Curzon—"affection that often spilled over into love."

so far himself as to advocate streamlining the House of Lords, to make it "representative of the middle classes of this country, and even of the laboring classes too." Yet by no exercise of the imagination could he have been called a traitor to his own class or to the majestically presumptuous but no less lofty ideal of "obedience to the call of Great Britain's imperial destiny." As Curzon himself once put it: "I never spend five minutes in inquiring if we are unpopular. The answer is written in red ink on the map of the globe." This applied particularly to India, where he saw "a sacred trust in which the balance of advantage lay decisively with the governed rather than with the governors."

As part of his preparation for that trusteeship, Curzon made several extended and arduous journeys to Afghanistan, Persia, and Russian Central Asia, countries on which the Foreign Office kept an ever-vigilant eye because of their proximity and potential threat to India. The chapters on these trips, brimming over with high adventure, may be the most engrossing in the book. During the 1880s and 1890s considerable personal risk was entailed in visits to India's northern and western neighbors; much of the region, in fact, had barely been explored, and Curzon himself discovered the source of the Oxus river. In his capacity as author and newspaper correspondent, moreover, he revealed gifts for travel writing no less abundant than those of such peripatetic contemporaries as Sir Richard Burton and Joseph Thomson. But with British imperial interests shaping his itinerary, Curzon was first and foremost an ambassador without portfolio. One of his most notable diplomatic achievements was his reception by the semibarbaric, tyrannical and hostile emir of Afghanistan. Curzon had been able to arrange the visit in a letter of such outrageously full-blown Oriental flattery that it deserves quotation at some length:

> It has been my principal and incessant desire to be permitted to visit the dominions of Your Highness; so that I might both offer my salaams to the powerful and liberal minded Sovereign of whom I have so often written and spoken; and also that I might be able to stand up in the British House of Commons, when the affairs of India and Afghanistan were being discussed, to silence the mouths of the slanderers. . . . I have been in Bokhara and Samarkand. I have ridden to Chaman, and I have sojourned at Peshawar. But the dominions of Your Highness which are situated in the middle of all these territories like unto a rich stone in the middle of a ring, I have never been permitted to enter; and the person of Your Highness which is in your own dominions like unto the sparkle in the heart of the diamond, I have not been fortunate enough to see . . .

The consequence of this eloquent moonshine was a visible change of heart on the part of the emir, and Curzon "could rightly claim some credit for having persuaded [him] to resume a cordial relationship with the British Government."

But the rewarding and exhilarating days at the roof of the world were only a prelude to the long years of bitter loneliness. To be sure, the last two decades of Curzon's life were far from inactive. Before his appointment as foreign secretary, he was chancellor of Oxford, president of the Royal Geographical Society, and a member of Lloyd George's War Cabinet. He also remarried, and devoted tireless effort to the restoration of Kedleston, his magnificent ancestral mansion in Derbyshire. Even so, it is hard to refrain from wondering whether these pursuits were not mere devices to occupy Curzon's compulsive energies. There is little in them to suggest the sanguine zest that surged like a great river along the course of his early career.

For its sympathetic but candid portrait of Curzon during those sunshine years, and for the richly documented re-creation of the wondrously elegant society which he adorned, *Superior Person* belongs in the front ranks of historical biography.

Charles Miller

Fiction

BLIND LOVE AND OTHER STORIES

by V. S. Pritchett

Random House, 247 pp., $5.95

THERE MAY BE one or two living English short story writers who are as good as V. S. Pritchett—H. E. Bates comes immediately to mind—but there are none better that I know of, in England or anywhere else. Issued in his seventy-first year and some thirty years after the publication of his first book of fiction, *Blind Love and Other Stories* exhibits Pritchett's formidable assets at their best. He is at once entertainer, artist, and wise observer of the contemporary human situation.

The title story concerns Mr. Armitage, a blind and wealthy lawyer whose wife had deserted him many years before when he was losing his sight. Mrs. Johnson, his housekeeper-secretary had been divorced following her husband's wedding-night discovery of her vast and disfiguring birthmark. These two, like so many of the author's characters, recall to mind Pritchett's statement that in his fiction the real story lies in the double lives of his people. Beneath his poised and self-confident exterior Mr. Armitage is a groping child; at the same time he "sees" more clearly with his mind and hands than most of us do with our eyes. Similarly, Mrs. Johnson's cheerfulness and virtue mask a creature who once craved for the "furtive, for the hand that slipped under a skirt, for the scuffle in the back seat of a car, for a five-minute disappearance into a locked office."

This strange pair — a punished and self-hating woman drawn to a punished man — is depicted with exceptional skill. So too are the minor characters, a conniving faith-healer and his nasty little wife, who provide effective contrast and at the same time precipitate the crisis that leads to the eventual coming together of Mr. Armitage and Mrs. Johnson.

Pritchett can be both straight and subtle, ironic and devious, serious and extraordinarily funny. It is this juxtaposition of opposites, this humorous treatment of serious subjects, to which "Blind Love" and many other of his best stories owe much of their success. And throughout he maintains miraculous balance: he flashes from past to present and manipulates exterior action and interior reminiscence with the aplomb of a Houdini disappearing into a safe. But, above all, "Blind

Critic William Peden is the author of "Night in Funland and Other Stories" and "The American Short Story."

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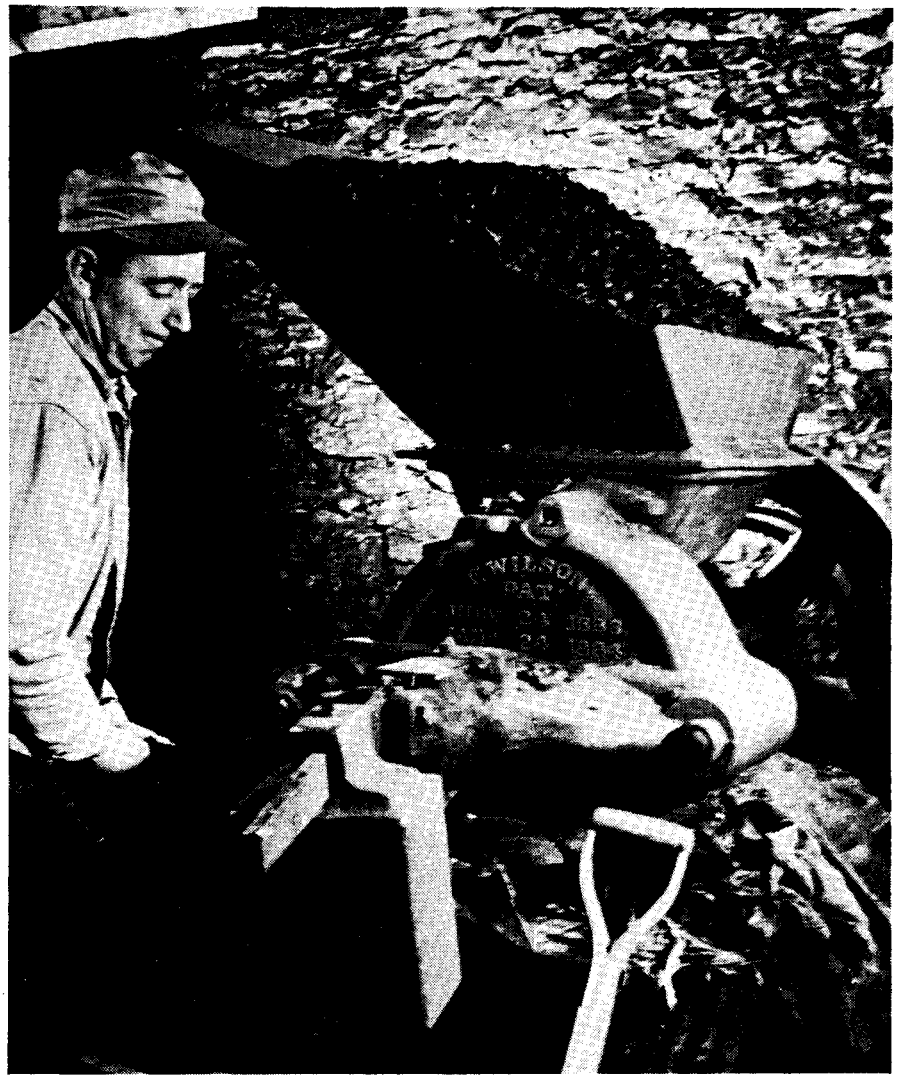
Love" is a wry and witty appraisal of human goodness and non-goodness, of kindness and cruelty, of the absurd and the not-at-all-absurd. Like all good fiction, it opens up from its own narrative center and spreads and deepens into areas of universal experience.

Many of Pritchett's characters possess split personalities or lead double lives. The mother of "The Cage Birds" is first depicted as an unattractive drudge, but she blooms with beauty and sexuality when she dons the handsome gold gown her amoral sister gives her. Upon meeting the "right woman" the limp-wristed interior decorator of "The Nest Builder" is transformed into a country squire, complete with gun and dogs. And the aging bore of "The Skeleton" (a marvelous story that should be turning up in the anthologies for many years) undergoes a similar transformation when he meets a shapely, alcoholic, and uninhibited

woman from his past who teaches him that living alone is not the best way to fly, particularly for a man in his eighties.

Pritchett presents these people in a series of scenes so dramatic that I have often wondered why some of his stories have not been adapted for stage, screen, or television. Mr. Armitage's tumble into his swimming pool is at once pathetic and comic; the drinking scene in "The Skeleton" is hilarious, and the entire business involving the husband-wife reunion of "A Debt of Honor" demands to be transformed into a one-act play. Like Dickens and a lot of playwrights and novelists, Pritchett makes effective use of tag lines and individual eccentricities that hint at the essence of his characters and add to the dramatic potential of his stories. One generously endowed woman's bosom suggests "a box at the opera in which she was somehow living and sitting," and she talks in a "jolly mixture of aria and ravening recitative." A little "pastry-fed fellow from the North" has a "face like a white blown-out paper bag" and "the eyes of a chapel-going boy caught with a finger in the jam pot." The "skeleton," when annoyed, groans loudly "but in a manner so sepulchral and private that people moved respectfully away."

One afternoon a year and a half ago we chatted in the study of his Regents Park Terrace home. It is a pleasant room fronting a tree-shaded mews,



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comfortable and in its own way somewhat Dickensian, with plum-colored draperies, lime-green rug, books and pictures and a great glass case filled with brilliantly plumaged birds. Sitting on a lime-green sofa, Mr. Pritchett, a pipe-smoking, pink-and-white man wearing old-fashioned lime-green suspenders, was relaxing with a gin and water after an appearance on the BBC. We had been talking about the state of the short story in England and about his own stories in particular. His main literary interest, he said, was and continues to be the short story, though, as is well known, he has written excellent novels, criticism, and brilliant travel books.

Katherine Mansfield and O'Flaherty and "Chekhov, of course" were the authors he most admired and emulated when he began writing short fiction in Ireland many years ago. He writes laboriously, with much, much revision. "Sense of Humor," one of his best stories, was worked and reworked many times ("I had it on my hands for years"). So was my personal favorite (but not the author's), "The Sailor," perhaps the most frequently anthologized of his stories. He disclaims any direct influence of Dickens, who in so many ways he seems to me to resemble. Nor did he think "there was anything Dickensian" about his characters.

"There are a lot of odd people in England," he said from the shadows of the lime-green sofa.

These odd people, whom he understands so well and depicts so effectively, will be around for a long time in the pages of *Blind Love* and Pritchett's other impeccably drawn stories.

William Peden

—Alan Clifton.

V. S. Pritchett—"miraculous balance."

A HERO ON A DONKEY

by Miodrag Bulatovic

NAL/World, 261 pp., $6.50

A FEW YEARS AGO this novel achieved some notoriety in Yugoslavia, where the publishers, having set the manuscript in type, were persuaded by the censors not to go ahead with it. Whereupon the young author, who describes himself as an ex-bum and "brother of Villon," took them to court and won high damages—an event without precedent in any Communist country. Bulatovic had already won a reputation with two collections of stories and a novella—*The Devils Are Coming, The Wolf and the Bell,* and *The Red Cock Flies to Heaven* (published here to generally bewildered but respectful notices). His play *Godot Has Arrived,* an exuberant rewrite of Beckett done with ribaldry and droll comment on the ideological new man, enjoyed a dozen European airings. (Its production here was prevented by threats of injunction from Grove Press, Beckett's American publishers.) And last year his latest novel, *War Was Better,* a sequel to *A Hero on a Donkey,* was isued by Hanser in Munich.

A Hero on a Donkey is set in war-torn Montenegro during the Italian occupation. Its central figure is a quixotic character named Gruban Malic, a saloon keeper in a small town, whose notion of resistance is to ply the occupying forces with slivovitz, imported pornography, and "abortina," an early version of the Pill. The Italians find this not uncongenial, and their commanding officer, Colonel Allegretti, who expects evacuation orders at any moment, sets the tone for his garrison by balling virtually around the clock. The first part of the book, with its hyperbolic debauchery and its grotesqueries of Fascist vainglory, along with the corruption and greed of the townspeople, reads like an extended pornographic allegory on war and man's tendency to self-destruction.

Malic goes to ludicrous lengths to demonstrate his resistance to the Fascists and his solidarity with the Partisans in the surrounding mountains, but the Italians dismiss him as a clown and even applaud his farcical posturing. Outraged, he leaves town, blows up a strategic bridge, and goes looking for the "501st Partisan Brigade." But when he finds them they, too, refuse to take him seriously.

The novel—existential at the core but textured with a poet's compassion and sometimes disconcerting imagination—is an important segment of Bulatovic's continuing dialogue with evil, an obsession clearly going back to the trauma of a brutal childhood and the anguished years of genocide in his native Montenegro. The same obsession has been sounded powerfully by an older compatriot of his, Ivo Andric. But where in Andric the treatment was philosophical and classically controlled, in Bulatovic it is a total, apocalyptic immersion. The result is a stark world of lechers and alcoholics who might have stepped from the pages of *The Beggar's Opera,* save that one also hears the messianic parrot cry of our contemporary ideologies.

Miodrag Bulatovic—"obsession."

Nathalie Sarraute, writing in *L'Express* of Bulatovic's earlier books, has called them "the death knell of the anti-novel." *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* has judged him "a great writer, a poetic force that is truly prodigious." Other critics in France and Germany have likened his work to the films of Buñuel or the canvases of Bosch and Breughel. For all their conflicting impressions the comments seem to agree that Bulatovic is clearly his own man, and one whose future work should be of more than ordinary interest.

Joseph Hitrec

Joseph Hitrec, author of "Son of the Moon," has translated several works by Ivo Andric into English from the Serbo-Croatian.

Coming April 18

National Library Week Feature

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Everybody in Space

LAST WEEK I reported on a planned tour of the solar system by a robot spaceship that would fly by four planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—for the price of visiting one. I related this planetary bargain of the late 1970s to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's current effort to economize on extraterrestrial space exploration during the period required to determine how long men can live safely where the pull of gravity is little felt. I pointed out that men will have to acquire long experience with weightlessness on a space station orbiting the Earth. For that purpose, people will have to be ferried to the space station and back again.

I return to the subject now because of new information that has a direct bearing on popularization of space travel. The news comes from *Nature*, the London scientific journal, in a report on a meeting of the British Interplanetary Society. According to *Nature*'s account, Dr. Thomas O. Paine, NASA administrator, last month told the interplanetary society members that "anyone, regardless of sex, with special reason to be in space—for instance, for scientific research," will be able to ride the space ferry. Passengers will not need to share the specialized training or skill of the ferry crew. Dr. Paine said he hoped to see "astronautesses" on the ferry "before the end of the decade."

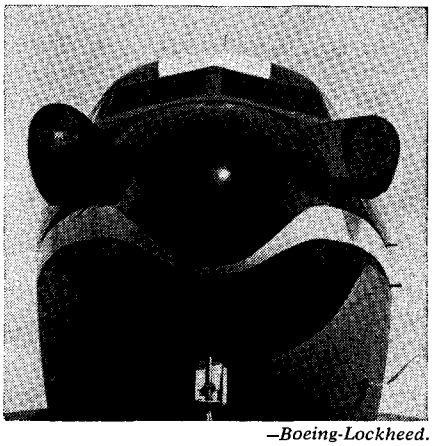
The NASA administrator felt safe in raising these hopes because NASA's specifications for the space ferry call for passenger and/or cargo space on the ferry to be pressurized to the same degree of comfort as today's airplane passengers enjoy. The pressurizing will be possible because the ferry will be built in two parts, one part being a launching rocket the size of a jumbo jet plane (Boeing's 747, for example) on which a detachable powered cabin (the size of a Boeing 707 or a Douglas DC-10) rides piggyback. The vehicle will take off vertically as one piece and land horizontally as two, the piggyback hooking up to the space station before returning to Earth and the launcher returning to Earth immediately (see sketch, right).

The ferry's weight at takeoff has already been specified: 3.5 million pounds. The payload has not been fixed, but the size of the payload compartment has been set at a length of sixty feet and a diameter of fifteen feet. The design is open. Straight wings are possible; so are slanted wings; the geometry of the lifting surfaces may be stationary or variable.

Whatever design finally emerges will have two principal values: safety in flight and frequent reusability. The space ferry will be built to complete at least 100 successive voyages.

How such durability translates into economy can be seen by making two comparisons. One comparison, cited by NASA budgeters, says fifty flights of the space ferry can be made for less than the cost of one firing of the Saturn V that sent the *Apollo*s to the moon. One space ferry's total performance, then, should be carried out at a cost equal to that of two moon voyage launchings.

NASA likes to use a second economy scale. It shows that one pound of cargo on the earliest Earth satellites put into orbit by the United States cost $1-million. The cost of the *Apollo* voyages was down to $1,000 per pound. The hope is to whack the price much lower—perhaps as far down as $50 or even $20 a pound for a round trip between Earth and the station.



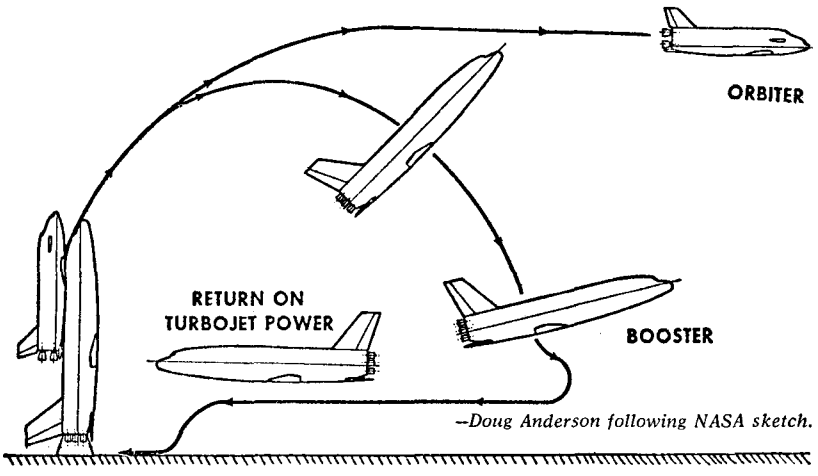
—*Boeing-Lockheed.*

What could bring about such spectacular savings?

At the present time, 20,000 persons are directly involved in a spaceship launching from Cape Kennedy. A jet-powered airplane takes off from an airport with the help of no more than forty people, including those in the airport control tower. As elsewhere, the cost of labor is the highest fraction of the cost of space exploration. To the extent that numbers of people involved can be reduced, salaries can be eliminated from the payroll. And payroll will come down as multiplicity of spaceship components and repetitiveness of component testing are simplified. Progress to date is reflected in the fact that NASA employees, who once numbered 420,000 men and women across the country, now number 189,000 and are due to decline to 144,000 before the end of 1971.

Not long after NASA administrator Paine spoke in London, the Institute of Navigation met at NASA's Ames Research Center in California. Reports were heard from two NASA contractors at work on the ferry: Boeing and Lockheed (others are Chrysler, Grumman, General Dynamics, North American Rockwell, Martin-Marietta, and McDonnell-Douglas). The reports said the ferry could be operating by 1977 or 1978. The ferry launching unit will return to base on jet power from several hundred miles down range of the launching site. But the piggyback cabin, on its return from the space station, will come home to Earth at speeds comparable to those of a moonship and will require more precise control, probably managed by computers. Test craft now being used (photo left) is designed for "hands off" landing and has big bulbous eyes like those of a frog.

Frog-eyed flying test bed for space ferry is pictured at left. Sketch below shows ferry's piggyback takeoff, release of orbiter towards space station, and return of launching rocket to Earth on jet power.



—*Doug Anderson following NASA sketch.*

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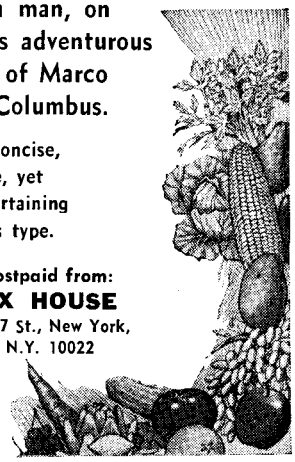

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Fellinicon

FELLINI's film rendering of *The Satyricon*, or *Fellini Satyricon*, as he was forced to title it because of a competing and trashy version made in Rome shortly before he began his, is something of a break-through in that it is the first truly literate and sophisticated film spectacle, one that creates a fantastic and visionary universe while it also retains a deep awareness of the nature and value of its source. It is not a perfect film: Its parts are sometimes greater than the sum of its whole; it has annoying technical flaws; but it is safe to say that no one other than Fellini would have been capable of so marvelous a conception and the means to realize it.

We know very little about Petronius. It is likely that he was one of the chosen companions of the emperor Nero, the "arbiter" who passed judgment upon proposed means of amusement at the imperial court, the aristocrat who chose a form of slow and frivolous suicide when he lost the favor of his patron. What he left behind him was one of the first of the great novels, a picture of decadence and obscene overindulgence that is still remarkable for its modern tone and subtle touches of character. Only fragments of the work remain, the repressive vigilance of the early Christian fathers having something to do, probably, with the disappearance of the remainder. Imbedded in those fragments—a mixture of anecdotes, ghost stories, adventures, verse, realistic pictures of society, and obscene humor—are two examples of what are known as "Milesian tales," the progenitors of the modern short story.

Fellini's own tribute to his source can be seen in the way he has structured his film. Rather than make it conform to typical movie structure, with its rising curve toward climactic action and denouement, he has allowed it to flow from incident to incident, so that when we view it we see it as phantasmagoria, a dream, perhaps a nightmare of ancient Rome, a time when Judeo-Christian morality had not yet tightened its hold on all forms of Western artistic and literary expression. It takes at least a second viewing before the substratum of Fellini's intent becomes fully apparent and what is surface ugliness becomes hauntingly beautiful and strange.

There is enormous research behind what he has done but not merely the kind that concentrates on detail of period, architecture, items of apparel and cooking utensils, armor and weapons, and military formations. He has

"Fellini Satyricon"—"another time, so different from ours that it is like putting foot on another planet."

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15:

1:
ZITA. Robert Enrico won an Academy Award for directing the short film "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" a few years ago. Now there's "Zita." It's a haunting, sensitive film about a lovely young girl's adventures and her growing up during one night in the streets and discotheques of Paris. Stars: Joanna Shimkus, Katina Paxinou, José Flotats.

2:
THE LOST MAN. A payroll robbery is planned by Sidney Poitier to get money for The Organization, a black militant underground group that provides money for the families of jailed demonstrators. Stars: Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus, Al Freeman, Jr. Music: Quincy Jones.

3:
CHRISTOPHER'S MOVIE MATINEE. Sometimes delightful, sometimes frightening, this Canadian film is about 14 young students, about the generation gap, about society, about themselves, all accompanied by a lively rock score. Stars: 14 Toronto students, hippies of Yorkville.

4:
PRIVILEGE. Peter Watkins' famous film has the flip/snap look and rock sound of a beautiful and frantic happening. The story of a rock-singing idol's effect on the English Establishment is electrically performed. Stars: Paul Jones, Jean Shrimpton.

5:
CHARLIE BUBBLES. British superstar Albert Finney starred in and directed this film about a man who for two days observes and then cops out on the human condition. The screenplay is by Shelagh Delaney ("A Taste of Honey"). Stars: Albert Finney, Liza Minnelli.

6:
THE IPCRESS FILE. This adult spy story really has all the zip and zap for which it has become justly famous. It has heart, brains, a very stylish look and plenty of tongue-in-cheek sophistication. Stars: Michael Caine, Sue Lloyd.

7:
COOGAN'S BLUFF. When Jean-Luc Godard dedicates a film to you, something good's got to be happening. With director Don Siegel it's happening all over the screen. Especially here, in his most famous Eastern/Western about a cowboy's encounters with violence in a very now New York. Stars: Clint Eastwood, Lee J. Cobb.

8:
MADIGAN. Action afficianado's favorite director Don Siegal is at it again, this time with his biggest film. Siegal directed this cynical thriller so tightly, it's already become one of the classic films of the police-and-violence genre. Stars: Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Inger Stevens.

9:
FAHRENHEIT 451. Director François Truffaut, Julie Christie and Oskar Werner are quite a combination. Especially in a film version of one of Ray Bradbury's most famous novels. Stars: Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

10:
THE CHAMPAGNE MURDERS. Critic Andrew Sarris summed up Director Claude Chabrol and this film best: "'The Champagne Murders' should be seen and not heard, but once seen, it is difficult to forget. The last ascending shot is alone worth the price of admission." Stars: Anthony Perkins, Maurice Ronet, Yvonne Furneaux.

11:
SPARTACUS. Directed by Stanley Kubrick of "Space Odyssey" and "Dr. Strangelove" fame, the film won Academy Awards for best supporting actor, cinematography, art direction, and costume design. Stars: Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Tony Curtis, Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov, Jean Simmons.

12:
BIRDS IN PERU. French novelist Romain Gary both wrote and directed this erotic and rigorously stylized story of nymphomania told on both the narrative and symbolic levels. Stars: Jean Seberg, Maurice Ronet, Danielle Darrieux.

13:
THE BOFORS GUN. Much acclaimed English actor Nicol Williamson has a field day in this powerful movie of a small British squadron in a single night of war. Young actor David Warner ("Morgan") also delivers a smashing performance. Stars: Nicol Williamson, David Warner.

14:
I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT'S ISNAME. Can a thoroughly corrupted producer of commercials overcome his Eton and Cambridge education, give up his two mistresses, walk out on his job, pacify his wife and be content as the assistant editor of an obscure literary magazine? Stars: Oliver Reed, Orson Welles, Carol White.

15:
. . . CAN HEIRONYMOUS MERKIN EVER FORGET MERCY HUMPPE AND FIND TRUE HAPPINESS? Playboy Magazine calls this "a zany, erotobiography that looks like a Marx Brothers' movie shot in a nudist camp." It has to be seen to be believed. Stars: Anthony Newley, Joan Collins, Milton Berle, George Jessel, and lots of girls.

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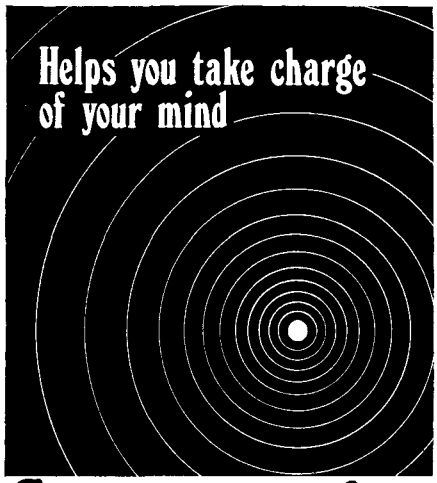

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instead attempted to feel his way back into another time, so different from ours that it is like putting foot on another planet. He has used literature rather than artifacts to guide him, and yet the Rome he creates and what scholars have told us is southern Italy of nearly 2,000 years ago are far more realistic, for all the fantasy and the mythlike atmosphere, than anything the forces of Hollywood and Cinecittà have ever been able to construct.

To see the film in any other way is to fail to see it at all, to gape at it rather than apprehend and comprehend it. Those looking for humor, for satire, are bound to be disappointed. The title comes from Saturn and satyr rather than satire as we know it, and the tale told is one of lust and gluttony, of cruelty and inhumanity, of hypocritical obeisance before invented gods, of poets who pander, a sickening view of the world that is a reflection, as through a distorting mirror, of a species that glories in exploiting and murdering its own kind.

With all this, it is also a personal film, for Fellini is an artist, perhaps the greatest of all film artists, and he has put his own stamp on the work. We can identify the faces we see, if we wish, as Fellini faces; the sickness he sees is an extension of what he has already shown us in other films. He is visiting another world, another time, but he is still the traveler. Petronius and Fellini are not the same, and here they are blended.

As in the original work, however, the "heroes" are still two young men, Encolpius and Ascyltus, who, presumably on leave from their education, take advantage of whatever they encounter on their footloose travels. If there is a story at all, it is in their passion for Giton, a pretty teen-age boy for whose favors they vie. When the mood strikes them they are just as willing to bed down with women, who, in this tale, are prostitutes and lust-ridden harridans, as well as pretty little slave girls, and, in one incident, a faithful wife who joins her aristocratic husband in his suicide. To balance her, though, there is the tale of the Matron of Ephesus, who, while mourning her hanged husband, accepts the favors of a soldier guarding the body.

Through the eyes of the young men we pass through a street of prostitutes, male and female, young and old, each offering any desired perversion or sexual variation. We visit a Roman theater, and during one of the performances we view a slave being brought in to have his hand cut off for the enjoyment of the patrons. The "joke" is that he gets a false hand in its place. And we are privileged to attend Trimalchio's dinner, during which musicians play, tales are told, wine is imbibed, while the kitchens of this filthily rich freedman disgorge one fabled dish after another. Take note that Eumolpus, the poet, attends this dinner and only complains when his host steals the verses of another.

There is little linear progression. The scenes shift as though this film, too, is a fragment of what was once a whole. The young men come upon a place of miracles (see *La Dolce Vita* and *Cabiria* for parallels) where the sick and the maimed plead to a hermaphrodite for succor. The hermaphrodite has obvious commercial value; so the boys contrive to steal it, only to have it die for lack of water. More and more mythlike the story grows; the boys are captured and brought to the debauched Tryphaena's famous boat; Encolpius loses his sexual potency and seeks it back from a witch—and, at the end, Fellini allows them, and all they encountered, to merge into a frieze, a legend of another time.

For the most part, Fellini uses unknowns to animate his visions. The English Martin Potter is Encolpius, the American Hiram Keller is Ascyltus. Since the language on the sound track is Italian, they are dubbed and, I am afraid, not very well. Their voices don't exactly match their faces and physiognomies. Among the known are Capucine (as Tryphaena), Alain Cuny as her consort, and Magali Noel as the wife of Trimalchio—the last played by a Roman restaurateur. Nino Rota's music heightens the strange atmosphere, and Giuseppe Rotunno's lighting captures, as always, the Fellini mood.

Does the film make a comment on our own time? There are those who will say so—the unisex, for instance, the parallel of the young men to today's hippies—but I rather suspect that 2,000 years from now, if any vestiges of our civilization remain, the reflected picture of this planet, A.D. 2000 or so, will make Fellini's fantasy seem sweet and gentle by comparison.

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The six filmmakers are 21-year-old Terence Winkless (top left), "The Race Problem;" 24-year-old Millie Paul (top right), "Forgotten Faces;" 22-year-old William Phelps (middle left), "Sweet Return;" 23-year-old Steven Seth Gaines (middle right), "A Giant Step;" Tee Bosustow (lower left), "Put A Medal on the Man;" Peter L. Belsito, "Souvenir."

Some of the other titles by young directors in the three student film programs are "Do Blondes Have More Fun?" "Wipeout," "Bananas," "Viking Women Don't Care," "Marcello, I'm So Bored," "Word from Our Sponsor," "Don't Squeeze My Fat," "The Great Walled City of Xan," "Dr. Strangeball," "The Electronic Labyrinth (THX 1138)," and many, many more. They're all mind blowers.

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War Industry

Continued from page 21

Pakistan, for example, hardly served to strengthen South Asia against the communist bloc. The Soviet Union supplies to Indonesia did not do much to aid the communist cause there. Both sides must sometimes question what returns they are getting from their entanglement as arms suppliers to the Middle East conflict.

Does it matter that these sophisticated conventional weapons are springing up all over the globe? A country that invests resources in them will expect some return on its investment. It will be tempted to look for military solutions to its problems. The people in power—in a hypothetical country—will be inclined to ask what is the point of having spent large sums of money on Saladin armored cars and MIG 17s, if it cannot use them to deal with the incursions on its eastern border.

There is another consideration. Modern fighter planes, as the Six-Day War has shown, are admirable weapons for a first strike. A large number of countries must have noted the lesson of that war: If you are going to do battle with your neighbor, the thing to do is to wipe out his air force before he wipes out yours.

It is not easy to think of any effective ways of setting some kind of international curb on arms sales. It is hard enough, to begin with, to envisage the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, and France agreeing on any joint rules. Even if they did, these rules would be subject to bitter complaint from nonproducing nations, who would say, quite rightly, that the limitations were just one more discrimination practiced by the rich countries against the poor. The strength of this feeling among the developing countries is shown by the fate of a recent Danish proposal at the United Nations. It was a proposal—phrased in the mildest possible terms—inviting the Secretary General to inquire of member countries whether, in their view, it was practicable to set up any kind of register or record of arms sales. The opposition to the proposal from the developing countries was so strong that the proposal was dropped without being put to vote. It is arguable that, if anything is to be done about this trade at all, the supplying powers will just have to put up with the charge of imperialism.

One-twelfth of world output for the military—for preparations for mutual slaughter—is too much. This is really the grossest of the absurdities in the way man has organized his life on this planet; it deserves to be moved up to a higher place on the list of world concerns.

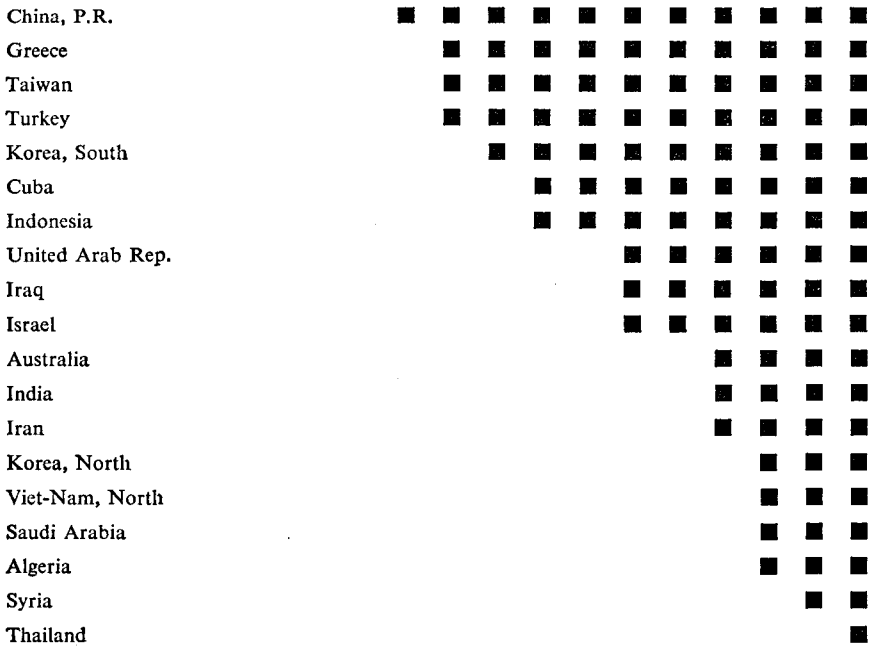
What about the argument that this mass of war matériel is a symptom and not a cause, and that the important thing is to get at the causes? This is too simple a view. The existence of a large military machine is not neutral; it predisposes toward military solutions. In the early Sixties, the United States built up a military capacity for swift and distant intervention; the weaponry was there at hand, and it was used in Vietnam. Since the Soviet Union had the tanks and the men, and could occupy the whole of Czechoslovakia in a few hours, this opportunity appeared as a possible solution — and it was in fact the one that was chosen. The bigger the military establishment, the more thinkable the use of force, and the more likely that in various contingencies some military action will be high up on the list of possible courses.

In the same way, it is not the whole truth that successful arms control treaties are simply the result of periods of reduced international tension. Such treaties contribute to a reduction of that tension. In their effect on weapons, they have so far been marginal. In their effect on mutual trust, they have been a good deal more important. There are three arms control treaties now in force affecting both the United States and the Soviet Union—the demilitarization of Antarctica, the ban on nuclear weapons in outer space, and the partial test ban. Perhaps the most significant thing about them is that neither side has ever accused the other of breaking them. This is the more surprising in that both sides have technically broken the partial test ban. The treaty forbids any action that results in radioactive material crossing international borders; radioactive material from both the United States and the Soviet Union has crossed international borders after underground nuclear tests vented. Yet, neither side has made any open representations to the other about it.

At this time when it is possible that the logjam may be beginning to move, it would be useful if there were a more active world public opinion agitating about the need for arms control and massive reductions in military expenditure. Public concern—certainly in Europe—has tended to move on to other things, such as environmental pollution or the world population explosion. The world arms race is an old subject, and an uncomfortable one. Yet it remains the world's greatest waste of resources and its most pressing danger.

The spread of long-range surface-to-air missiles among third world countries

The first shaded year indicates the year when a country first acquired long-range surface-to-air missiles[a]



a The following missiles are the only long-range surface-to-air missiles known to have been supplied to third world countries: Nike Ajax, Nike Hercules, Hawk, Tartar, V 750VK (known as "Guideline" in Western countries), Bloodhound, Thunderbird, Rapier.

—Source: *SIPRI Yearbook of World Armaments and Disarmament*

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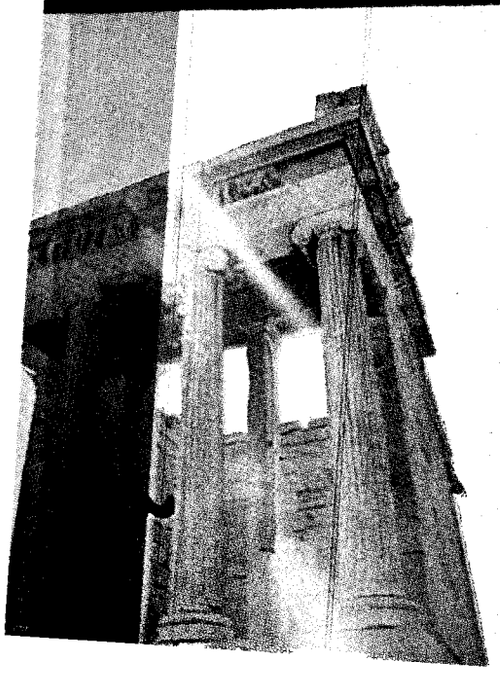
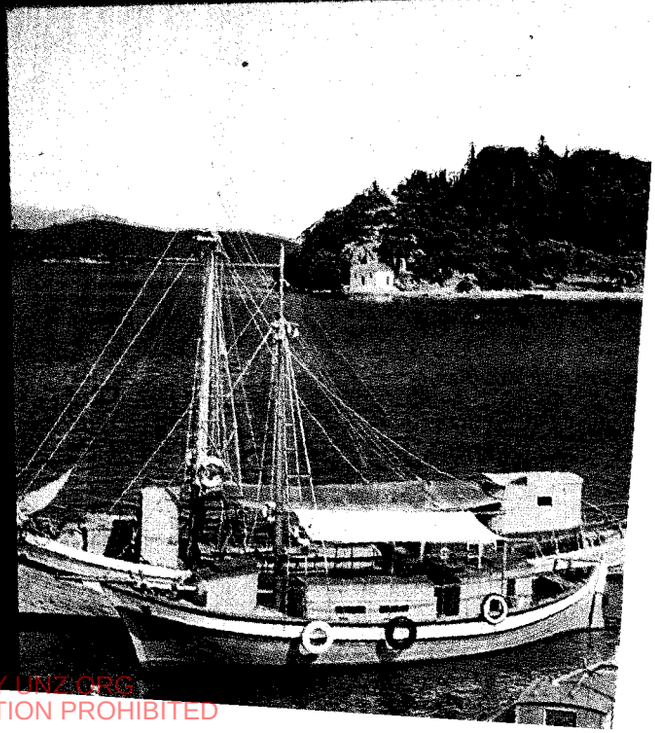


7:43 p.m.
This is the moment to watch the work of an ancient artist gleam in the setting sun. To re-live past glories of a land rich in history and climate.

3:35 p.m.
This is the moment to drop anchor in a picturesque island harbor, to go ashore and explore. Then later, return, hoist the cocktail flag and relax as you watch the sunset.



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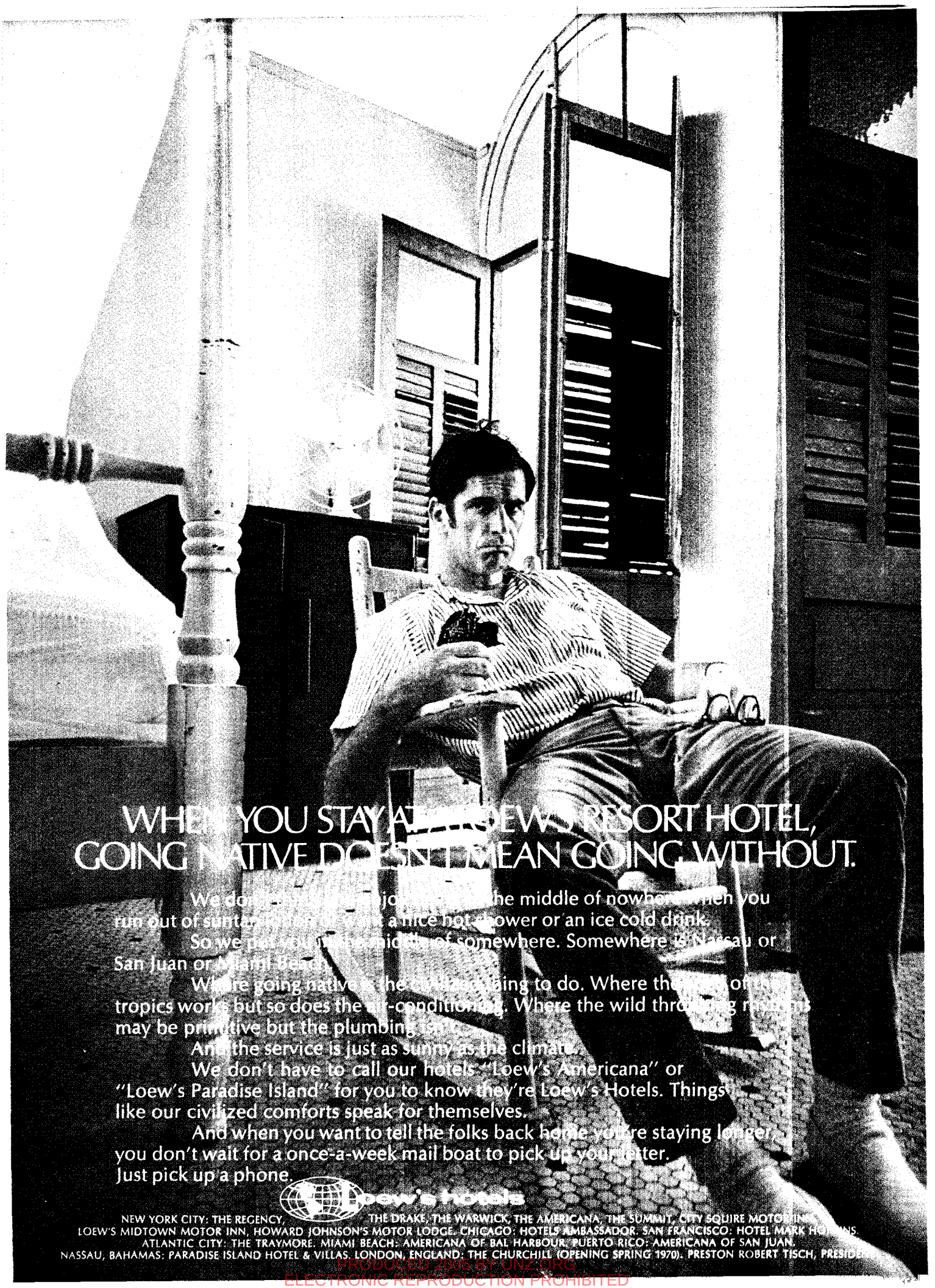
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Europe on a Musical Scale

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Beethoven romanticized; one of his many Vienna homes.

Spring Travel Issue

THE TRAVELER to Europe in the warming months ahead will be met by the sound of music nearly every place he turns. Music has always been one of summer's great allures (witness the two-page-long chart of festivals that appears on 83 and 84), but this season promises to resound with vibrations not felt in many years. The key is Beethoven's 200th birthday, an occasion that will be marked with varied intensity across the continent but most thunderously in Vienna, where the composer worked, lived, and died. Bergen, celebrating its 900th year, will salute Grieg and his music all year long. Other men and other sounds will be encountered at various turns on the European trail. The places to stop are noted on the following pages. —D.B.

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—*Magnum.*

Beethoven house, now a wine garden—"His music will blossom as copiously as the chestnut trees on the Ringstrasse."

BEETHOVEN'S VIENNA

Beuschel, Backhendl, and a Birthday

by GEORGE MAREK

A skyscraper hulks near the center of the city, looking as inappropriate as a hotdog stand in the Roman Forum. Pedestrians duck under traffic-choked streets and descend moving staircases. Espresso bars outnumber the old *Kaffeehäuser*. The neon signs of the Kärntnerstrasse, the principal shopping street, develop nervous tics. Could this be Vienna?

It is. And if Beethoven could not recognize Vienna today, at least he would acknowledge its gigantic efforts being put forth in 1970 to honor him. Vienna at his time was the capital of Europe's most imperial state, a resplendent place continuously dressed in parade uniform. "A city of perpetual Sundays," the poet Schiller called it.

Again this year Vienna will put on its Sunday best to celebrate the 200th anniversary in sound and sight and taste. It is Beethoven everywhere: At the Opera, the concert halls, the special exhibits organized by the city, the bookstores full of Beethoven picture books, the shops displaying medallions, decorative wax candles still fashioned by hand, cookies with his face drawn in chocolate or the first notes of the Fifth Symphony dotted in marzipan, the Austrian leather souvenirs, and the Beethoven ties. If some of this Beethoven enthusiasm is prompted largely by the desire to shake schillings from visitors' purses—what of it? Exploitation is the penalty of celebration.

At the Theater an der Wien, Leonard Bernstein will conduct a special new production of *Fidelio*. Undoubtedly this will be the most exciting artistic event of the year, with a full quota of musical celebrities attending. Perhaps it is indicative of music's—of Beethoven's—ability to ignore national frontiers that his Leonore is a Welsh artist, Gwyneth Jones, and his Florestan, the American tenor James King. The first performance is on May 24. It will be repeated on May 27 and 31, and at the Opera House June 9, 11, and 14.

Beethoven's music will blossom as copiously as the chestnut trees on the Ringstrasse. Some of the main events are as follows:

May 27—David Oistrakh conducting the Beethoven Violin Concerto with his son, Igor, playing the solo, with the Vienna Symphony.
June 7—Piano Concerto No. 1 conducted and played by Leonard Bernstein, Vienna Philharmonic.
June 9-14—A cycle of the nine symphonies, performed in five concerts by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan conducting.
June 24—The *Missa Solemnis*, with the

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Vienna Philharmonic, Josef Krips conducting.
Month of June—A series of recitals of Beethoven sonatas by Jörg Demus and Paul Badura-Skoda.

Those who tire of Beethoven or music can occupy their evenings with no end of theatergoing. Theatrical groups from such disparate places as Japan, Czechoslovakia, Senegal, France, Tunisia, and Sweden are performing in Vienna. The indigenous Austrian theater will perform, too.

Birthday celebrations aside, Viennese cooking has always been reason enough for visiting the city. The gastronomy has not deteriorated since Beethoven's time. The great specialties are boiled beef called *Tafelspitz* (best at the Hotel Sacher), Danube *carpe en gelée* (which Beethoven loved), fried chicken, *Wiener Schnitzel*, a lung stew called *Beuschel*, and roast filet of veal. But the wicked glory lies in the desserts: *Guglhupf*, a yeast cake, or *Palatschinken*, a crêpe, or *Kaiserschmarrn*, a kind of scrambled pancake, and all kinds of *Strudel*.

Beethoven was an inveterate walker. Even today it is the best way to see Vienna. To appreciate the lingering flavor of Beethoven's time, a visitor should pursue two different paths through the city. One would begin with the Lobkowitz Palace in back of the Opera and opposite the Albertina, where a unique collection of drawings is housed. Prince Franz Joseph Lobkowitz was one of the most illustrious aristocrats of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy; he was also "the greatest fool for music one can imagine." His lordly palace, intact today, was called "the true residence and academy of music"; rehearsals of new compositions were held in several rooms at the same time, and many composers found opportunity to present their works.

Lobkowitz was one of Beethoven's earliest and staunchest patrons, one of the three (along with Kinsky and the Hapsburg Archduke Rudolph) who granted him an annual stipend. A number of Beethoven's productions were tried out in the palace, including the Fourth Symphony, with Beethoven conducting. After Beethoven erased Napoleon's name from the title page of the *Eroica*, he dedicated it to Prince Lobkowitz. The lovely portal of the palace was designed by Fischer von Erlach, a great architect to whom Vienna owes as much as Rome owes to Bernini. Von Erlach also designed the Imperial Library, the Prince Eugene of Savoy Winter Palace, and the Karlskirche.

Close by at the Hofburg, in the Josefs Platz, one will feel as keenly as anywhere the aura of Beethoven's Vienna. Here, as elsewhere, a person has to cancel out the twentieth century, the sounds and smells of the automobiles whizzing by at a furious pace. Otherwise the little square is virtually unchanged: the statue of the unhappy Emperor Joseph II, the windows of the Imperial Library, on the right the Redoutensaal, where many of Vienna's balls and festivals were held during Beethoven's time, as well as concerts and theatrical performances. This bonbon box of a hall will ring with various events in 1970. It was in the Redoutensaal during the Congress of Vienna that an international audience heard for the first time Beethoven's "Battle" Symphony, also called "Wellington's Victory," followed by the Seventh Symphony. To an audience that had endured the whips and scorn of Napoleon, in a Vienna that had been twice occupied by French troops, "Wellington's Victory" was a triumphal clarion —and the Seventh rode to popularity on its back. After the last notes had sounded, the audience brushed aside its elegant manners and cheered and applauded the composer until white gloves split.

Crossing the Michaeler Platz—intriguing, irregular, full of life—one passes perilously near Demel's, whipped-cream headquarters and one of the most irresistible pastry shops in the world. In the Michaeler Platz stood the National Court Theater of Vienna, where Beethoven played several times. St. Michael's Church, next door, which dates from the fifteenth century, was and still is one of Vienna's most fashionable churches.

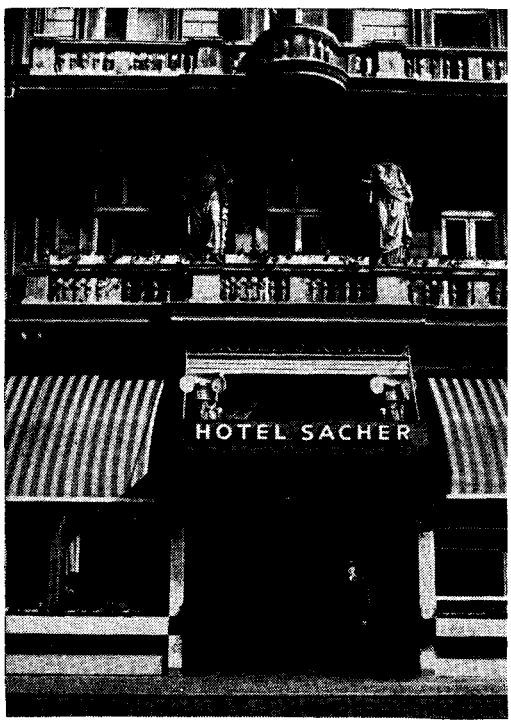
Beethoven spent much time on the Herrengasse, the "Street of the Gentlemen," where the princes, the counts, and the barons had settled, and it was to them that Beethoven looked for support and encouragement. It is a narrow street, and the density of stone and glass seems almost oppressive. In a few minutes one escapes to an airy place called the Freyung, once a market. Turn sharp right, and you will see the Kinsky Palace, another architectural masterpiece, this one by Lukas von Hildebrandt, the architect who was responsible for the Belvedere.

In Beethoven's time, as today, the Graben held many of Vienna's elegant shops. Beethoven at one time lived near the Peterskirche, St. Peter's Church, next to the Graben. The Stefanskirche has always been the geographic hub around which the city turned, a landmark as familiar as the Eiffel Tower of Paris and much more beautiful.

Following the Seilergasse you will get to the Neuer Markt, the "New Market," an Italianate piazza—marred by a hideous garage. At the center stands the jocund Donner Fountain, designed by Raphael Donner, its figures representing Austrian rivers around which a few nude *putti* play. Empress Maria Theresa objected to their nudity, and the *putti* were removed, but a few years after Beethoven got to Vienna they were put back in place. The present ones are bronze copies, the originals residing in the Baroque Museum in the Belvedere. The piazza was used occasionally by the Court for sleigh rides, ice skating competitions, and other festivals. A last and particularly opulent festival was held during the Congress of Vienna. On one side of the piazza stood a building of flats and a ballroom called the Mehlgrube, the "Flour Cave." Here Mozart played, and Beethoven performed recitals. In its place is the Hotel Ambassador, one of Vienna's great hotels, though my own choice is the Imperial, which knows few peers in any city.

A second Beethoven excursion should be made to the Pasqualati House on the Molker Bastei, reached by walking up the Ringstrasse to the Burgtheater, a fine stroll. Practically every streetcar operating on the Ring passes the house, but one is advised against taking a car. There are no places to park. Vienna—what is now the inner city—was protected by a wall that acted as a fortress against invasion. On top of this wall there were bastions broad enough to have substantial houses erected on them. After Napoleon had invaded and conquered Vienna for the

(*Continued on page* 85)



—Courtesy Austrian National Tourist Office.
Hotel Sacher—best Tafelspitz in town.

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BAYREUTH

Even the Kartoffelknoedel Is Wagnerian

—Bettmann Archive.

by PAUL MOOR

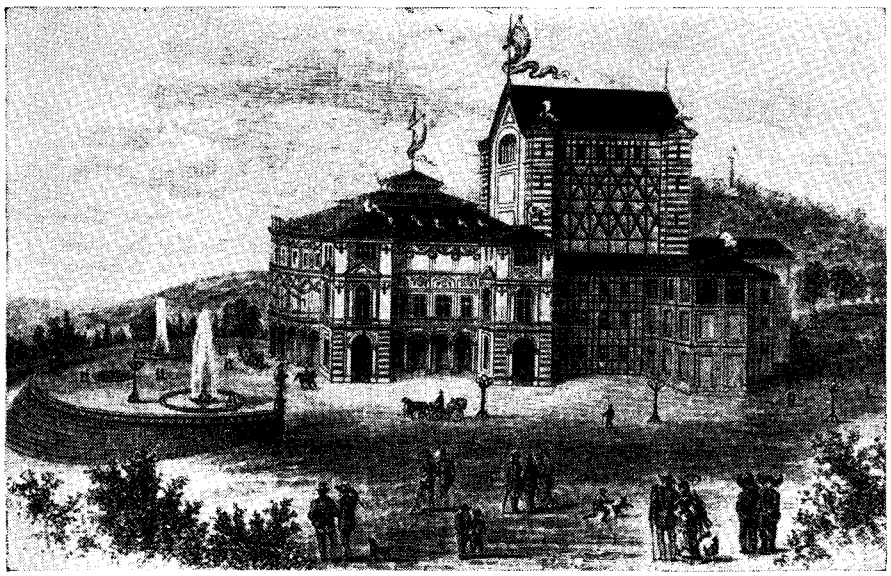
Bayreuth really belongs to the memory of Richard Wagner. One neighborhood has streets named after his operatic characters; others bear the names of Wagner's relatives, including his father-in-law, Franz Liszt.

Liszt's bones lie in Bayreuth's City Cemetery in the Erlangerstrasse, in company with Wagner's only son Siegfried and Siegfried's elder son Wieland. Richard and Cosima Wagner themselves are buried in a little grove behind Wahnfried, the villa Ludwig II had built for his protégé and where Wagner's aged daughter-in-law Winifred lives today, renting out three rooms to young teachers, not so much for the money as to have a little life in the house. Actually she lives not in the villa proper—no one does—but in the adjacent architectural congeries today called the Siegfried-Bau but until 1945 known as the Führer-Bau, since it was built to house Adolf Hitler during his annual pilgrimages to the Wagnerian shrine. Hitler adored Wagner, but of course you can't place the blame for that on Wagner. Unfortunately, Winifred Wagner—Richard's daughter-in-law and Siegfried's widow—herself adored Hitler with similar ardor. She both allowed and encouraged Bayreuth to become the Nazi Third Reich's cultural Holy of Holies. Her children subsequently turned away from her, and by Allied order she had no say in running the Bayreuth Festival when her sons revived it seven years after the war. Wahnfried today houses a priceless collection of Wagner's manuscript scores and other memorabilia, but it does not welcome ordinary tourists; in fact, only the loftiest of VIPs get in, and they by extraordinary invitation only.

The Wagner Gedenkstätte ("We try to avoid calling it a museum," says its director, Dr. Bergfeld) welcomes, on the other hand, all comers. Its collection, of course, can't even touch that of Wahnfried, but Dr. Bergfeld says, "During the festival I see people come here for days in a row, three hours at a time. Dreadful!" The exhibits have identifying texts in German only. So take along your German-English pocket dictionary. Between 11:30 and noon you can hear on the loudspeaker system selections from the Gedenkstätte's collection of historical recordings by great Wagnerians of the past. Stage models of Bayreuth productions from the first festival to the present demonstrate the progress in Bayreuth décor from elaborate realism to abstract simplicity. The exhibit cases also contain some fascinating curiosa from celebrated figures associated with Wagner, such as the manuscript of a four-hand piano opus entitled "Echo of a New Year's Eve, with Processional Song, Peasants' Dance, and Midnight Bells." The composer: Friedrich Nietzsche.

With rare exceptions, you'll find no performances of Wagner's operas anywhere in the world that musically can match those in Bayreuth. Wagner himself prescribed the design of the theater; you may find the bolt-upright, unupholstered seats, without armrests, pure hell, but I guarantee they'll keep you attentive even during such five-hour works as *Parsifal* and *Götterdämmerung*. Wagner's ego enjoyed impressively robust health, and from the beginning of the Bayreuth Festival in 1876 he rigged the performances in such a way as to make them as serious and attenuated as a lengthy rite celebrated at some especially holy shrine. Such relative shorties as *Das Rheingold* and *The Flying Dutchman* start at the late hour of 6 p.m., but all the others begin at 4. A Bayreuth performance becomes not an evening's cultural recreation but the spiritual goal toward which you ready yourself the rest of the day.

Every Bayreuth Festival opens with the first performance of the annual new production, and it attracts an audience that I would compare with that on opening night at the Met for sheer glitter. Berthold Beitz, for many years Krupp's general manager, once described them well: "If you have ambitions in German industry circles, or if you want to do business with them, you have to go along with the



—Bettmann Archive.

Bayreuth Festival Theater (circa 1890)—"a rite celebrated at some holy shrine."

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Bayreuth thing. There you find the whole pack all together at one time." The 4 p.m. starting time allows two leisurely intermissions of forty-five minutes to an hour, and while the peons consume bockwurst and beer in the snackbar in another building, the nobs retire to the Festival Restaurant to nibble and sip at the exquisite fare they've ordered in advance and to conduct incalculable amounts of business or at least to make and cultivate lucrative connections. If this sort of sociological phenomenon attracts you, then don't miss opening night—*if* you can get a ticket. If you come primarily for the music—which, I repeat, stands almost alone in the whole Wagnerian world—then come a little later in the season, after that gruesome first-night crowd has Mercedes-Benzed back home and the music-lovers have taken over.

In any case, one shouldn't think seriously about going to Bayreuth unless there is ironclad assurance of tickets. Chances are better on the American side of the Atlantic; those sold in Bayreuth itself disappear very early. In America both American Express and Cook's get big allotments; the tickets range from $8 to a bit more than $25; only a few undesirable places with impeded sight-lines go for a mere $4 and $5.

Bayreuth operates an admirable and efficient central office for *all* lodgings: Gästedienst des Fremdenverkehrsvereins/Luitpoldplatz/D-858 Bayreuth. The town's hotels have only a thousand beds, but the musicians and technicians number up to 2,000, and the festival attracts an audience of about the same size. The Gästedienst handles hotel rooms both in and near Bayreuth, as well as less luxurious but spotlessly clean and comfortable rooms with local families. Such private quarters in town cost about $4 a night.

In Bayreuth the Hotel Bayerischer Hof at the railroad station has no competition—and, usually, no vacancies. In addition to good accommodations, it also offers the town's best food. Here, as everywhere else, if you want a post-operatic supper, phone (or have someone phone) in advance for a reservation. The Hotel am Hofgarten offers a quieter location, in the Lisztstrasse just 'round the corner from Wahnfried, but it serves only breakfast and light evening snacks. When I stayed there and would take my dog for an early walk through the Cosimastrasse, I used to pass Winifred Wagner sitting at her kitchen table eating a solitary breakfast and reading the morning paper. The less quiet Hotel Goldener Anker I'd place third; you can also eat well there. The Reichsadler, the Post, and the Goldener Hirsch all have dining rooms with mundane food. Bayreuth also offers several smaller, cheaper hotels—the Kolb, the Kolpinghaus, the Gästehaus Bürgerreuth, the Haus Weihanstephan, and the Goldener Löwe—where you'll have to walk down the hall a few steps to the toilet and bath or shower but where you can stay quite comfortably.

Aside from the Bayerischer Hof and the Goldener Anker, Bayreuth offers fairly dull eating. Two restaurants, the Postei and the Wolffenzacher, will nourish but hardly exalt you. The restaurant in the railroad station offers good, plain, wholesome food considerably better than in most such places, and at reasonable prices. One should avoid, in general, the leaden Bavarian potato dumpling called *Kartoffelknödel*; if a waiter dropped one on you, there could be grounds for suit. *Semmelknödel*, made largely of bread crumbs, is lighter and less menacing to the stomach. The Café Panorama Grill, on the eleventh floor of the Haus Deutscher Ring, provides the best view of the town. On the immediate outskirts you can eat in pleasant outdoor surroundings at the Schloss Thiergarten and at the Eremitage, both of them palaces worth seeing, and at the Fantaisie in Donndorf. One shouldn't leave Bayreuth without seeing the little Markgraf's Opera House in the Opernstrasse, a baroque jewel of a theater dating from 1744 and famed far and wide before anybody had even thought of Richard Wagner. The nearby area called the Fränkische Schweiz offers spectacular scenery and merits an excursion.

I prefer, above all others, the little Hotel Post in Wirsberg, twenty miles from Bayreuth. Just imagine: a small hotel of great charm and taste, with food and wines of a high order, in a picturesque hamlet of only 1,600 souls. The Post has only forty-four rooms (seventy-four beds). So congratulate yourself if you get in. The chef specializes in game—venison, hare, pheasant—but I also found the juniper-smoked trout and the Balkan and Oriental specialties first-rate. Throughout this area, you should drink the regional Frankenwein; since Germany has no red wines to speak of, Germans drink white wines with all meats. Frankenwein comes in a wide variety of choice.

Within a radius of twenty-five miles

(*Continued on page* 90)

LUNCHEON IN MUENCHEN

MUNICH deserves a stay of its own, but if you have only time for a lunch stop on the road between the Bayreuth and Salzburg Festivals, you can at least eat well. The Restaurant Walterspiel in the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten offers probably the finest food in Germany, elegantly served and expensive. I also recommend the Humplmayr, the Schwarzwälder, Hahn's (which has a snack bar as well as a true gourmet restaurant), Boettner's, Zur Kanne, and the Halali. If the presentiment of spicy little pork sausages grilled over a wood fire and served with succulent sauerkraut and fine Munich beer makes your mouth water, head straight for the Nürnberger Bratwurstglöckl facing the rear of the Cathedral.

If you bypass Munich, you can still choose among three unusually good rural restaurants for a fine lunch. All three lie a few miles off the beaten Autobahn in tiny villages; so get them fixed on a good road map. In order of proximity to Bayreuth:

- The Jura-Hotel in Riedenburg, east of the Autobahn about seventy miles south of Bayreuth, takes justified pride in its trout sautéed with paper-thin almond slices and its hazelnut parfait with hot sour-cherry sauce. If you want something heartier, take the pepper steak Mère Brazier.
- The Espert-Klause in Mainburg, east of the Autobahn 100 miles south of Bayreuth, boasts especially of its veal schnitzel Michelangelo, its Helgoländer steak, and a sort of shashlik called *Tartaren-Spiess*.
- The Brauerei Gasthof in Aying, north of the Autobahn eighteen miles past Munich toward Salzburg, is recommended not only for the copious portions of its splendid, hearty food, but for the authentic Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit* of its décor and atmosphere, replete with shapely waitresses in low-cut dirndls that just barely retain their bosoms when they lean forward to serve. Aying's Gasthof prides itself on its smoked haunch of venison (an appetizer), Breton (sic) fish soup, and a sort of veal soufflé, *Kalbsfleischnockerl*, with mushroom sauce, but I have also reveled in its toothsome smoked trout (together with a shot of Enzian, a refreshingly pungent *Schnapps* distilled from Alpine gentian), suckling pig, and apple strudel. The brewery next door runs the place; so, of course, you drink the house's fine draft beer. —P. M.

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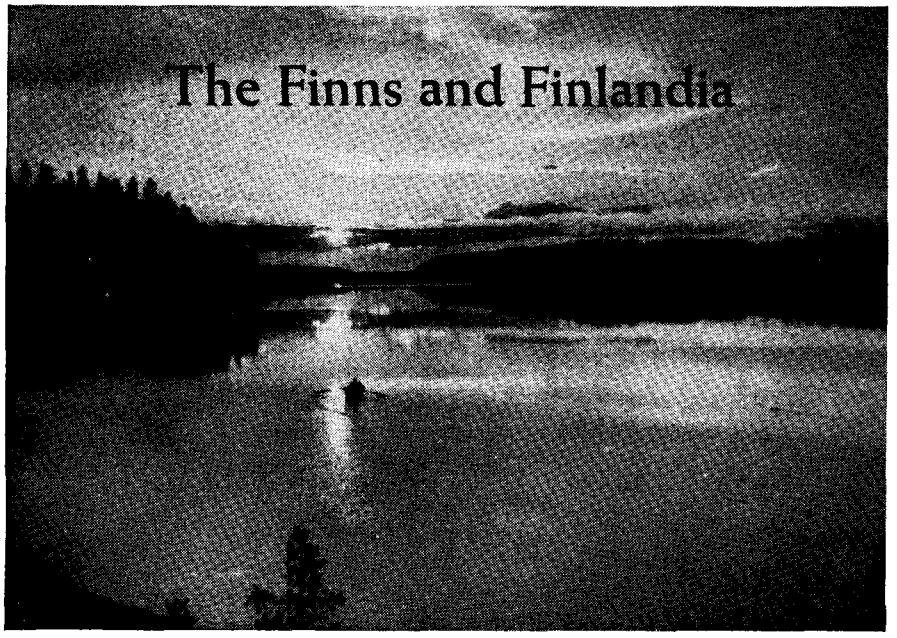

The Finns and Finlandia

by DAVID BUTWIN

Only a Finn could spell or pronounce Hämeenlinna, but anyone can find the 300-year-old town, and the time to find it is high in summer when one day melts luminously into the next with barely a nod to darkness. Jean Sibelius, the composer, lived his first twenty years in Hämeenlinna, and he is well remembered. Few men in Finland come closer to being a national hero. Sibelius generally shares that status with the great long distance runner Paavo Nurmi and Mannerheim, the warrior and statesman.

Perhaps the mention of Sibelius and the playing of his music fail to twang Finnish heartstrings as surely as they did a generation ago. Older people, those who hark back to the struggle for independence earlier in the century and to the ragged warfare from 1939 to 1945, are still moved by his *Finlandia* and other compositions they associate with those difficult days. But the young people are thrilling to new sounds. Only last summer Sibelius was reduced to second fiddle in his own home town when the Beach Boys appeared to help ring in the Midsummer Festival, an annual weekend eruption that salutes the return of summer.

To see Finland in winter is to understand why the country celebrates the summer solstice with such a clamor. Once the snows fold back to the northern reaches of Lapland and the nights begin to surrender their gloomy hold, the Finns come out of hibernation to spend every waking minute under a sky that refuses to darken even at the witching hour. Housewives take their laundry outdoors, scrubbing rugs on wooden landings lashed to shores of lakes and bays.

Hämeenlinna lies at the southwest corner of the vast central lake district, an hour-and-a-half train ride north from Helsinki. Ainola, the woodland villa where Sibelius spent most of his adult life—he died in 1957 at the age of ninety-one—is just north of Helsinki. The composer is buried beside the stout log house, which he had built in the national romantic style near the turn of the century. He named it for his wife, Aino, who died in 1969.

There is a shaded park in the center of Hämeenlinna, presided over by a bronze statue of the composer as a young man, lean, erect, mustached. His face is frozen in a stern, heroic expression, more suggestive perhaps of an explorer than a composer. It is not easy to look into the young face and see the bald and aging man one knows from later pictures; it is likewise hard to accept the fact that much of his important work was done before 1900 and that he wrote nothing of note after 1925, while the world waited for him to produce an Eighth Symphony.

At one end of the park stands the Hämeenlinna Lyceum, where Sibelius attended secondary school. The doorway is flanked by black granite plaques honoring Sibelius and the late President of Finland, J. K. Paasikivi. Years ago Sibelius was declared Hämeenlinna's first and only honorary citizen, an odd award considering he was born there. He has not been without competition, the Beach Boys aside. A former pupil of the Lyceum has his face on a Finnish bank note, and three other pupils look out from postage stamps.

Opposite the school is the house where the composer lived as a boy before moving down to Helsinki to study law and music. Close by on a main commercial street is the restored wood house, now a museum, where Sibelius was born. It holds among other mementos the violin he played in his youth when he dreamed of becoming a virtuoso, little knowing that other violinists in other lands would delight, before too many years, in playing his own compositions.

Hämeenlinna has little else to deter the traveler, other than a 700-year-old castle hulking above one of the many lakes in the region, and a novel little restaurant carved out of a grounded DC-2 airplane which rests on a main roadway leading out of town. In an earlier life the DC-2, a gift from Sweden in 1940, was used to haul troops to the various fronts Finland maintained in its on-again-off-again wars with Russia and Germany until 1945. One can go aboard for a cup of coffee and a sandwich (a sign also bids: JUO COCA-COLA) and repair to an outdoor café propped on the antique's silvery wings.

There is a good resort hotel called Aulanko on the shore of nearby Lake Vanajavesi. When Sibelius went back to Hämeenlinna in May 1930 to be honored in a ceremony unveiling a portrait of himself in the Lyceum, he took a stroll one evening to the edge of the lake. He found the landscape and the mood hardly changed since his boyhood. "It was this scenery—the countryside of my youth—that I was thinking of when I composed *Finlandia*," he was to say, referring to the tone poem he wrote in 1899; one that every Finn knows somewhere in his heart.

Nor has the scene by the lake changed much since 1930. The pine and birch forests and pristine lakes surrounding the hotel have been protected for years as national parkland. It is the kind of landscape that invites carefree rambling. Just to make sure wanderers wouldn't become bored with the sameness of the wooded surroundings, the hotel operators have, over the years, posted landmarks and other little attention-grabbers, such as artificial castle ruins, a family of bears sculpted by Robert Stigell, and a sightseeing tower built in 1907 at the highest point of elevation in the park, close to 500 feet. Finland is, overall, a flat and forested country with few natural lookouts. But the Finns like to see the tops of trees, so they have built their own eyries. A favorite lookout is from the top of any ski jump. Another is from the window of revolving restaurants like the one in the town of Kuopio in eastern Finland. It touts its kitchen on stilts with all the civic pride accorded an earthbound three-star restaurant.

One of the allures of the Aulanko

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Every Canadian province boasts its specialties of the house. Like British Columbia's King Crab and shrimp, Manitoba's Winnipeg Goldeye—a delicate fish smoked over oak logs and served whole, one to a customer. New Brunswick's famous Restigouche Salmon. Prince Edward Island's Malpeque Oysters.

Coming to Canada just for lunch is a crazy idea. You'd be a cinch to stay for dinner.

Mme. Micheline Delbuguet is the proprietor of "Chez la Mère Michel" (above). She does her own early morning marketing. She shops, she says, "like a mother."

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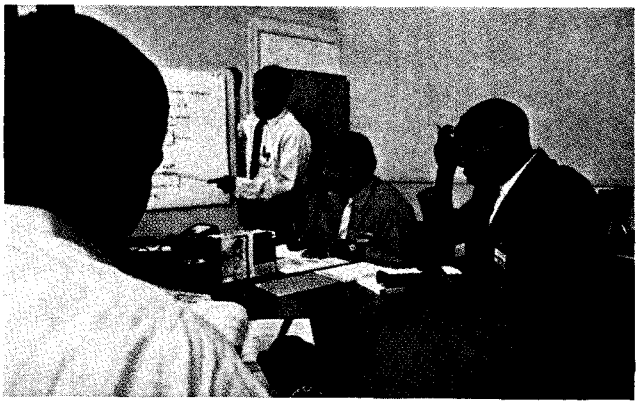

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"The idea was to create jobs and income for this community. The great majority of the people we've hired were unemployed at the time. We had to help most of them develop new skills *on the job*.

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Hotel, in addition to its nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, camping sites, and picture-book lake waiting to chill escapees from the two saunas, is the price a visitor pays for all that divertisement. Two can live for $11 to $15 a day, one for $6 to $8. Even less taxing are the holiday villages Finland has begun to promote in the central and eastern lake country. A family of four can, for example, take a cabin for $26 a day, full board, in a budding little village called Loma Koli, only fifty miles from the Russian border.

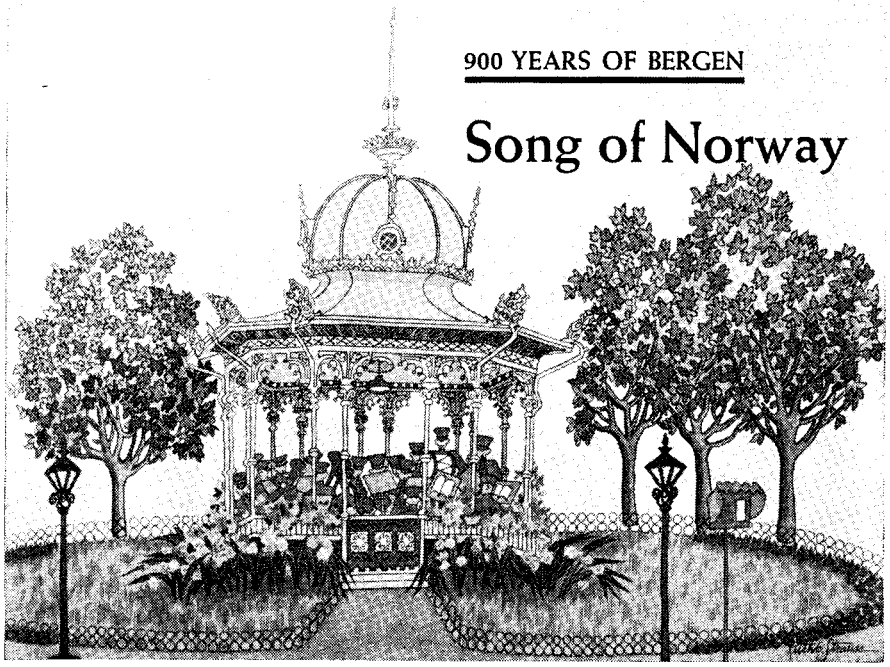
The way to see Finland's lake country is not through a glass tower but from the deck of a motor launch. Each afternoon the Silver Line launch putters northwest from Lake Vanajavesi to the city of Tampere, forty miles distant. There is nothing more to do than watch the wooded islets glide by and marvel at how pure Finland has kept her land and waterways in an era of advancing blight. One would swear, but for the presence of little log saunas perched at water's edge, that man had never stepped ashore.

Tampere, with a population of 153,000, is Finland's second largest city, a distinction questioned only in the southwest city of Turku, which also claims the runner-up spot to Helsinki. Tampere has a soaring new concrete church that looks down grandly, if a bit otherwordly, from a grassy hilltop studded with rock outcroppings. When the Finns put up a building, they try not to budge a rock or a twig already entrenched on the site.

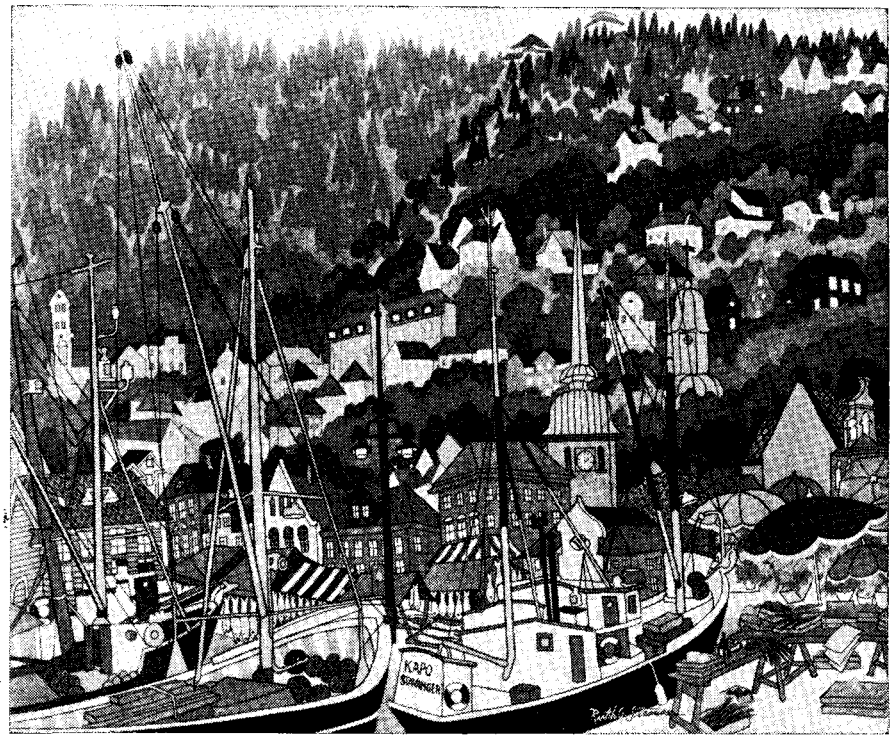
Each summer for the last decade Tampere has staged the ultimate in living theater, an outdoor production called *The Unknown Soldier* that unwinds every evening on the wooded slopes of Pyynikki Park. The play lasts three hours, by which time night has scarcely darkened a wide, still lake seen from a revolving grandstand. Those who don't understand Finnish—and only a few outlanders do—will have no trouble picking up the action exploding around them. The play follows a Finnish machine gun company through a three-year bloodbath on the Russian front, and just so a spectator sitting amid the greening peace of another era doesn't forget what war is all about he is treated to the rattle of machine guns, the crump of mortars, the scream of wounded soldiers, and the sudden arrival of a single-engine plane that swoops down out of the trees to rake an encampment with false fire. At the end, when the heart can scarcely stand another lurch, the haunting tones of *Finlandia* drift above the smoking battleground. One gazes over the crowd and sees in the faces that Sibelius is not forgotten.

900 YEARS OF BERGEN

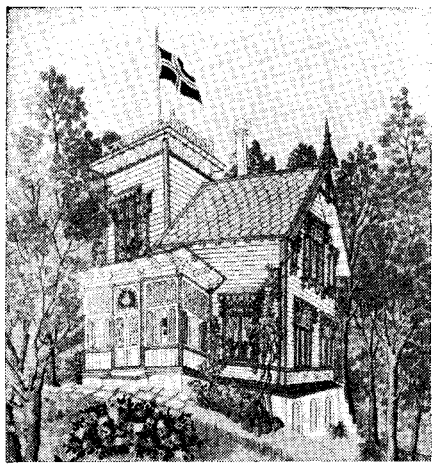
Song of Norway



Three Bergen scenes: Byparken (above); fish market (below); Grieg's house (bottom).



IF THERE IS anything a Bergener likes as well as fish, it is music. A visitor to the lovely Norwegian port city will get his fill of both in 1970, as the local populace whoops up its 900th birthday with a year-long smörgasbord of activities. The man whose music Norwegians will play and hear most often, Edvard Grieg, has been dead for more than a half-century, but the Bergen he knew has been enchantingly preserved. Midsummer Festival will erupt on June 23, but those tourists who can tear themselves away earlier should try to be in Norway to ring in the biggest Bergen International Festival in years, running from May 13 to 27.



—Illustrations by Ruth G. Strauss.

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The Short Happy Months of Mozart's Prague

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Mozart spent only a few months in Prague, but they were the happiest of his short, often unhappy life. On January 13, 1787, the *Prager Oberpostamtszeitung* reported, "Last night, our great and beloved composer, Herr Mozard [*sic*] arrived here from Vienna. We expect that in his honor Herr Bondini will schedule performances of *The Marriage of Figaro*, this popular work of his musical genius. . . . We also wish to hear Herr Mozard play the piano."

Figaro was a smash hit in Prague. There were no court intrigues (as had surrounded its première in Vienna); the audience were delighted with the somewhat revolutionary libretto, and they sensed and understood the beauty of *Figaro*. Mozart was happy. On January 14, he wrote to his friend Gottfried von Jacquin in Vienna:

> At 6 o'clock I drove with Count Canal to the so-called Bretfeld ball, where the cream of the beauties of Prague are wont to gather. Why—you ought to have been there, my friend! I fancy I see you running or, rather, limping after all those pretty women, married and unmarried. I neither danced nor flirted with any of them, the former because I was too tired, and the latter owing to my natural bashfulness. I looked on, however, with the greatest pleasure, while all these people flew about in sheer delight to the music of my *Figaro*, arranged for quadrilles and waltzes. For here they talk about nothing but *Figaro*. Nothing is played, sung, or whistled but *Figaro*. No opera is drawing like *Figaro*. Nothing, nothing but *Figaro*. Certainly a great honor for me!

"My orchestra is in Prague," Mozart said late in 1787, after conducting the première there of his *Don Giovanni*. A cherished Prague legend tells us he wrote the overture shortly before the performance, and the orchestra played it "from the pages still wet." But the fact is, without Prague, we might not have *Don Giovanni*, the masterpiece of masterpieces.

On October 29, 1787, Mozart conducted the first performance of *Don Giovanni*, at the Nostiz Theatre. It is still there; it later became the Estates Theatre, and now is called the Tyl Theatre, after the Czech playwright Josef Kajetán Tyl. It remains one of the world's most charming baroque theaters, with beautiful frescoes, richly decorated boxes, low corridors, and uneven floors. The première was a great success, and Mozart received many ovations. *Don Giovanni* remained Prague's favorite opera and was performed 532 times within the first hundred years after its première.

If Mozart should return to Prague today, he would probably recognize instantly a great many places and sights as he knew them in 1787. (He certainly wouldn't recognize Vienna or Salzburg, which are very different.) In Prague, the contours and facades of the buildings haven't changed. Thun Palace in Nerudová Street, where Mozart stayed during his first visit with his wife, is still there, surrounded by the same baroque houses. Malá Strana remains an incomparable jewel in baroque, never broken up by modern structures, as in Vienna or Dresden or Florence. This is the beauty—and the secret—of Malá Strana. Even the palace gardens have been faithfully kept up. Only Bertramka, the lovely rococo

—*Rapho-Guillumette.*

Prague from The Charles Bridge—"There are informers and censors and other citizens of a darker age."

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chalet where Mozart worked on the score of *Don Giovanni*, is no longer an oasis of peace and tranquillity; it is now surrounded by noisy factories.

Even today, the people of Prague know the places where Mozart lived and worked. He loved the musical atmosphere of the Malá Strana district. "Music was in the air, music was part of the aura in which the Malá Strana palaces were steeped; there was music in the schools and in the lofts of the churches, in the taverns and coffeehouses," writes Alois Svoboda. At the Golden Angel, Mozart met Josef Haisler, who played the harp in beer halls. Haisler had never learned to read music, but he played so well that Mozart invited him up to his room, composed an andante, and gave it to Haisler, who right then and there began to improvise on Mozart's theme, much to Mozart's delight.

In Smichov, Mozart composed much of *Don Giovanni* at the Bertramka (Villa Bertram), which is now a Mozart museum, a charming pink-and-white rococo house surrounded by a lovely garden. It was no secret that Count Clam had it built for the singer Madame Josefina Dusek. She and her husband Franz were Mozart's friends. The cembalo and the piano that he used are still there. News of the Prague première had reached Vienna, and *Don Giovanni* was performed there, on May 7, 1788, but people found it "confused and dissonant." The only man who understood it was Joseph Haydn. After Mozart's death, the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* in Berlin wrote, "The Viennese will once realize what they lost in him. His *Figaro* and *Don Juan* were successful only in Prague." At his memorial service, held in the magnificent baroque church of St. Nicholas (around the corner from the American Embassy), Madame Dusek sang the soprano solo in Mozart's *Requiem*. Fifty years later, the *Requiem* was performed in Vienna.

In 1868, when the cornerstone was laid for the National Theatre in Prague, Bedrich Smetana said, "Music is part of the life of the Czechs." Today, his *Bartered Bride* is *the* Czech national opera; hardly a month goes by without a performance of it at the National Theatre (Národní Divadlo), which in itself is a national symbol. It was built out of small contributions made by the Czech people, was opened on June 15, 1881, and burned down on August 12. Again, collections were taken in all towns and villages, and the theater was reopened, in 1883, with Smetana's *Libuse*. It remains a national shrine, overlooking the Moldau River and Malá Strana, with the magnificent silhouette of Hradcany, the Prague Castle, as a backdrop.

A CITY FOR WALKERS

PRAGUE.

Music remains part of the life of the people in Prague. *Prazské Jaro*, the "Prague Spring" in May and June, is one of Europe's important festivals, always inaugurated with Smetana's *Má Vlast* ("My Homeland"), featuring orchestras and artists from the East and West. (To the people the name of the festival will forever remain associated with the Prague Spring of 1968, when they briefly tasted the sweetness of freedom.) Opera is also performed at the Smetana (the former German) Theatre, and at the Tyl Theatre (mostly Mozart), so that it is not unusual to have three opera performances in one evening. (Smetana's *Bartered Bride* was originally no success in Prague and became a hit only after its triumph in Vienna. Thus, the Viennese repaid Prague for what the audiences there did for *Figaro*.)

"There are far more theaters and concert halls in Prague than nightclubs and dance halls," writes Svoboda. That doesn't mean that the jet traveler in the spring of 1970 wouldn't find jet-age entertainment in Prague, but he shouldn't go to Prague for the reasons that draw him to Paris or Brussels or London or Amsterdam. He may be fascinated by the places where young people gather, and he may hear a jazz concert at Lucerna Hall, and he will be surprised by the number of pretty girls he sees. But there are no night shows such as the Lido or the Folies-Bergère in Paris. The best hotels are good without being luxurious in Western style; they are state enterprises. My favorite is the Yalta, both for location in Wenceslaus Square and the faithful staff; the Alkron is popular with diplomats and foreign correspondents; artists like the Esplanade; and there are others—the International, the Palace, the Ambassador. A new Inter-Continental is reaching completion. The plumbing may not be up to American standards, but the chambermaids and waiters are a great deal friendlier than their counterparts at the most expensive New York hotels. The taxi drivers will surprise you by their sympathy and interest; no wonder, because quite a few of them are former writers, journalists, artists, and scientists, who are in exile at home, because they supported Alexander Dubcek and the 1968 Prague Spring.

You will probably see no Russians in the streets. (The Czech uniforms are similar to those of the Russians.) But they are there, and their presence casts a pall over the city and its people. The Czechs will welcome you, but they may be worried to be seen talking to visitors. Once again, the police are omnipresent, and there are informers and censors and other citizens of a darker age. Foreign visitors needn't worry; they will be politely made welcome, and the customs and border control people will treat them correctly. But they shouldn't do anything that might embarrass them or their local friends; they shouldn't bring in forbidden Western newspapers or violate other laws of the country. It is one thing for American diplomats to sit down with their Soviet counterparts in Helsinki or Vienna for strategic arms limitation talks, but another for American tourists to bring in something they shouldn't.

Prague was once a great place for eating, superior to Vienna, Warsaw, Berlin, even Munich; but those days are only a memory. Today, there are restaurants where only foreigners go: in the leading hotels, and certain places such as the Brussels Pavilion, a memory of the Czech restaurant at the Brussels World's Fair 1958. Then there are the more modest but more interesting places where the local people go: the wine restaurants, the beer halls, and the garden places, such as Nebozízek on Petrín, where the view and the atmosphere alone are worth a visit. One should at least see U Kalicha, where Jaroslav Hasek, the creator of *The Good Soldier Schweik* went, and the two famous old beer halls that haven't changed: U Fleku, and U sv. Tomáse. There is a Chinese restaurant in Vodicková, which is said to be one of the best outside of Red China. On a warm summer evening you may spend an unforgettable hour at Zlatá Studna, ("The Golden Well"), just underneath Hradcany Castle, with a magnificent view of Prague and what the guidebooks call "a romantic approach."

When in Prague, one should visit the palaces and gardens, the old cemeteries and bridges, the chapels and churches, the monasteries and convents. Go up to the Castle and walk through Alchemists' Street. Stroll in Old Town Square, where Kafka walked. Visit the Old-New Synagogue, though there is no mention of Mozart's having ever been there. Above all, walk. Prague is no place to be seen from a car or a bus. To appreciate the wonderful details of this mystical old city, one has to be close to it, and give it a lot of time. Then the sadness and sorrow that today envelop the city fall away, and the eternal beauty of the old city is there.

—J. W.

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Meet An American In Paris.

Incidentally, the ride to the hotel gives you an opportunity to meet the other people on the tour. One of the things people remember about our guided tours is how they got to know people from back home.

A Day In The Life Of A Guided Tour.

A typical day on a guided tour of Paris could be something like this. First, you have breakfast at the hotel from 9 to 10. At 10, a tour guide takes you to the Eiffel Tower.

A Walking Encyclopedia.

You soon discover that the tour guide is a walking encyclopedia. "The Eiffel Tower, built in 1889, is 1,000 feet high, and weighs 15,000,000 pounds."

Then he might recommend a restaurant for lunch. Like Fouquet's, and make your mouth water by describing their *langouste*.

Rest for a while on the ride back to the hotel. Because you'll be taken to the Louvre in the afternoon. And the Theatre National Populaire at night.

Champagne Taste On A Beer Budget.

A two-week TWA Bonus Adventure Tour like this would take you to Lisbon, Madrid, Paris and London. Prices start at $429.* Which includes air fare to Europe and between cities, hotels, private bath, breakfast, and basic sightseeing.

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*Includes 14/21 day Group Inclusive Tour economy air fare from New York. Price effective March 15, 1970.

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The Law Of The Bus.

One of the things people remember about our un-guided tours is how they discovered places on their own. For instance, you might get on a bus and stay on until the end of the line. This is a perfect opportunity to meet the local people and practice the sentences from your phrase book. To get back, use the *law of the bus:* if you stay on long enough, it goes back to where you started.

A Typical Un-typical Day.

If you were in Rome you could take the CD bus (at the Piazzale Flaminio) to the Flea Market in Trastevere.

After you work up an appetite from bargaining, you could eat at La Cisterna, Alfredo's (their Fettuccine Al Burro is a knock-out), or Corsetti's.

Later on, you might like an evening of dancing at Cabala, if your feet hold out.

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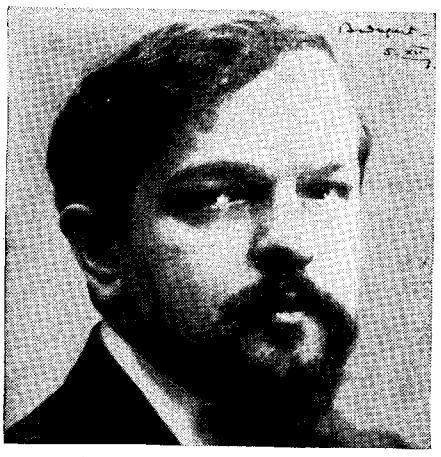
—Bettmann Archive.

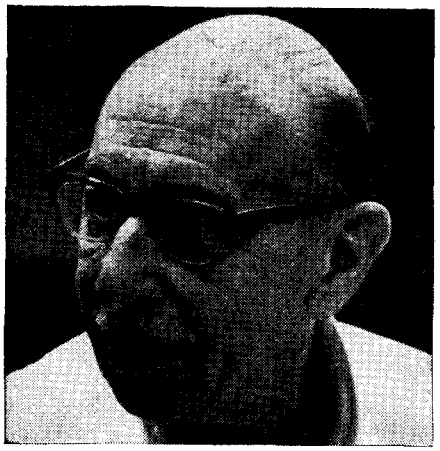
Berlioz—not understood.



—Bettmann Archive.

Debussy—poetic straddler.

Gershwin—American visitor.



Stravinsky—ever Russian.

Paris on a Sentimental Note

by JOSEPH BARRY

There is a small eighteenth-century hotel at 19 Quai Voltaire with a plaque in golden letters that reads, in French, "Here Charles Baudelaire, Jean Sibelius, Richard Wagner, Oscar Wilde have honored Paris with their stay." Next door, at No. 17, the American composer Virgil Thomson has been in residence and at work, when in Paris, since 1927.

But one doesn't come to Paris because Baudelaire wrote *The Flowers of Evil*, or Wagner finished *Die Meistersinger* at the Hôtel du Quai Voltaire; or because the Mozarts stayed and the seven-year-old Mozart played at the ancient Hôtel de Beauvais farther upstream along the Seine, past Notre Dame, or Chopin died at the age of thirty-nine at the Place Vendôme, across the river and beyond the Tuileries Gardens.

One comes because these places encompass one of the loveliest sites lingering in the Western world. One comes for the same reason most of them came: Paris itself. But to cool a sentimentality too easily evoked, it is as well to recall that neither Mozart nor Wagner particularly liked Paris or the French. The child Mozart, performing in that royal suburb of Paris, Versailles, was piqued when Madame de Pompadour recoiled as he reached to kiss her. "The Empress," he exclaimed, "always kisses me!" On his second visit, the twenty-two-year-old Mozart was offered the post of Versailles organist, but Aloysia was too far away in Mannheim, the French were too preoccupied with the absurd *opéra bouffe* war between the Piccinnists and the Gluckists (neither of the modes French) to pay attention to Mozart the composer; so he turned down the royal offer. But if you visit Mme. de Pompadour's apartments at Versailles, pause longer in the great baroque park. On certain summer nights it still resounds, amid rockets falling from the sky, with the fanfares of another foreigner, Lully, the Italian who dominated the music of the Sun King's court a full century before Mozart.

And Wagner? His *Tannhäuser* failed disastrously at the old Opéra, and, despite Baudelaire's partisanship, he has never recovered in France. There is a Rue Weber and a Rue Beethoven, but there is no Rue Wagner in Paris, though there will be, I'll safely wager, a Rue Stravinsky; a square has just been named for Diaghilev behind the "new" Opéra.

Is that one of the reasons American composers came to Paris in such discordant numbers in the Twenties? Virgil Thomson: "We all had music teachers who had been formed in Germany or by Germans, and it was time we got out of that." Aaron Copland: "I arrived, fresh out of Brooklyn, aged twenty, and all agog at the prospect of studying composition [with Nadia Boulanger] in the country that had produced Debussy and Ravel." Roy Harris: "Going to Paris was the best thing I ever did." And when George Antheil, "the bad boy of music," arrived on June 13, 1923, he exulted that at last he was in "the city of Stravinsky's music" and felt that he was "coming home." Later, when he did go home to America and Hollywood, and his career soured, Antheil too soured on Paris—or should that be: on the youthful promise he never kept?

We who are entering the Seventies have a fiftieth anniversary in the Twenties. It may even be the anniversary of the twentieth century, now that we are facing its end, for it was there and then in Paris (if we include the 1910s) that the twentieth century was: its music, its painting, its literature. And three or four (your choice) of the greatest members of that creative school called Paris were foreigners: Stravinsky, Picasso, Joyce, and Stein. But there were also before, with, or behind them, the poetic and imaginative Debussy, straddling two centuries, Matisse, Proust and Gide, Satie and Braque. Even Berlioz who had died in 1869 was not really altogether understood until half a century after his death. That Paris was the place for the implosion that fused a century, each ingredient remaining indigenous: Joyce, ever Irish, Stein, ever American, Stravinsky, ever Russian, ever himself. For France does not ask a foreigner to be French (he cannot be), but rather to be himself (whatever that is). But above all, to let others be themselves. Stein: "It is not what France gives you. It's what she doesn't take away."

You can feel it in the nonaggressive

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streets, where the poor do not rob the poor, and where women can walk alone more comfortably than they can dine alone at Maxim's. The artist's and composer's Paris of the Twenties—the Left Bank, the Latin Quarter, the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées—is intact and eminently revisitable. The taxi horns of Gershwin's *An American in Paris* may be missing—there is no horn-blowing; one would wish there were no automobiles—but there remains a sense of his Paris (tourist that *he* was in the Twenties). Gershwin, in his program notes, after a stylistic bow to Debussy: "My purpose here is to portray the impression of an American visitor in Paris, as he strolls about the city, and listens to various street noises and absorbs the French atmosphere."

Idling along the quais and entering the side streets, you absorb it still: sky, space, harmony, and human scale. All we mean by urban renewal, here protected. Walking along the Rue Jacob, paralleling Quai Voltaire, you are struck by it: the harmony of the eighteenth-century facades, the unity of the low roof line (speculators are forbidden to build higher: Paris "defends its sky"). Here the individual counts against his background, and where a man counts, his work counts. For the artist—painter, writer, or composer—that is primordial. Artist or tourist, we appreciate it.

At 20 Rue Jacob, back of the courtyard (to see Paris, as in Seville, you must push boldly past the *porte cochère*, the great door opening for carriages, now automobiles) is a little *temple* with Doric columns belonging to the grand old American *amazone* of Rémy de Gourmont's letters, Natalie Barney. Here she opened her literary salon for George Antheil's initial performance of his First String Quartet. From Mozart to our own time the French salon has contributed wittily and well to contemporary music. At Number 14, back of another courtyard, Wagner spent the winter of 1841 finishing *Rienzi* and beginning *The Flying Dutchman*. Now down the Rue de Seine to the Rue des Beaux Arts, where Oscar Wilde finished his days at Number 13, in a hotel that has been recently transformed into an Arabian Nights' hostel, raising the price of his room from $7 to $50 a day. Framed on the wall of the room is a letter from Wilde to his publisher, begging for money, saying he has "only seven francs to live on," which might buy a grapefruit for breakfast at today's luxury inn.

It's a short literary detour. The more remote musical past is at most a half-hour's walk away—to the Marais, the neglected quarter of Bourbon grandeur near the Place de la Bastille,

—Culver.

Mozart at seven with his father and sister—"The Empress always kisses me!"

whose rumbles brought it down. (Mansion by historic mansion, it is being slowly renovated in a movement both pre- and post-de Gaulle.) It means continuing down the Rue de Seine or Rue Bonaparte to the quais, going upstream, with a glance across the Seine at the Louvre, crossing it at Notre Dame, and going on behind the Hôtel de Ville, target of all French revolutions, to the Church of St. Gervais. Unless, it suddenly occurs to me, you prefer to stop at Notre Dame Cathedral and its island, for a look at Sainte-Chapelle and the fairy-tale Conciergerie fortress of Marie Antoinette's last imprisoned hours, and call it a day.

Picking up afresh at the flamboyant Gothic Church of St. Gervais is not a bad idea. Though our musical tour is shamelessly, arbitrarily devoted to fellow foreigners, one might note in passing that here two centuries of Couperins played the organ, some of whose pipes are original seventeenth-century and most of them no later than the eighteenth. Our goal is the Hôtel de Beauvais at 68 Rue François-Miron, which skirts the Church of St. Gervais. (An *hôtel*, in the ancient sense, was a great town house, sometimes called a *palais*, with formal gardens and courtyard.) Hôtel de Beauvais is magnificent, squalid, and depressing with its encrusted store fronts on the street side. But from the balcony above its *porte cochère* Anne of Austria, in 1660, watched her son, Louis XIV, pass on horseback with his young bride, the Spanish Infanta. And again one must push through the carriage entrance, past the superb but dilapidated staircase to the circular, colonnaded courtyard, which bursts forth with the sudden splendor of *Don Giovanni*. For here the seven-year-old Mozart had come to stay with his father and ten-year-old sister in 1763, as the guests of the Bavarian ambassador (who had rented the Hôtel de Beauvais from its owners and, exploiting his extraterritorial privileges, turned it into a fashionable gambling den). The Hôtel has more modest tenants now and need keep us no longer.

Normally, one should continue along Rue François-Miron to Rue Saint-Antoine and the Place des Vosges, where the musketeers of Dumas dueled at dawn and Victor Hugo lived (his house

(*Continued on page* 88)

—Courtesy French Government Tourist Office.

Paris Opera House—"Where else does one find such a halo of names?"

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The Man on the Thousand-Lire Note

by WILLIAM WEAVER

For the Italians, Verdi isn't just a popular composer; he is a national hero, a symbol, their John Bull or their Uncle Sam. In every Italian town, no matter how small and remote, there is sure to be a Via Verdi or a Piazza Verdi and, in many of them, a Teatro Verdi (more likely nowadays to be showing a Western film than presenting an opera, which has become a big-city monopoly). Even to the Italian who has never heard a note of his music, if such an Italian exists, Verdi's face is familiar: It stares out wryly from the 1,000-lire note.

Popularity was not something Verdi himself sought much. Reticent, even taciturn, he was content with only a few close friends. If he could return to Italy now, he would probably be aghast at this quasi-sainthood he has posthumously been accorded (the 1,000-lire note might please him, since he had a deeply rooted belief in the importance of money). If he did return, the first place he would head for is his old home, the Villa Sant'Agata; there he would no doubt be reassured, finding everything, including its solitude, more or less as he had left it.

Sant'Agata, open to the public during the summer months, is a short drive from Parma and about two hours from Milan. The villa is an oasis of cool peace, in the middle of the flat, hot Po Valley. The park, with its great shade trees, many planted by Verdi himself, covers almost fifty acres and includes a willow-fringed artificial lake, another Verdi creation, which he deprecatorily called his "mud puddle." Though everything about the grounds and in the visible part of the house has been religiously kept as it was in the composer's time, Sant'Agata doesn't have that repellent museum chill. It has the atmosphere of a place that is loved and lived in (and it *is* lived in, by the descendants of Verdi's adopted daughter). The family still refers to Verdi simply as "the maestro" and to his wife as "Aunt Peppina," and one almost feels that they have just stepped out for a stroll, leaving the doors open in welcome.

The present inhabitants live on the upper floor; the Verdis lived in adjoining ground-floor rooms, with high French windows that open directly onto the garden, where dogs still romp and bark, as they did in the maestro's day. You can see the piano where some of his last operas were written, where Verdi used to make music for pleasure with his librettist, Arrigo Boïto, a favorite house guest during the composer's final years. One can also see the billiard room, where host and guests whiled away the long summer evenings. Another of Verdi's country occupations was reading, and the bookcase beside his bed (as well as his large library) is revealing. Close at hand he kept pocket scores of the string quartets of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, and would often slip one into his jacket when he left his room. There are the complete works of Schiller and of Shakespeare (translated into Italian by Verdi's friends Andrea Maffei and Giulio Carcano), and of Dante, Byron, and Milton.

The whole house, with its high soft beds, the rich plush hangings, and the overstuffed chairs and sofas, creates an impression of solid comfort, together with the imprint of a strong, sensitive personality. Every flat surface seems covered with mementos—framed photographs, statuettes, souvenirs—the varied collection of a long life. The house is also hung with paintings, including a portrait of a favorite dog Loulou, which is buried in the garden with a proper tombstone and inscription. Verdi knew most of the leading artists of his time in Italy, and he commissioned most of the works on the villa's walls. Until a few years ago, these hangings—like the plush furniture—seemed quaint at best; but now the wheel of fashion has taken another turn, and this perfect "Italian Victorian" interior is in style.

At the end of the garden is a path lined by plane-trees that leads out into the open fields. Having grown up in poverty, Verdi loved land; he bought many neighboring farms, and he kept careful watch over them. The Po Valley is a fertile region, and it's not hard to imagine the composer in his buggy, riding along these dirt tracks, contentedly surveying the sowing and reaping of his crops. He had a little office at the back of the villa, where he received his farmers at regular hours; many of his surviving letters are filled with instructions about handling the livestock or about using fertilizer properly.

There is an excellent restaurant nearby, the Trattoria Baroni, on the little stream, the Ongina, that runs past Sant'Agata and empties into the Po a few miles away. Dario, the host, has a huge oil of the composer in the dining room. He serves *culatello* (a local ham made from pig's rump), *cannelloni*, and tasty, lightly fried little eels from the river—washed down with *lambrusco*, the sparkling red wine of the region. Don't ask for beer. A friend of mine did, and Dario promptly, scornfully called her a *Wagneriana*.

In the nearby town of Busseto the great square is dominated by a statue of the composer, facing—across an expanse of pavement—the house of Antonio Barezzi, his patron and the father of his first wife (who died, like her two small children, while Verdi was still poor and struggling in Milan). Characteristically, Verdi's back is turned on the charming little opera house of Busseto, another Teatro Verdi, whose construction he bitterly opposed as a gesture of misplaced local pride. A box was specially reserved for him, but he never set foot in it.

There are several restaurants in Busseto itself, including one called I due Foscari (the title of an early Verdi opera), which is owned by the well-known Verdian tenor Carlo Bergonzi, another musical son of the region.

After Verdi began living in Busseto in 1823 at the age of ten, he often used to walk back to his birthplace at Le

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No kidding, Jean Norton, now you can afford to go to Britain.

Jean Norton is a secretary who makes $120 a week. When we asked about her vacation plans she was positive Britain was miles out of her price range. BOAC knows Britain better than any airline so we showed her that she could afford to go. And that it would cost less than her usual summers at Bar Harbor.

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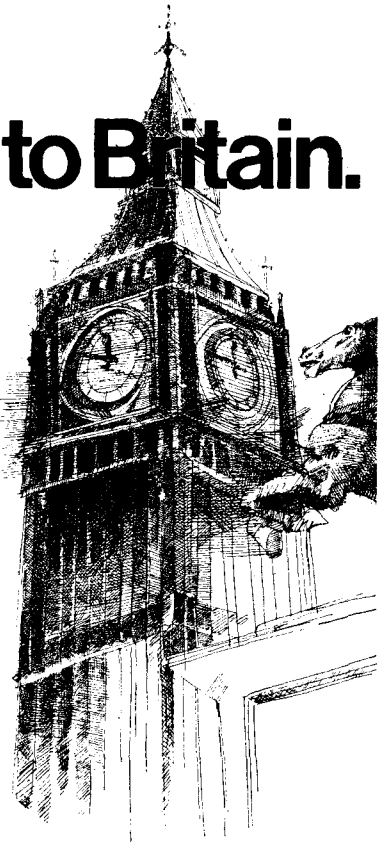

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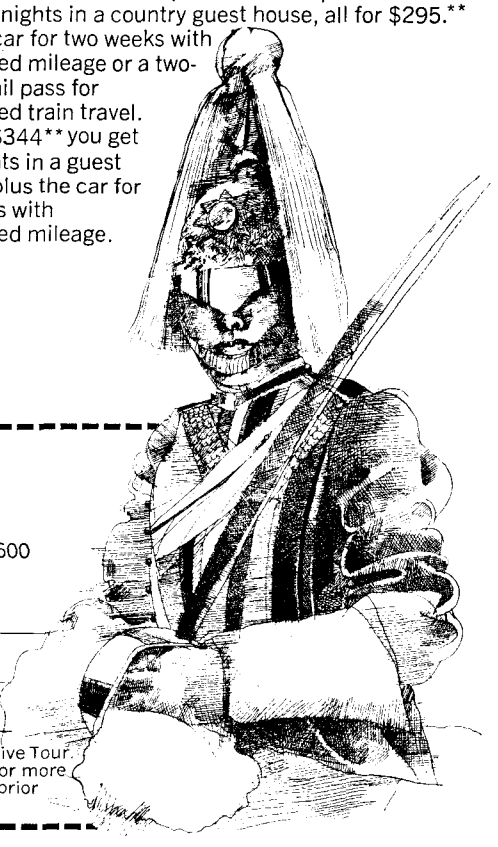

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Roncole, a couple of miles away, where he played the organ regularly to earn a minuscule salary. At Le Roncole, Verdi's father kept a little general store with tavern, and today the low-ceilinged upstairs room where the composer was born is open to the public. Its humble simplicity makes a sharp and moving contrast with the elegant spaciousness of Sant'Agata. In the village church, one can also see the organ Verdi played, and which he had restored, at his expense, in 1900, the last year of his life.

Although Verdi never lived in Parma, a short drive further on, it remains the capital of the Verdi cult. For much of the composer's life, Parma was an independent state, ruled by Marie-Louise, former wife of Napoleon, patroness of the arts and an enthusiastic amateur musician, whose handsomely bound scores are preserved in the local conservatory. The audience of Parma's Teatro Regio (built by Marie-Louise) is world-famous for its severity, which sometimes degenerates into unruly brawling. Attending a Verdi opera there is a special, if nerve-racking, experience. A typical manifestation of Parma's Verdimania can be seen at a little tavern, the Grotta Mafalda, where a group of twenty-six enthusiasts meets regularly, each drinking from a special glass bearing the title of one of Verdi's twenty-six operas.

The best hotel in Parma is the Jolly-Stendhal ("Jolly" is an Italian hotel chain, and Stendhal is another local hero, thanks to his *La Chartreuse de Parme*). Verdi, who was fond of a good table, would be glad to know that Parma remains something of a gastronomical center. Before his long trip to Russia, for the first production of his *La Forza del Destino*, he prudently shipped a large supply of *pasta* ahead, along with a generous stock of French wines.

The restaurant all the guidebooks recommend in Parma is the Aurora, and it remains good, though it is sometimes crowded and a bit hectic. Near the station is the Hotel Bristol, which, at first glance, would hardly seem a culinary attraction. But the owner is a man who likes good food, and he serves it in the dining room, which has become a gathering place for the fussy Parmigiani. Il Molinetto, on the outskirts of the city, is renowned locally for its homemade *tagliatelle* (noodles). And, near the Cathedral, there is the elegant, expensive Angiolo d'Oro, with the calm of a private club and with excellent pink Parma ham, sliced razor-thin.

A great Parma specialty is *tortelli di erbette*, a sort of ravioli stuffed with cream cheese and chopped *bietola*, a spinachy green. I enjoyed this dish most at a very unpretentious little place called Faimali & Orsini, a few tables in a room behind a grocery in Via Farini. The brief walk past the grocery counter itself is appetizing, and if you plan any picnics, you should stop there to buy some sliced *spalla* (shoulder-ham). In the back room, you can watch your meal being prepared by the signora in the glassed-off kitchen, while the rest of the family waits on you.

Verdi's heart was always in this Parma region, but his career was elsewhere, chiefly in Milan, where he studied, where his first and last operas were given their premières. He died in Milan and is buried there. Though it has many visitors, Milan is not a key tourist stop. The Milanesi themselves are the first to boast of their "strictly business" attitude, but you mustn't take them at their word. After all, the moment the war was over, the first thing they did was rebuild La Scala and invite Toscanini back from New York.

For the Verdian, even for the tone-deaf tourist, a visit to La Scala is essential. The quality of the performances varies, as in any theater, but the very experience of being in the building is unforgettable. The statues of Bellini, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi—images of Italy's operatic gods—greet you in the entrance hall. Other monuments, to Puccini, to Toscanini, to Stendhal, are prominent in other parts of the foyer.

The Museum of La Scala is open during the intermissions, and unless you're dying for a smoke or a drink, it is the ideal place to spend that half-hour or so. But the Museum deserves a longer visit in the daytime. It is open, too, out of the opera season, so the summer visitor can at least catch a glimpse of the empty house. The Verdi rooms include the usual memorabilia: gold batons and scrolls and laurel crowns, souvenir programs, and signed photographs. But the truly impressive items in La Scala's collection are the little snaggle-toothed spinet that Verdi's father bought for his talented seven-year-old son, and the busts of Verdi and Giuseppina by the Neapolitan sculptor Vincenzo Gemito. There is also Verdi's death mask, with wisps of gray beard still sticking gruesomely to the plaster. And, in a glass case, his writing desk from the Grand Hotel de Milan, where he died, on January 27, 1901, aged eighty-seven.

The hotel is still a hotel and is still grand, a short walk up the Via Manzoni from La Scala. If you can get a quiet room, the handsome, old-fashioned surroundings and the solicitous service—to say nothing of the Verdi aura—make it worth staying there. When Verdi lay dying, the city fathers spread straw over the two streets that meet beneath his window to silence the clank of the carriage wheels. Straw wouldn't be enough these days, but air conditioning and closed windows help.

Verdi regularly spent his winters in a second-floor suite of the Milan during the last years of his life, and today the clerk—if he isn't too busy or if the room isn't in use for a private dinner—will let you peer into the salon where Verdi dined with Boïto and first discussed the idea of *Otello*. In this room, he also coached the singers; from its

(*Continued on page* 91)

Parma's Teatro Regio—"a severity which sometimes degenerates into brawling."

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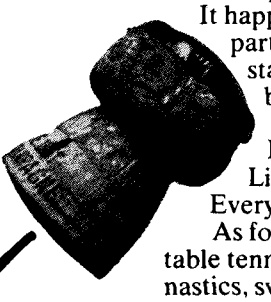

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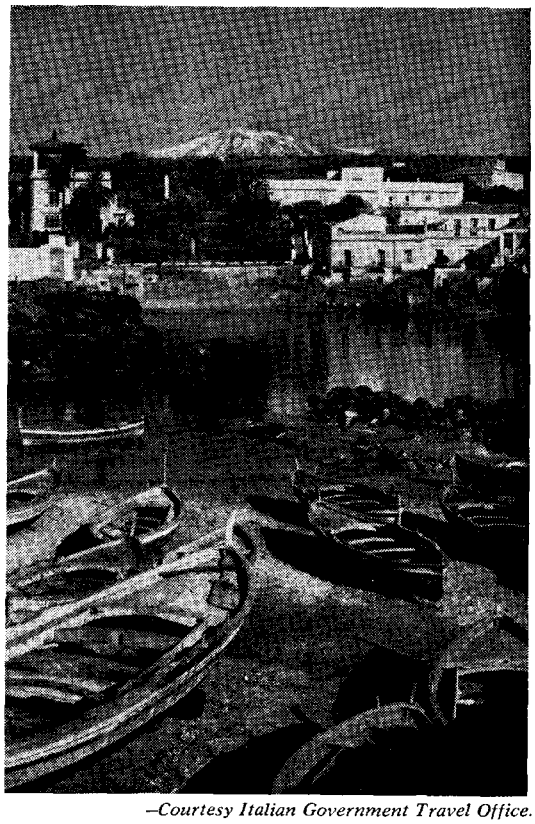
The Rumble of Etna, the Lilt of Bellini

by ROBERT JACOBSON

It seems ironic that Catania, lying as it does on the eastern coast of Sicily under the menacing shadow of the eternally threatening Mt. Etna, should have given birth to Italy's most lyrical opera composer, Vincenzo Bellini.

Bellini's profusely melodic style, which rings forth in his operas *Norma, La Sonnambula, I Puritani,* and *Il Pirata,* plays a sort of counterpoint to the sputtering, thundering volcano that looms above Catania. D. H. Lawrence once called the centuries-old Mediterranean bonfire Etna "that wicked witch, resting her thick, white snow under heaven, and slowly, slowly rolling her orange-colored smoke."

Everywhere you look in Catania there are tributes to the spirit of its gifted musical son: streets, piazzas, restaurants, cafés, gardens, museums, a theater. His presence is felt most dramatically in the Piazza Stesicoro near the old Roman Amphitheater, where the composer looks down from a seat of marble. Four figures, each a character in his operas, stand below in vigil: Norma, Amina, Riccardo, and Gualtiero. The local Sicilian pigeons seem very much at home on Bellini's lap and on Norma's outstretched arm, while the traffic of contemporary Catania bustles around this idyllic island of the past century.



—Courtesy Italian Government Travel Office.

Ulysses Harbor—Etna is always on.

The main street, Via Etnea, is lined with shops filled with marzipan so realistically shaped and colored you would swear you are seeing stacks of oranges, cherries, peaches, and grapes. There are also cream-filled pastries and the *cassata alla Siciliana,* a sugary concoction of sponge cake, ricotta cheese, rum, candied fruits, and frosting of almond and lemon.

Bellini was born in Catania on November 3, 1801, and lived there until he was nineteen. Just off the Piazza San Francesco d'Assisi, the dark pock-marked stone building bears a plaque with a bust of the composer: *Vincenzo Bellini qui nacque Addi III Novembre MDCCCI.* Across from the baroque Church of San Francesco in the time-worn stone courtyard—picturesque with the typical profusion of plants and wash and cats—another plaque near the iron-gated entrance reveals that his birthplace was designated a national monument in 1923 and opened in 1930 with S. M. Vittorio Emmanuele III as its first visitor.

Atop the winding flight of stairs to the second story a heavy wooden door opens into the foyer still bearing the original floor tiles. Beyond is a museum filled with letters, engravings, photographs, autographed scores, memorabilia, and a library. The presence of the composer is most sharply evoked in the largest salon. Above a curtained alcove, its original wooden door and tile floor still intact, are inscribed the words: *"In questa alcova venne alla luce Bellini."* The long, dark wood piano is the instrument he used while writing his masterpiece, *Norma;* and close by are an inlaid shell-back chair, a leather music case, and an inlaid desk, which were sold by Bellini when he left Milan to go to Paris in 1833. One by one, they were reclaimed for a museum in the early part of this century.

A velvet-draped glass case in the next room holds a red velvet pillow on which rests the original Bellini death mask in wax, so detailed that even the veins are visible. A golden locket contains strands of the composer's pale blond hair, and there is a porcelain miniature of Bellini, supposedly painted by the great operatic contralto Maria Malibran. On the far wall hang gifts of needlepoint from Milanese women (he was a Casanova in his own right), one in red, white, and black with banners bearing the names of his most popular operas. Perhaps the most touching memento is an original letter from Gioacchino Rossini to Bellini's parents, telling them of their son's death in Paris on September 23, 1835.

Here, too, are the original scores, manuscripts, notebooks, and studies for Bellini's operas, set down in a brownish ink now turning yellow. Beginning with a Christmas carol the young man composed at age nine, there are such rarities as his *Adelson e Salvina* (his first work for the stage) and *Bianca e Fernando,* continuing through *Il Pirata, La Straniera, Zaïra, I Capuletti ed i Montecchi, La Sonnambula, Norma, Beatrice di Tenda,* and *I Puritani.* On the walls above are engravings of the great singers who created and sang Bellini's exacting roles—Grisi, Pasta, Malibran, Lablache, Rubini, and the rest. In a small niche lies the wine-red velvet casket, topped with a gold lyre and laurel wreath, in which Bellini's body was brought back from Paris in 1876.

From the Piazza of St. Francis it is only a few blocks back to the heart of Catania, the imposing Piazza Duomo with its massive Norman and Sicilian baroque cathedral of Saint Agatha, dedicated to the city's patroness, who was martyred in A.D. 253. Passing through Vaccarini's bold facade (rebuilt after the earthquake of 1693), one almost stumbles upon the chaste white marble tomb of Bellini, at the second pier on the southern aisle, etched with the opening bars of Amina's final aria "Ah! non credea" from *La Sonnambula,* a trio of guardian angels, and a glowing vigil light.

Just a short distance from the Duomo is the Piazza Bellini with the most glittering monument to the composer, the Teatro Massimo Bellini, surely one of the most exquisite opera houses in all of Europe. Though the beginnings of the theater date from 1812, when the foundations and walls were built (they were left unfinished while the city fortified itself against Algerian pirates), the Massimo Bellini did not open its doors until May 31, 1890, with a performance of *Norma,* after sixteen years of intensive construction. Smaller than the Paris Opéra, it boasts the identical capacity, and Beniamino Gigli the renowned tenor claimed it had the best acoustics in the world. The opulent, marble-floored, mirror-walled intermission salon on the third level is dominated by a life-size bronze of Bellini.

The jewel-like auditorium is best observed from the center of the stage. A

(*Continued on page* 92)

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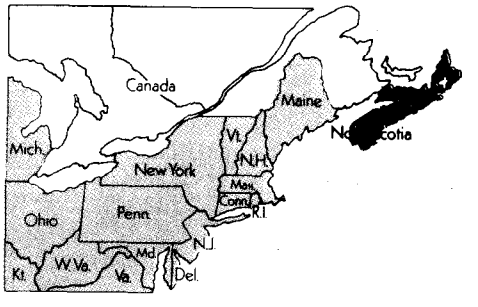

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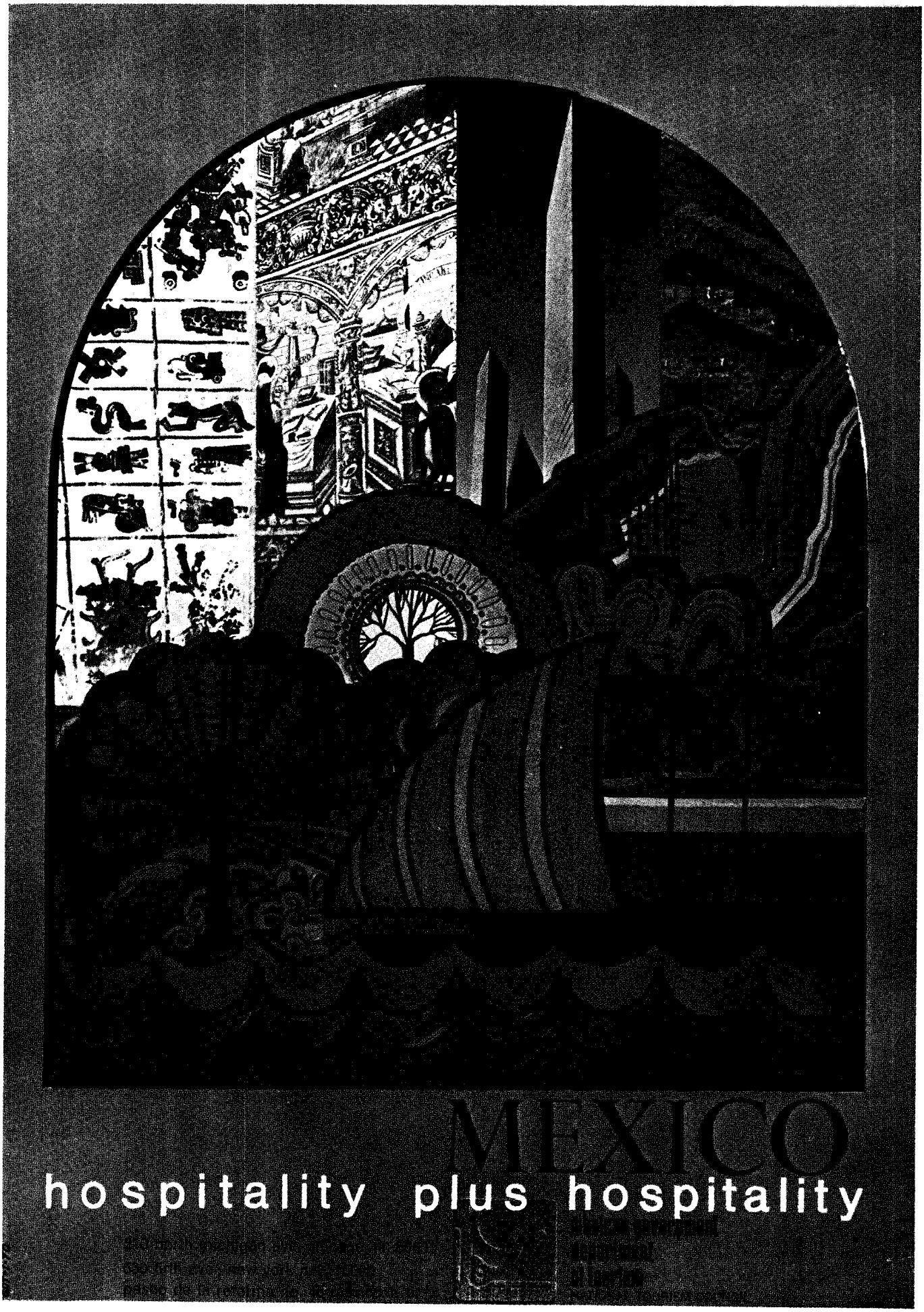

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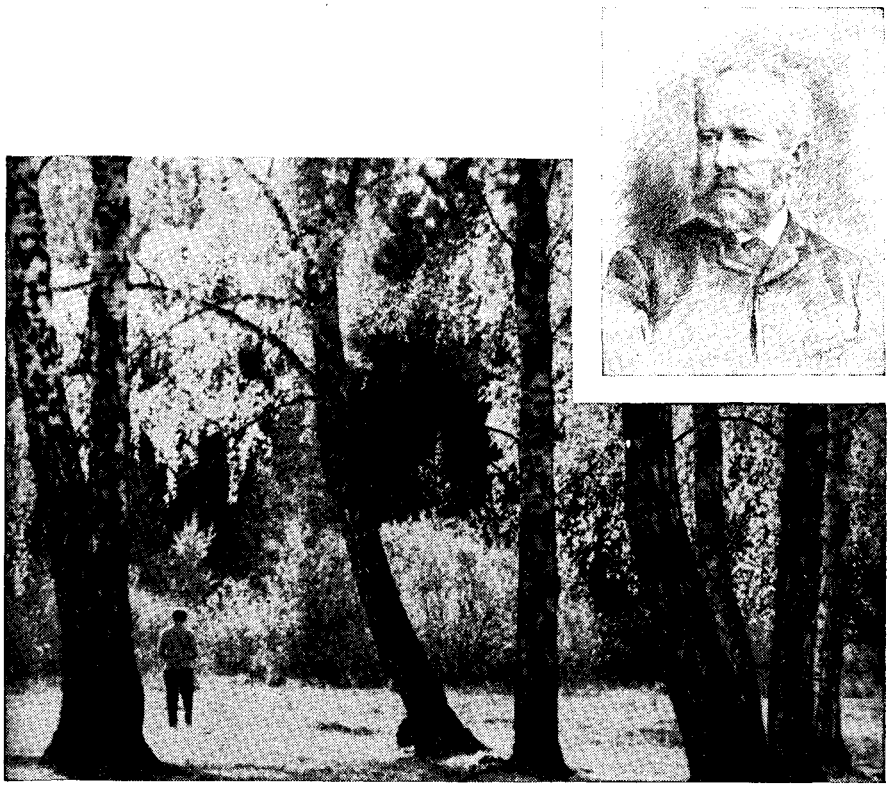
TCHAIKOVSKY'S RUSSIA

The Lingering Passion



—Bettmann Archive.

—Sovfoto.

Forest near Moscow—"The vast silences of Tchaikovsky's Russia still remain."

by SUSAN JACOBY

The romantic nineteenth-century Russia that Tchaikovsky knew has not disappeared, despite the social and economic transformation that has taken place since the Revolution. There remains in the Russian character a deep strain of romanticism, a trait casual visitors seldom notice amid official tourist spieling on the hard facts of material progress. If a visitor hopes to carry home anything more than the most superficial impressions, he must learn to recognize and understand the romantic side of the Russians; it accounts for a number of contradictions that seem utterly bizarre to a foreigner visiting the Soviet Union for the first time.

Tchaikovsky's Russia can rarely be found on the streets of Moscow, where other centuries have all but given way to the crush of new construction. There are exceptions—historic shrines such as the Kremlin, and the occasional street like the one named for the revolutionary philosopher Aleksandr Herzen, where some fine nineteenth-century houses with faded pastel facades still stand. One of the few ageless touches on Moscow sidewalks today is provided by wrinkled *babushkas* ("grandmothers") in from the country to do some shopping, wrapped in the shawls and scarves worn by Russian peasant women for centuries.

Chances are Tchaikovsky, who in 1866 moved to Moscow from St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, would not recognize the street he lived on. Today it is one of the busiest of Moscow's many traffic-clogged thoroughfares. An office building occupies the site of the house where Tchaikovsky composed some of his best-known works; the square he looked out on is dominated by a huge apartment building and a blinking neon sign warning citizens to drive carefully. There is one concession to the master: The street bears his name.

Tchaikovsky's era is very much alive in the concert halls, opera houses, and ballet theaters of the Soviet capital, where a tourist can see the best of officially approved Soviet culture. Tchaikovsky's music is greatly loved by ordinary Russians, who would be astonished and indignant to hear that it is regarded as sentimental syrup by some Westerners. The Russians like music and drama that make them shed tears of joy or sadness; Tchaikovsky suits them perfectly.

Soviet cultural officials who want the arts to emphasize the good, the beautiful, and the true usually maintain that Western art places too much stress on the sordid aspects of life and is aimed too directly at an intellectual elite. This attitude discourages major innovations in both the performing and creative arts; it is a topic hotly disputed by some Russian intellectuals and artists.

Serious theater, opera, ballet, and classical music interest ordinary Russians far more than they do Westerners—a fact an observant tourist would note while attending a performance at the Bolshoi. A Russian maid or taxi driver is quite likely to have been to the ballet or opera numerous times as an adult; he would go more often if tickets weren't so difficult to obtain. It is not easy to determine whether Russians are drawn to such events out of genuine preference or simply the lack

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of a lighter alternative. The majority of Russians do not as yet own television sets. Who can say whether a Soviet cab driver would still go to the ballet if he could fall back into an easy chair, crack open a beer, and watch TV?

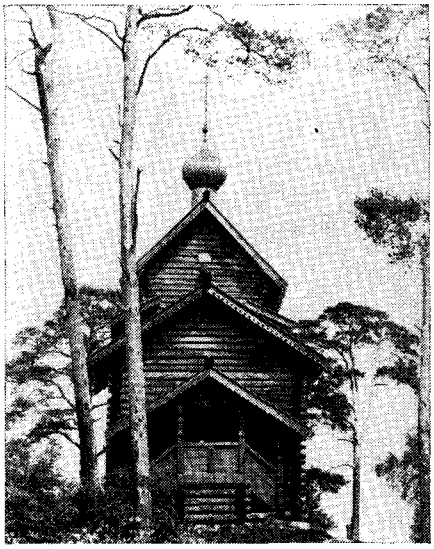
It is possible the material hardships of Russian life make the lavish, romantic spectacles on stage seem all the more appealing. "After waiting for a bus and standing in line at a food store, I don't want to see a play about something dark and dirty," one Russian mother explained at a performance of *The Nutcracker*. "I want to be lifted out of everyday life." Tchaikovsky, of course, does just that.

The passion for Tchaikovsky among ordinary Russians would be less surprising if he were still alive. Beethoven and Bach, for example, are neither folk heroes nor pop idols in Germany. Children hum snatches of music from the most familiar Tchaikovsky ballets, *Swan Lake* and *The Nutcracker*. An ambitious movie based on the composer's life is being made by Moscow Export Films with Warner Brothers. It is safe to say that a week never goes by during the theater season in Moscow and Leningrad without a performance of one of Tchaikovsky's ballets, operas, or instrumental pieces. The Tchaikovsky operas, *The Queen of Spades* and *Eugen Onegin*, are favorites in the Soviet Union, though not particularly well known elsewhere. "He is truly beloved," a Russian told me. "There is no other word for it."

A high point of the cultural year in Moscow is the annual Winter Arts Festival, which attracts large numbers of tourists. Usually held in late December and early January, the festival is well worth seeing for a tourist who does not mind the clear, biting cold of the Russian winter. This year the most important event of the festival was a long-awaited new production of *Swan Lake*. Music that had been added to Tchaikovsky's original score was eliminated in this production. Some of the Bolshoi's dancers—and the best ones appeared in the new *Swan Lake*—could make even a bad production look good. This production aroused so much interest that even tourists, who have a better chance of getting tickets than ordinary Moscow residents, were having trouble buying seats.

A typically Soviet twist to *Swan Lake* provides exactly the kind of oddity that surprises tourists. In the original story as it is presented by major ballet companies throughout the world today, Odette liberates herself from the spell of the Evil Genius only by drowning herself in his enchanted lake. Odette's prince also drowns himself for love. In 1937, when Soviet arts were more strictly controlled than now, someone decreed a happy ending for *Swan Lake*. The new production does not do away with the happy ending, but the prince is allowed to defeat the Evil Genius by the sheer force of his love for Odette rather than in a physical fight.

Another cultural event that attracts both foreign tourists and Russians will be held in Moscow in May and June—the International Tchaikovsky Competition for pianists, cellists, violinists, and vocalists. The competition is held every four years; Van Cliburn, whose playing enraptured Russian audiences, was one of the winners of the first contest held in 1958. The organizing committee for the competition is an eclectic one, befitting an affair that is both a musical and a tourist attraction. Committee members include the manager of Intourist, the official Soviet travel agency; violinist David Oistrakh and cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. The committee chairman is composer Dmitri Shostakovich, whose official fortunes have had their ups and downs since his "bourgeois" musical tastes angered Stalin in the 1930s.



—*Sovfoto.*

Novgorod church—chickens and cows on the highway, but no hamburgers.

A Russian often has to stand in line for hours and plan far in advance, if he hopes to get tickets for anything; tourists can usually obtain tickets through their Intourist hotels. Blocks of seats are reserved for foreign tourists in Moscow just as they are for out-of-town theater parties in New York. For a première or a special event such as the International Tchaikovsky Competition, though, it can be difficult for even tourists to get in.

The Bolshoi is a grand old theater. The hammer-and-sickle has replaced czarist emblems on the curtains and boxes, but the rich, red, plush-and-gilt décor gives the building a pre-Revolutionary air—in startling variance with the streets outside. (The Kirov Theater in Leningrad exudes a similar aura.) Tourists are pleasantly surprised when they find that the most expensive seats at the Bolshoi are only three rubles, fifty kopecks (about $3.90). For a première or other special performance, the price is five rubles. Tickets for concerts in other theaters are even cheaper.

There is some ticket scalping in the Soviet Union, but it is carried on among Russians and does not affect tourists. Russians stand outside theaters in scores looking for anyone with tickets to sell and are often willing to pay double the price. This bit of commerce being quite illegal, the scalpers keep an eye out for policemen. The scalping, not organized as it is in New York, goes on largely between individuals.

A tourist should not miss the ballet or opera in Moscow and Leningrad, the two Soviet cities that draw the largest numbers of foreign visitors. The productions are lavish, if traditional, and frequently feature the best Soviet performing artists. "It's a must," I was told by a tourist, "even if you do get an overdose of Tchaikovsky and white tulle tutus."

The majority of Russians—though a bare majority—still live outside of large cities; Russians who do live in cities dream of owning a small dacha in the country or of just going to the country for a short vacation. Russians retain a deep attachment to "the land," a trait that has nearly disappeared in the United States. The vast silences of Tchaikovsky's Russia still remain outside the cities, even in the heavily populated western parts of the Soviet Union.

Intourist offers an easy bus excursion from Moscow that stops overnight in Novgorod, a city with some fine fifteenth-century churches and other buildings. The trip also calls at Klin, a small town where Tchaikovsky kept country homes between 1885 and 1893. Here he composed the Sixth Symphony (*Pathétique*), the Third Piano Concerto, and the music for *Sleeping Beauty* and *The Nutcracker*.

Of the countryside near Klin, Tchaikovsky wrote: "I have become so attached to Klin that I cannot imagine living anywhere else. . . . I am unable to do justice to the charm of the Russian village, the Russian landscape and this silence, which I need most of all." The countryside has changed considerably. The road linking Moscow, Novgorod, and Leningrad is one of the most heavily traveled in the Soviet Union. Although built up since Tchaikovsky's day, the area hardly resem-

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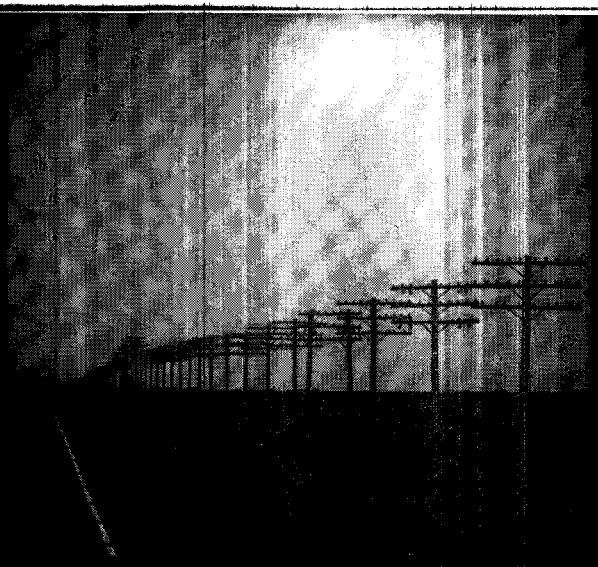

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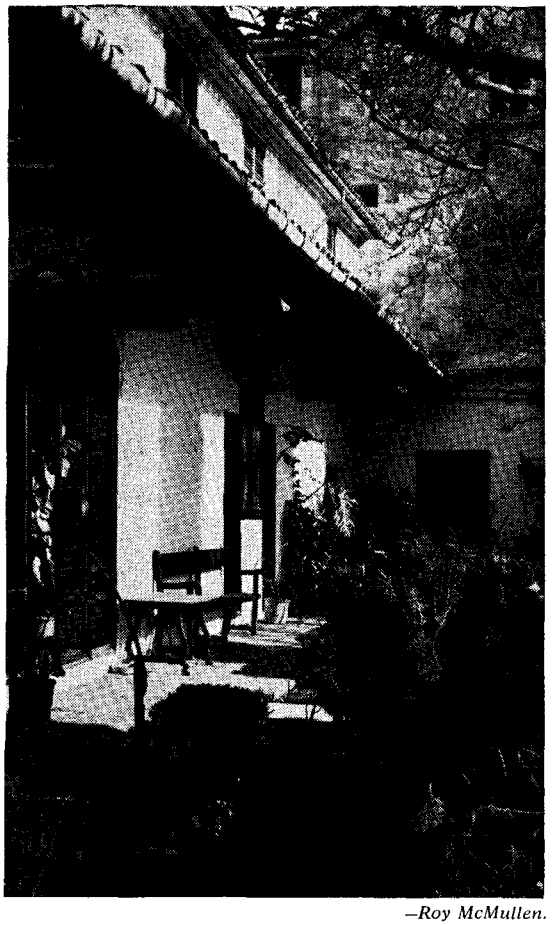
CHOPIN AND SAND

In the Wake of That Majorcan Winter

by ROY McMULLEN

There remain on this earth a few old-fashioned places—the Bay of Naples, for instance, or Petrarch's Fountain of Vaucluse—that neither color slides, nor accumulated sentimentality, nor our alleged sophistication can stale. Here our grandparents found the going good, and it will probably still be good in 2070.



—Roy McMullen.

Charterhouse at Valldemosa—for Sand "the most poetic residence on Earth."

Chopin's corner of Majorca is such a place. From a distance it may seem unsuitable for a modern pilgrimage. It is the object of the island's most ancient guided tour, which goes out daily by bus from Palma hotels during the summer. It evokes painful remembrances (by people who don't check up on their prejudices) of *Nocturnes* and *Valses* massacred by unwilling young pianists. It is the subject, in George Sand's *Un hiver à Majorque*, of the longest tourist harangue in Western literature. But it is still astonishingly unspoiled and loaded with reminders of the most poignant fiasco of the romantic era.

How did Chopin manage to get caught in the fiasco? Sand's explanation, in her autobiography, is simple and motherly. In the summer of 1838, she says, she decided to spend the coming winter in sunny Majorca with her fifteen-year-old son, Maurice, and her eight-year-old daughter, Solange. (Her marriage had long since broken up.) Maurice had rheumatic pains, and she hoped not only to cure him but do a lot of writing "by seeing nobody and not having to stay up late." Chopin, who is referred to as a guest at Nohant, her country estate, was attached to the expedition after pleading that in a southern climate "he too would soon get well." Although he was not yet convinced that he was consumptive, he was already worried by his chronic cough.

The spitefully witty Countess d'Agoult, Liszt's mistress, offers a different explanation. In a letter written from Florence while the Majorcan adventure was still under way, we are told that some months earlier Sand had taken the dramatist Félicien Mallefille as the latest in her long series of lovers and had installed him at Nohant in the guise of a tutor. The information continues in a rather breathless historical present:

> Then George takes a fancy to come up to Paris and amuse herself. Mallefille remains at Nohant . . . and meanwhile George grabs the tender, dreaming, and melancholy Chopin. Mallefille arrives; he is told nothing. . . . At last, by I don't know what devilish inspiration, he gets suspicious and lies in wait at Chopin's door, where George appears every night. Here the dramatist becomes dramatic; he screams, he howls, he is fierce, he wants to kill. Friend Grzymala throws himself between the illustrious rivals, Mallefille is calmed, and George decamps with Chopin in order to spin out the perfect love affair in the shade of the myrtles of Palma! . . . You must admit that this story is much prettier than invented ones.

Admitted. But it doesn't follow that Sand's story was invented. Chopin's health was really a matter for concern; and the situation was exactly right for bringing out the maternal—one might even call it paternal—aspect that had always been latent in her philandering. She was thirty-four, he was twenty-eight. She was a robust country woman, he was a delicate-boned city fellow. She liked to wear pants and relax with a good cigar; he was a dandy addicted to mauve coats, white gloves, and brilliantly varnished boots. She was a dry-minded, outgoing Amazon who habitually referred to him, in letters to mutual friends, as "the little one." He had his manly core (he liked Bach, for instance), but he could seem soft, sweet, withdrawn, and slightly damp. The unkind Countess once went so far as to call him "an oyster sprinkled with sugar."

The party—Chopin, Sand, Maurice, Solange, and a maidservant—assembled at Perpignan, proceeded to Barcelona, and from there, at 5 o'clock on the evening of November 7, 1838, took the steamer *El Mallorquin* for Majorca. The weather was warm, the sea calm, and the phosphorescence of the ship's wake uncanny. The helmsman sang all night long, in a soft, randomly improvising voice that seemed, in Sand's words, "like the smoke from the ship's funnel carried away and rocked by the breeze." They glided into the Bay of Palma shortly after 11 the next morning, on turquoise water under a sky of transparent blue.

The crossing can still be made, minus perhaps the seaman's song. Although today there are direct flights from a dozen European cities into Palma Airport, five miles east of the town, a night passenger boat (with room for a certain number of automobiles) is still very much in the running. It leaves Barcelona after dinner and reaches Palma by early breakfast-time. Sailing into a Mediterranean harbor at dawn is a glimpse of heaven.

Sand had horribly underestimated the local housing crisis; there were no hotels, and the place was flooded with mainland Spanish refugees from the Carlist civil war. For a week she and her flock had to accept a boarding-house above a noisy cooperage in the Calle de la Marina, a street leading through a decaying, picturesque quarter near the port. But this inconvenience put them within walking distance of what were then and still are the major monuments of Palma: the Gothic cathedral, which Sand thought "majestic" although not as good as the one in Barcelona; the fifteenth-century Lonja, or Exchange, which she thought "lovely" although not as good as things in Venice; the originally Moorish Almudaina, or Royal Palace, which she thought very "proud" and

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"hidalgo-like," although very uncomfortable; and the mostly seventeenth-century (today much restored) Ayuntamiento, or Town Hall, which reminded her of Florentine palaces. Chopin may have been overawed by his companion's range of comparisons; at least there is no record of his having interrupted her with an opinion of his own.

They also, partly because they were househunting, looked at many of the town residences built by the Majorcan aristocracy during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Today the best preserved of these stately homes are those that bear the names of the Sollerich, Palmer, and Vivot families; but a visitor who pokes around in the narrow, winding streets northeast of the cathedral can glimpse cool, columned patios, elegant balconies, monumental stairways, and other fragments of past glory.

On November 15 the party moved out to the village of Establiments, five miles north of the city, and settled into a villa called Son Vent, or House of the Wind. It still exists, although transformed. Chopin wrote to a friend in Paris:

> I am at Palma in the midst of palms, cedars, cactus, olive trees, orange trees, lemon trees, aloes, fig trees, pomegranate trees. . . . Sunshine all day. . . . At night there are hours of song and the sound of guitars. There are enormous balconies with vines trailing from them. . . . In short, an admirable life!

Chopin's only problem was that his Pleyel piano, which had been shipped from Marseilles, had not yet arrived. By December 3 he had a little Majorcan piano that allowed him to work, even though the sound irritated him. But a more serious problem had appeared or reappeared:

> I've been sick as a dog these last two weeks. I had a chill in spite of the 18 degrees [C.], the roses, the orange trees, the palms, and the fig trees. Three doctors—the most celebrated on the island—have examined me. One sniffed my spit, another tapped to see from where I spat, the third palpated me while listening to how I spat. The first said I was going to croak, the second that I was in the process of croaking, the third that I had already croaked.

All this, the letter adds, had slowed work on the *Préludes*, "which you'll get God knows when."

Four days later the fine weather broke, and Sand and Chopin suddenly realized that Son Vent was strictly a summer house. The rain rattled the windows, flooded in under doors, and even seeped through the flimsy plaster walls. There were no fireplaces, and it seemed impossible to get used to the suffocating smell of charcoal braziers. "The damp," Sand reported in *Un hiver*, "settled like a cloak of ice over our shoulders." Chopin, who had seemed to be getting better, began to cough more alarmingly than before.

Meanwhile, rumors about the real nature of his illness were spreading around Palma, and so one morning an eviction notice arrived from the owner of Son Vent. The dangerous tenants were not only to leave immediately, but to pay for the furniture, which had to be burned, and for disinfecting the house with a coat of whitewash. They took refuge for a few days in the French consulate, in the Plaza Santa Catalina Tomás. (The building has disappeared, but a facing eighteenth-century townhouse, called the Casa Berga, and the nearby Church of San Nicolás can suggest the atmosphere of the quarter in 1838.) Then, on December 15, they installed themselves in the nearly deserted Carthusian monastery at Valldemosa, eleven miles north of Palma.

How one visits Valldemosa today is a matter of taste. Beach fanciers can take a bus or a rented car from one of the scores of hotels that have mushroomed around the Bay of Palma. In general, the more fashionable ones are on the west side, the more economical ones on the east. Monument fanciers can leave from the center of town, where there are many relatively small, pleasantly démodé, agreeably priced inns. Mountain fanciers and figurative painters will like the venerable, stair-streeted village of Deyá, perched five miles from the monastery and well equipped in food and beds.

Formentor Beach—"A Mediterranean harbor at dawn is a glimpse of heaven."

It was here Robert Graves, in 1934, established himself as the local squire. And finally, for the most fervent pilgrims, there are three pensions right at the foot of the monastery, offering a limited number of rooms and rather family-style Spanish cooking.

In any event, the approach from Palma should be made on a bright morning. You drive up the Calle San Miguel, the city's north-south artery, and then, with almost no dismal suburb to take the edge off the experience, you are in a splendid, sparsely populated plain that slopes gently toward the distant peaks. At first there are acres of olive trees, many of millenarian age and looking every gnarled year of it. Then there are acres of almond trees, which bloom in winter

(*Continued on page* 117)

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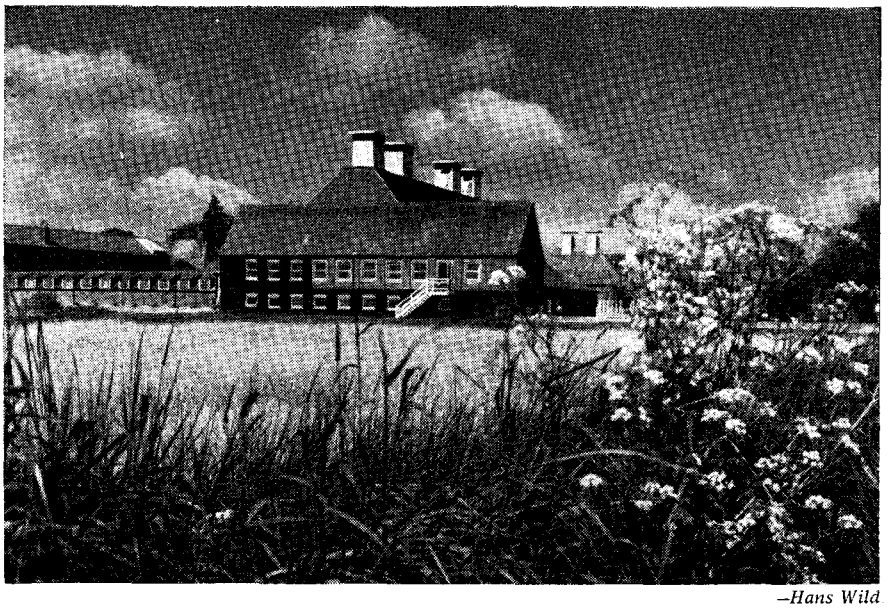

—*Hans Wild*

Maltings concert hall at Snape—gutted by fire, reopened for the Queen.

BRITTEN AND THE BOROUGH

On the Winds of the North Sea

by THOMAS HEINITZ

The road from Saxmundham to Aldeburgh — the last remaining approach to this little East Anglian resort now that service on the railway branch line has been discontinued — ends right on the sea front. There, on a narrow green, not a pebble's throw from the lapping North Sea, a sturdy, compact building stands in splendid isolation. It is Aldeburgh's Town Hall, a finely preserved example of stone, red-brick, and timbered sixteenth-century architecture, and it still fulfills its rightful function as the council chamber of the corporation. Locally it is known as the Moot Hall, and this, too, is the name by which it has become familiar to operagoers all over the world during the past quarter of a century.

For Aldeburgh, thinly disguised as "The Borough" (in fact, Aldeburgh means "Old Borough"), provided Benjamin Britten with the setting for the first and most widely performed of all his operas, *Peter Grimes*, whose Prologue takes place inside this very building. It is in front of the Moot Hall that the townsfolk of the opera gather for their climactic manhunt, repeatedly hurling Grimes's name into the night. Everything, in fact, about Aldeburgh—buildings, seashore, gulls, fishing boats, bracing east wind, mist, and, if you happen to be there on a Sunday morning, the church bells—calls to mind the music of *Peter Grimes*, not merely by association of ideas but because of the quite extraordinary way in which Britten's score has captured the very essence of the place.

Though not a native of Aldeburgh, like the parson-poet George Crabbe, from whose work the libretto of *Grimes* was derived, Britten is a man of Suffolk. He was born in 1913 at Lowestoft, some twenty-five miles farther north along the coast, and it was his childhood attachment to the characteristically low coastline of East Anglia that drew him to Crabbe's poetry when searching for a subject for his first opera and made him settle in Aldeburgh after the war. Nowadays he has a delightful home, known as "The Red House," just outside the little town by the local golf course (though tennis is his favorite athletic pursuit), his privacy guarded by gates warning would-be intruders to BEWARE OF THE DOG in just about every language known to man.

If *Grimes* firmly put Aldeburgh on the operatic map, it was Britten's second opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*, that in a rather roundabout way led to the launching of the annual Aldeburgh Festival. This was the first of Britten's chamber operas (whose most recent examples have been the three Church Parables), and it gave birth to the English Opera Group, which has, from the very first, been a mainstay of the festival. Since 1948, most of Britten's major compositions, excepting the *War Requiem* and large-scale operas such as *Billy Budd* and *Gloriana*, have premiered at successive Aldeburgh Festivals. Though the event derives its character and impetus from Britten and his friends, it is far from being a one-man show.

What makes the Aldeburgh Festival a unique event, at a time when the very term "festival" has become debased through sheer proliferation, can best be attributed to two complementary causes: the character of the setting and the wide-ranging, yet fastidious, musical interests of Britten's circle. There is nothing either glamorous or "quaint" about Aldeburgh and its surroundings, though the town itself has a quiet charm and a character all its own, the sound and tang of the sea contrasting with the peaceful aspect of

(*Continued on page* 94)

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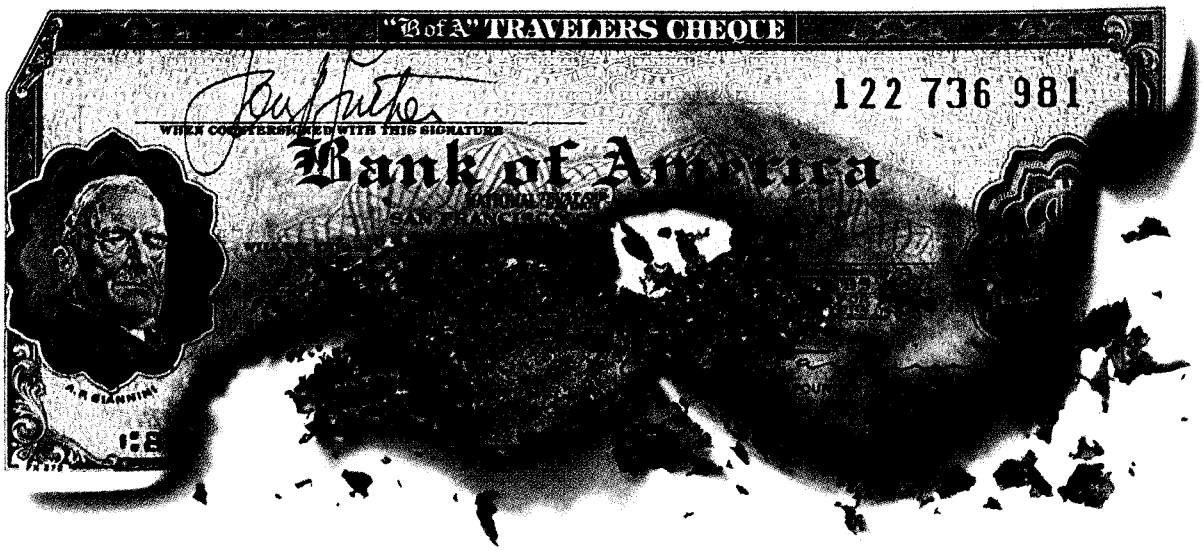

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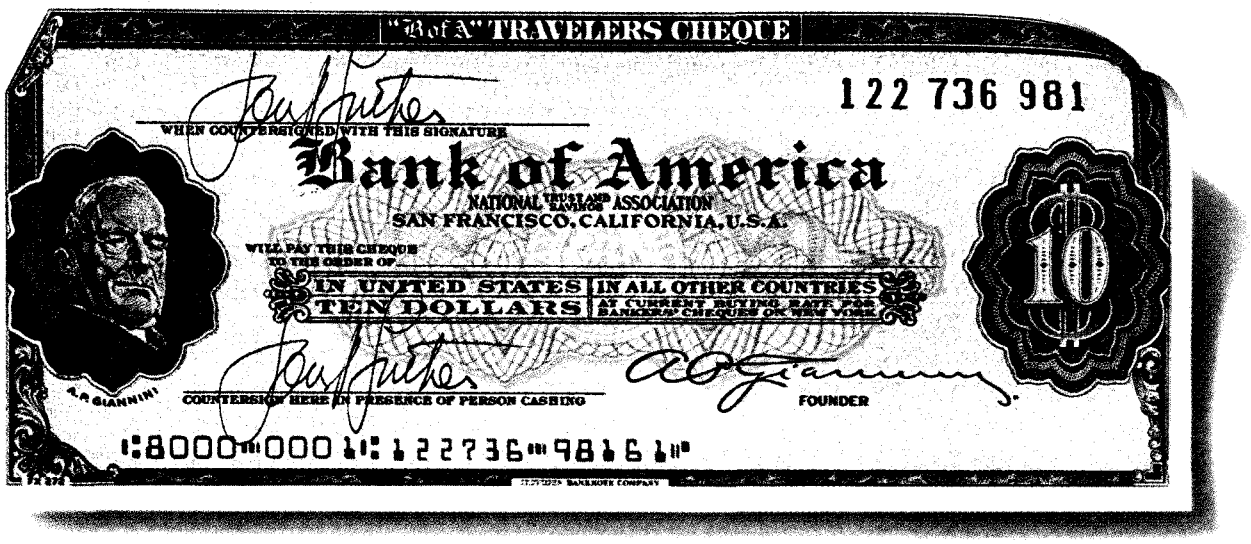

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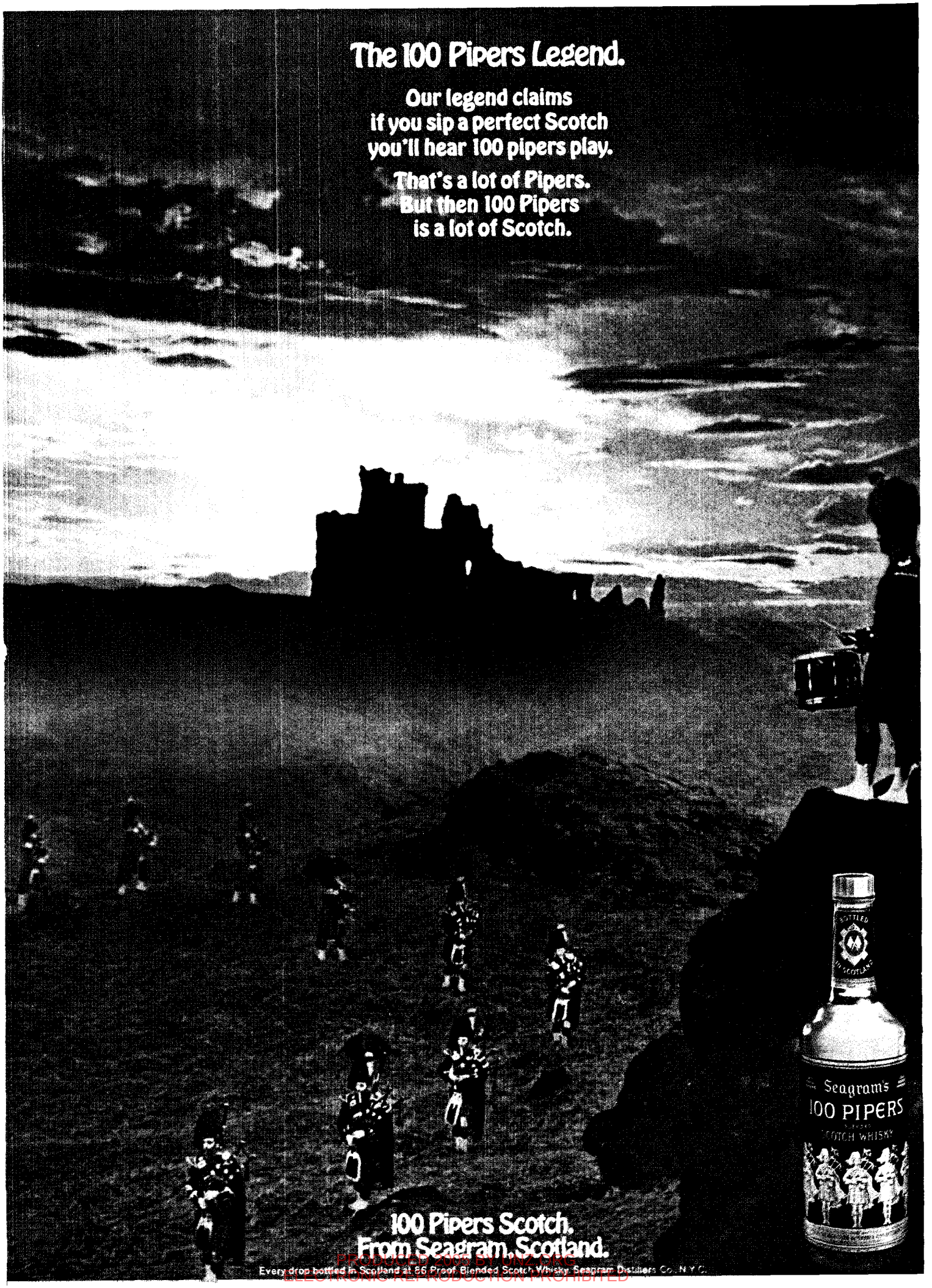
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Guide to European Music Festivals—1970

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
April 30-May 16	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA: *Parsifal* (Wagner); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA. Soloists include Francescatti, Kletzki, Martinon.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. 924 97 28
May 1-May 31	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA; BALLET; DRAMA.	State Theatre, 6200 Wiesbaden, Postfach. Tel. 3 93 31
May 5-June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: *La Vestale* (Spontini); *Falstaff* (Verdi); *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* (Ravel); *Relâche* (Satie); *La voyante* (Sauget); *Il Coccodrillo* (Bucchi); *Perséphone* (Stravinsky); CONCERTS: Philadelphia Orchestra, BBC Orchestra; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET.	Teatro Communale, Corso Italia, 16, Florence. Tel. 262 841
May 8-June 9	Lisbon, Portugal	Festival Gulbenkian	OPERA: World première of *Trilogia das Barcas* (Braga Santos); *Iphigénie en Tauride* (Gluck) (new production); ORATORIO: *St. Luke's Passion* (Penderecki); CONCERTS: Philadelphia Orchestra, et al. CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET.	FundaçaoCalousteGulbenkian, Avenue de Berne 45-A, Lisbon. Tel. 76 21 46
May 12-June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; Leningrad Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, Orchestre National de Paris, et al. Soloists include Demus, Entremont, Michelangeli, Rostropovich, Suk.	"Prague Spring" House of Artists Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague I. Tel. 635 82
May 13-May 27	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; Daily performances at Grieg's home. Royal Philharmonic, I Solisti di Roma, et al. Soloists include Rubinstein, Ashkenazy, Du Pré, Barenboim, Stich-Randall, et al.	Festspillene I., Sverresgate 11, Bergen. Tel. 30 0 10
May 14-May 30	Helsinki, Finland	Helsinki Festival	OPERA; *Aïda* (Verdi); *Carmen* (Bizet); *Freischütz* (Weber); *Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart); *The Cunning Vixen* (Janáček); others; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA.	Unioninkatu 28, Helsinki. Tel. 653 690
May 15-May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC.	Royal Theatre, Tordenskjoldsgade 3, DK 1055, Copenhagen K. Tel. (01) 14 46 65
May 23-June 21	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	Centenary of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde; International Theater Festival. Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Philadelphia Orchestra, Berlin Philharmonic.	Wiener Festwochen, Rathausstrasse 9, Vienna I. Tel. 45 16 61
May 25-August 9	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Opera	*Rising of the Moon* (Maw), *La Calisto* (Cavalli), *Il Turco in Italia* (Rossini).	Box Office Glyndebourne, Festival Opera, Lewes, Sussex.
May (late)-July (early)	Zurich, Switzerland	Zurich June Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA. Soloists include Michelangeli, Suk, et al.	Internationale Festwochen, Postfach 8023, Zurich. Tel. 051 25 6700
June 5-June 14	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA. London Symphony, Juilliard Quartet, et al. Soloists include Sutherland.	Bath Festival, Linley House, Pierrepont Place, Bath. Tel. BAth 2531
June 5-June 21	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET. Soloists include Milstein.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 Rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg. Tel. 32 43 10
June 6-June 28	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	The Aldeburgh Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Box Office, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
June 10-July 8	Lyon, France	Lyon Festival	OPERA: *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Mozart), *Prométhée* (Fauré); CONCERTS; RECITALS.	Festival de Lyon, Hôtel de Ville, 69 Lyon. Tel. 28 50 31
June 15-July 9	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: *Pelléas et Mélisande* (Debussy), *La fedeltà premiata* (Haydn), *The Bartered Bride* (Smetana), *The Excursions of Mr. Broucek* (Janáček); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA.	Holland Festival Office, Gevers Deynootweg, 134, Scheveningen. The Hague. Tel. 55 87 00

(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

June 20-July 7	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET.	Festival Office, Palacio de la Madraza, Calle de los Oficios, Granada. Tel. 22 52 01, 22 52 13
June 25-July 12	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA..	Spoleto Festival, Via Margutta 17, Rome. Tel. 686 762
June 27-July 12	Oxford, London, Great Britain	Bach Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS.	English Bach Festival Trust, 15. Chester Square, London, S.W.1. Tel. 01-730 5925/6
July 10-July 31	Aix-en-Provence, France	Open Air Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS. Orchestre de Paris.	Festival International de Musique, Aix 2 bis, Boulevard de la République. Aix. Tel. 26 30 33
July 10-August 25	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama, and Folklore	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Od. Sigurate 1, Dubrovnik. Tel. 63 50
July 14-August 7	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	OPERA; *Zauberflöte, Abduction from the Seraglio* (both new productions), *Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart); *Tannhäuser, Die Meistersinger* (Wagner); *Soldaten* (Zimmermann); *Carmen* (Bizet); *Firebird, Oedipus Rex* (both new productions) (Stravinsky); *Capriccio* (new production), *Ariadne auf Naxos, Der Rosenkavalier* (Strauss); RECITALS.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, P.O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 21851
July 16-August 16	Verona, Italy	Verona Summer Opera	Performances in the open air arena of *Carmen* (Bizet), *La Traviata* (Verdi), *Manon Lescaut* (first time in the arena) (Puccini).	Ente Stettacoli Lirici Arena, Piazza Era No. 28, Verona. Tel. 235 20
July 23-August 23	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: *Norma* (Bellini); OPERETTA: *Die Fledermaus* (Strauss); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. 697 0651
July 24-August 27	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	OPERA: *Der fliegende Holländer, Parsifal, Die Meistersinger, Tristan, Ring Cycle* (new production).	Ticket Office, P.O. Box 2320, 8580, Bayreuth 2. Tel. 57 22
July 26-August 30	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: *Fidelio* (Beethoven); *Abduction from the Seraglio, Così jan tutte, Bastien and Bastienne, Don Giovanni, Magic Flute, Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart); *Otello* (new production) (Verdi); *La serva padrona* (Pergolesi); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA. Vienna Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic. Soloists include Anda, Gilels, Richter, Barenboim, Zukerman, Szeryng, Fischer-Dieskau, Prey, Ludwig, et al.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. 697 0651
July-August	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	Athens Festival, Voukourestiou Street 3, Athens. Tel. 230 049
August 1-August 31	Santander, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLET.	Plaza de Verlarde, Apartado 258, Santander, Tel. 22 425; 27 382
August 15-September 8	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA. Swiss Festival Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Strings, Vienna Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, Collegium Musicum Zurich, Juilliard Quartet, et al. Soloists include Casadesus, Michelangeli, Häfliger, Fischer-Dieskau, Schneiderhan, Starker, others.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. 041 225222
August 15-September 15	Ghent, Brussels, Bruges, Belgium	Festival of Flanders	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. Visiting opera groups, including Glyndebourne, Munich. London Symphony, Czech Philharmonic, Concertgebouw, et al. English Chamber Orchestra, Juilliard Quartet. Soloists include Berry, Souzay, Watts, many others.	ET 92, Eugeen Flageyplein 18, Brussels 5. Tel. 02 496782
August 23-September 12	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Edinburgh Festival, 29, St. James's Street, London, S W 1. Tel. 01 839 2611

HEDY D. JELLINEK

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Beethoven

Continued from page 51

second time (1809), he ordered the destruction of the wall. This seemed a tragedy to the Viennese then, but enabled them later to build the lordly, tree-shaded Ringstrasse. The Molker Bastei, high up and facing the University, is a remnant of these bastions.

Baron Johann Pasqualati was a humorous, easygoing, altogether likable man, loyal to Beethoven to the end. One of the last letters Beethoven scribbled was to Pasqualati, asking him to send over "some more stewed cherries." Beethoven was always reluctant to travel to other cities, but in Vienna he changed his dwellings no fewer than seventy-one times—slightly more than two moves a year. Sometimes the restless genius would pay rent for two apartments while occupying a third. Yet the rooms which Pasqualati rented to Beethoven came as near to being a permanent abode as he ever had. Each time he would move out, Pasqualati would save the rooms, saying, "He will be back." Today these rooms serve as a Beethoven museum, not a very rich collection, but worth the climb of four flights, if only to look out of the window and obtain the view Beethoven had.

A three-minute walk across the Ringstrasse brings you Vienna's City Hall (Rathaus), where the city has organized a special Beethoven exhibition, amassing such treasures and memorabilia as the manuscript of the *Eroica* Symphony, on the title page of which

WIT TWISTER #155

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Swift change _ _ _ _ _ _
when spring's soft rains

Bring _ _ _ _ _ _ to the
thirsty plains

And, yearly, moist appointments
keep

To rouse each _ _ _ _ _ _
from its sleep.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 92*)

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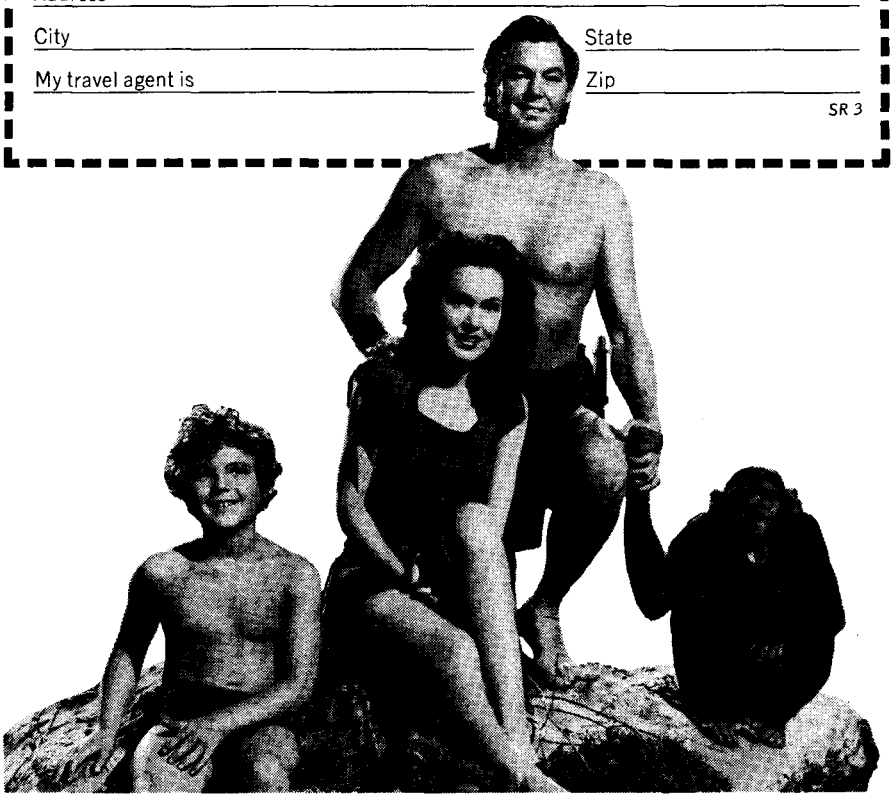

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Beethoven erased Napoleon's name so angrily that he rubbed a hole through the paper; several of Beethoven's student exercises with Haydn's corrections; the magnificently bound dedicatory copy of the *Missa Solemnis* that Beethoven gave to the Archduke Rudolph.

The Theater an der Wien, where Bernstein will conduct *Fidelio,* was created through the enterprise of Johann E. Schikaneder, the librettist of Mozart's *Magic Flute*: an actor, actor-manager, producer, poet of sorts, promoter, Freemason. Earning huge sums of money and yet perpetually bankrupt, always quarreling, always scheming, Schikaneder was one of the most spectacular personalities Beethoven knew. At one time Beethoven lived in the theater, and Schikaneder put the forces of his troupe at his disposal. After World War II, when the Vienna Opera House had been made unusable by an incendiary bomb, opera performances were housed temporarily in the Theater an der Wien. Later, when the Opera House was rebuilt, the fate of the old Theater an der Wien, once the latest thing in equipment but now obsolete, was discussed by the city council. The fact that Beethoven once stood there conducting his first symphonies and that *Fidelio* had its first (unsuccessful) performance there, as much as any other consideration, prompted the decision in 1962 to preserve and restore the historic theater.

Every guidebook advises the visitor to tour the Heurigen quarter, where the bourgeois Viennese hold their holiday picnics and do their eating, singing, and especially their drinking. The wine is known as "this year's" (*Heurige*), and the food specialty is *Backhendl,* a sort of fried chicken. In their often mawkish songs, which induce the tears to fall, the Viennese sing about "Vienna, city of my dreams" and later tell you how they'd love to move to New York.

Every spring Beethoven would leave the city to seek the open sky. Sometimes he would move into neighboring resorts, such as Baden, known for its gambling casino, or quiet Mödling. At other times he would retreat to what were then little villages outside the wall, where wine was made. The entire Heurigen district, now part of the city, is Beethoven country: Heiligenstadt, Döbling, Nussdorf, Hetzendorf, and, most famous of all, celebrated in song and legend, Grinzing. Here you can roam during the day, though the light is most romantic at sunset. Some of the landmarks are:

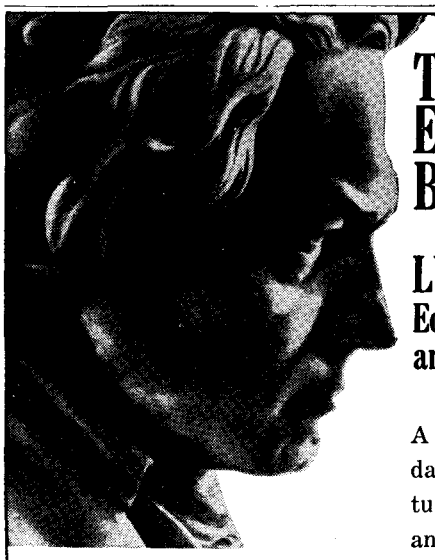
• The Beethoven-Grillparzer House, XIX, *Grinzinger Strasse* 64. Beethoven and the Austrian poet Grillparzer lived there in 1808. The house, a charming one-story affair, is in excellent repair and painted in the yellow color, called "The Kaiser's Yellow," indigenous to the period. All around, wherever you look, there are similar houses, some of them dating from Beethoven's times, all well-preserved. The street itself leads directly to the center of Grinzing.

• XIX, *Probusgasse* 6. This is the house in which Beethoven wrote the heartbreaking *Heiligenstadt Testament,* the document in which he confessed to being ashamed of his deafness. In Beethoven's time Heiligenstadt was an isolated refuge, set amid verdant fields where sheep grazed and the shepherd played his pipe. Beethoven

could no longer hear that sound. Even today the whole quarter around the Probusgasse is one of the most delightful and picturesque *Alt Wien* areas, with scarcely a building dating after the time of Biedermeier. Inside the Heiligenstadt House there is a small courtyard with the open balconies running around the house and a second courtyard planted with nut and fruit trees. The old women sunning themselves in the courtyard are quite conscious of living in a historic shrine—one that is being readied as a Beethoven museum for the bicentennial.

• Next to the church (at XIX, *Pfaarplatz* 2) is a seventeenth-century house in which Beethoven lived. Part of it is occupied by a restaurant typical of the Heurigen district, called, not surprisingly, the Beethovenhaus, a charming place with grapes overhanging the wooden framework and rude benches and tables.

It was in the Vienna Woods that Beethoven enjoyed whatever peace he could find. They are tame woods, seemingly put there by nature for the use of city dwellers. The birds and the rabbits, what few of them are left, seem to have been taught a lesson in Viennese insouciance and gaiety. Good weather or bad, Beethoven set out almost every day to experience the "ecstasy of the woods." "Every tree said to me, 'Holy! Holy!'" The woods today may hold less ecstasy and more people, but it is still a place to lift the soul.



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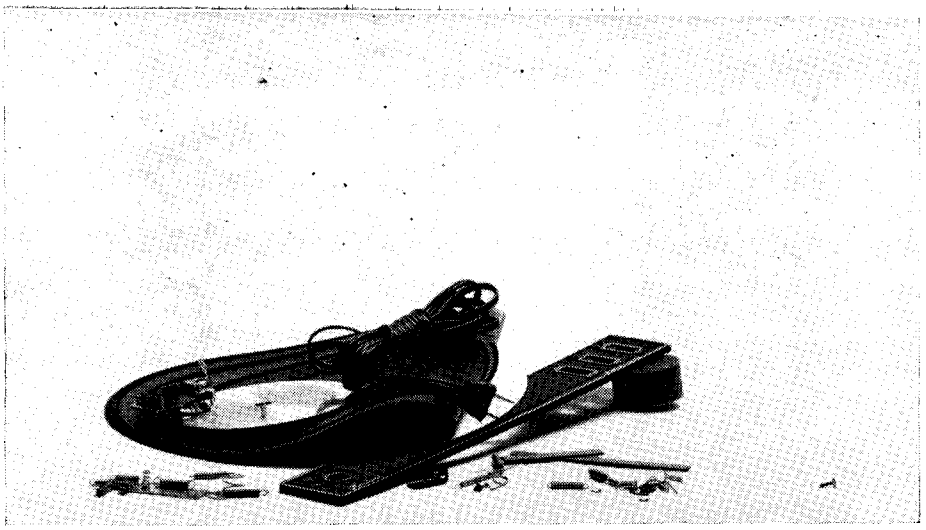

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Paris

Continued from page 65

is visitable). Guidebook in hand, one should explore the Marais, *hôtel* by *hôtel*, not missing Mme. de Sévigné's Hôtel Carnavalet, the Hôtel de Rohan, the Palais Soubise. Then, at some point, putting the guidebook aside, simply *flânez*, saunter along, making your own discoveries, as in a great, old-fashioned museum, where masterpieces are unlabeled and unexplained. Musical memories enough echo from the classical, seventeenth-century facades.

But to return to our own aging twentieth century and its beginnings, it's a half-hour walk in the other direction —assuming we start another day from Quai Voltaire — downstream, across the bridge to the vast Place de la Concorde, along the Right Bank to 15 Avenue Montaigne and the functioning, functional Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, new home of the Paris Orchestra. Here Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* created a musical riot and revolution in 1913. But the building, too, of the Perret brother architects, inaugurated by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, was revolutionary (and decried) in its own fashion. It was the first theater composite—there are three theaters in all—of reinforced concrete, the building material bending with the steel rods to curve around the great central auditorium, where *Le Sacre* was performed. To relieve the unaccustomed austerity, the facade was faced with slabs of marble and decorated by the bas-reliefs of Bourdelle. But the interior is largely itself: clean, sweeping, and spacious. The traditional partitioned-off loge was eliminated. The Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, said designer Auguste Perret, was to be "an open jewel box of beautiful women."

And an arena for the battle of modern music—a battle so loud on occasion that it drowned out the music. As on the night of May 29, 1913. Pierre Monteux was conducting. Nijinsky was dancing. Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* was being premiered. From the first bars, the primitive beat of the new music provoked cries, countercries, standing demonstrations, counterdemonstrations, and a few fisticuffs. A man beat the applauding Carl Van Vechten (he told me years later) on the head with an umbrella (or was it a cane?) so that he never really heard the music the first time. Diaghilev had the lights turned on to dim the noise. Nijinsky, when offstage, was restrained by Stravinsky from leaping back onstage, off schedule, to join the battle.

And now *we* might leap thirteen years ahead to the performance of Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique* in the same auditorium, on June 19, 1926. Vladimir Golschmann directed an orchestra including eight pianos, two whirling airplane propellers, a mechanical player piano, and "lots of percussion" (Thomson). Earwitness Bravig Imbs (quoted in George Wickes's comprehensive *Americans in Paris, 1903-1939*): "Above the mighty noise of the pianos and the drums arose catcalls and booing, shrieking and whistling, shouts of 'thief' mixed with 'bravo.' People began to call each other names, and to forget that there was any music going on at all."

Twenty years later, immediately after World War II, I recall sitting with Soulima Stravinsky in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées listening to his father's latest orchestral music. Suddenly, from above, there was the sound of a loud banging. Someone had locked himself out on the roof and was beating on it—in protest at the conservative turn Stravinsky's work had taken. Inside was momentary bedlam: whistling, boos, shouts, and applause. "Throw him out!" cried Soulima of one demonstrating twelve-tone objector. Finally, the man on the roof was removed, and the music recommenced.

The 1910s and 1920s were as much spectacle as music. Diaghilev, who would bring Cocteau, Satie, and Picasso together, early brought Stravinsky to Paris and commissioned three ballets that revolutionized the scene: *L'Oiseau de Feu* in 1910, *Petrouchka* in 1911, and the *Sacre* in 1913. For thirty years, Stravinsky was a pre-American in Paris: he composed and premiered here until war in 1939 eventually took him to Beverly Hills, the Left Bank of America, and U.S. citizenship. What may surprise even the musical sophisticate, however, is the fact that *L'Oiseau de Feu* was first danced at the Paris Opéra in 1910, and other Stravinsky pieces, such as *Rossignol, Pulcinella, Mavra,* and *Baiser de la Fée,* were first performed in the nineteenth-century opera house.

From our starting point at Quai Voltaire, it is across the Seine, through the Tuileries Gardens, to the Avenue de l'Opéra and its long, unchallenged view of Garnier's *palais.* What has been called the most beautiful and luxurious opera house in the world will celebrate its 100th anniversary in 1975. It is the twelfth home of a company that will be 300 years old next year—and may never have been worse. Today, the greatest spectacle of the Paris Opéra is offstage: on the monumental staircase, in the entr'acte gallery, and after the curtain falls. It may

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change with the new, younger directors. Meantime there is the building itself, worth a walk inside and outside. Where else does one find such a halo of names around an opera house: Rue Halévy, Rue Gluck, Rue Meyerbeer, Rue Auber, Rue Scribe (librettist for Halévy, Auber, and Meyerbeer), and now Place Diaghilev to accompany Place Garnier. It's a pretty tribute Paris pays to those, French or foreign, who made Paris.

A hundred steps away is Rue Chaussée d'Antin, once splendid with the *hôtels* of noblemen and bankers, now containing largely buried musical memories. At No. 2, with only a great *porte cochère* suggesting its former grandeur, lived Rossini from 1857 to 1868. (Rue Rossini, typically, is elsewhere, but nearby.) The Italian composer also had a summer place in Passy, a village since incorporated into Paris (where Benjamin Franklin played the harmonica he invented to the pianoforte of Mme. Brillon, whom he courted), and there Rossini died in 1868. At No. 5, in an *hôtel* no longer existing, Mozart had stayed, aged twenty-two, and had raced the length of its street looking for a friend, as his mother lay dying in their previous tiny lodging to the east.

Chopin, too, had stayed at No. 5, also at No. 38 Rue Chaussée d'Antin, in an *hôtel* no longer existing. Eight times Frédéric Chopin, born in 1810 in Poland, had changed addresses in Paris between 1831 and 1849, the last two times in the final months of his agonized dying. But only two of the nine Paris addresses support the romantic weight of the Chopin legend, involving the tortuous relationship with George Sand: 9 Square d'Orléans and 12 Place Vendôme.

The pair had been introduced by Franz Liszt. Chopin, twenty-seven: "Is she indeed a woman?" George Sand, thirty-three: "*Ce M. Chopin*, is he not rather a *jeune fille*?" But, we are to believe, they fell passionately in love, spent a winter in Majorca, returned to Paris to live in two *pavillons* (no longer existing) at the back of a garden (no longer existing) at 16 Rue Pigalle. Then they moved to Square d'Orléans.

Continuing up the commercial length of Rue Chaussée d'Antin, one comes to Rue de Châteaudun. Turning right, the first street one meets is Rue Taitbout. At No. 80 is Square d'Orléans. It is private property, and there is a gateman. Ignore him. It's a huge place and a complex of apartment buildings. But again the sudden splendor of a hidden garden, courtyard, and fountain bursts on you. From 1842 to 1847 (the plaque mistakenly says 1849), Chopin lived on the ground floor at No. 9 (to the left,

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as you enter the Square). From his small salon, perhaps from his piano, he could see the second-floor apartment of George Sand, across fountain and garden, above the vaulted passageway at No. 5. The plaque here correctly states her residence—1842 to 1847—for in 1847 the lovers split. Not even separate apartments were separate enough. But for a few years, at least, one feels in the enchanted garden at night (there is no gateman then), there must have been more than a measure, more than an interlude, of mutual enchantment.

Then, as George Sand went her way, Chopin went his—his shorter way. He briefly stayed at 74 Rue de Chaillot, the original building no longer existing, then moved in 1849 to 12 Place Vendôme, a noble, late seventeenth-century, Mansart square, which, if the world deserves it, will be preserved for centuries more. Here, his tired, tubercular lungs failing, Chopin spent his last days. Sent for, his sister hurried in from Poland. Comtesse Potocka, his first love, arrived from Nice. There was no George Sand. On the day of his death (legend relates), Chopin asked the Comtesse to sing Mozart's *Requiem.* On the last note (the legend continues), he expired.

The only such plaque on the Place Vendôme commemorates his passage, a Pole, a foreigner, in Paris.

About the Authors

ALL BUT one of the outside contributors to *SR*'s annual spring travel section live and work abroad. The exception, George Marek, a native Viennese, is now vice president of RCA's record division. His most recent book is *Beethoven: Biography of a Genius.* Two Parisian contributors are Roy McMullen, a free-lance writer and author of *The World of Marc Chagall,* and Joseph Barry, who wrote *The People of Paris* and is working on a new book about Versailles. William Weaver, who lives in a converted farmhouse in Tuscany, won a National Book Award in 1969 for his translation of Italo Calvino's *Cosmiconics.* Joseph Wechsberg, who lives in Vienna, writes of music, food, and travel in central Europe. His memoirs, *The First Time Around,* will be published in May. Paul Moor is a writer and broadcaster who has lived in Berlin for many years. Susan Jacoby, surviving her first Moscow winter, has been a frequent contributor to *SR* Education pages. And Thomas Heinitz, a Londoner, regularly appears in the magazine's music section.

Wagner

Continued from page 53

of Bayreuth you can find, if you search, a number of extraordinarily pleasant hotels in a beautiful landscape of conifer-covered hills and mountains with superb air, magnificent views, and profound quiet. The Gasthof Hoyer-Baude sits high on a slope above the village of Bischofsgrün, and you can eat on a terrace with a vast Franconian landscape spread out below you. The Hoyer-Baude has some rooms with private baths, a rarity within this radius of Bayreuth. If you can adopt the European conviction that Americans take full baths too often anyway for the health of their skin, and if night-rising presents no urgent problem, I can recommend to you five other small hotels of especial charm; in order of their proximity to the festivities at Bayreuth they are:

The Sporthotel Fleckl, outside Oberwarmensteinach, gets its name from its wintertime skiing clientele. The Waldbaude, high up a mountainside, overlooks nearby Warmensteinach. Erbendorf also has a mountain hotel, the Berghotel Steinwaldhaus. Two suburbs of the town of Wunsiedel offer delightful and quiet little inns: in Leopoldsdorf the Pension Hammerwiese (with swimming) and in Luisenburg the Gasthof Luisenburg. The Gasthof lies at the edge of a natural phenomenon known as the Gigantic Rock Labyrinth and Amphitheater. This in itself merits a visit, and so, if you understand German, do the dramatic productions given there. The repertory this year includes Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night,* Johann Nestroy's *Der Talisman,* and Sartre's *Le Diable et le bon Dieu,* the theater season running three weeks from June 27 through August 16.

Other than opera performances, Bayreuth offers very few nocturnal diversions. A unique hidden-away place called the Eule ("Owl"), its walls covered with autographed photos of many a great Wagnerian now dead and gone, has attracted mobs of after-opera, wee-hours patrons for generations; in the Maximilianstrasse you look for the Adler-Apotheke and turn down there, preferably on foot, into the narrow little Kirchegasse, where you'll come to the Eule on your right. Get there as early as possible, for it fills up swiftly after the performance. If desperation drives you farther after they hang the last dog at the Eule, you may still want to look in at the Funzel, the Mohrenstuben, or El Mañana. They hardly rank with Sodom and Gomorrah, but you came to Bayreuth for the Wagner, remember?

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Verdi

Continued from page 68

little balcony he heard La Scala's orchestra serenade him in 1879, after a performance of his *Requiem.*

The *Requiem* was composed for the writer Alessandro Manzoni, one of the few men that Verdi truly venerated. And though the Verdian associations are tenuous, a visit to Manzoni's house —now open to the public—is also a moving experience. It is in Via Morone, and in the little study off the courtyard of the house, on June 30, 1868, the composer was received by the illustrious poet and novelist. The meeting overwhelmed the usually reserved Verdi. "If you could see the simplicity, the naturalness of the man!" he wrote a friend, afterwards. "I wanted to go down on my knees." The simplicity of the little house, with many of its furnishings intact, is still in evidence, and the visitor feels some of Verdi's awe, standing in that same little study, with the writing desk, the spectacles, the pens, where they were a century ago.

Shortly before his death, Verdi drew up a typically precise will, leaving all his royalties to a home for aged and needy musicians, the Casa di Riposo, which was his last creation. There are a number of photographs of Verdi, in those final months of his life, supervising the construction of the building, accompanied by the architect Camillo Boïto, brother of his librettist. Then in the extreme suburbs of the city, the Casa Verdi—as it is generally called—has gradually been surrounded by new buildings, yet it maintains the silent reserve that its founder obviously meant it to have. At first sight, the looming Venetian-Gothic edifice appears grim and forbidding; but, inside, there is real warmth. The guests are literally served with white gloves, are invited to performances at La Scala, and encouraged to receive visitors. At the rear of the courtyard is the crypt where Verdi and his Giuseppina are buried; the doorkeeper readily unlocks it for visitors.

There are, naturally, other Verdian centers in Italy; in Turin is the superb seventeenth-century Palazzo Carignano, where Verdi sat as an elected (though reluctant) deputy to the first Parliament of a united Italy. And there are the theaters: the Pergola in Florence, for which he wrote his *Macbeth*; the Argentina in Rome, where *I Due Foscari* was first heard in 1844, and where, five years later, Verdi presented his patriotic opera *La Battaglia di Legnano* during the short-lived Roman Republic; there is the Fenice in Venice, whose audience applauded

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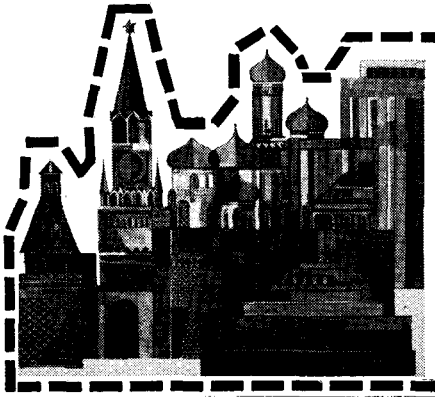

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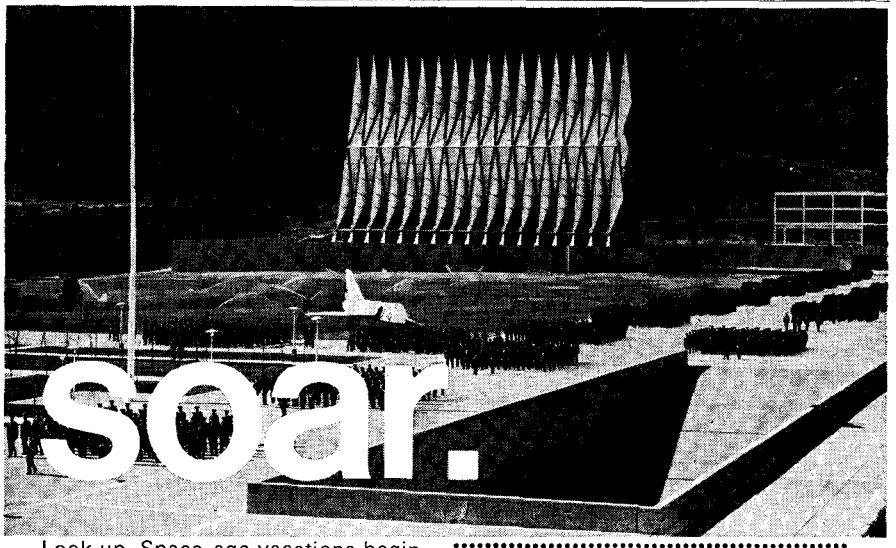

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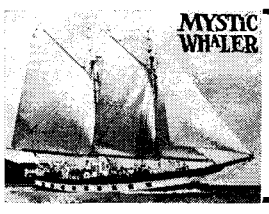

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Rigoletto and booed *La Traviata*; and the San Carlo in Naples, scene of the first *Luisa Miller*.

Verdi's music, like Manzoni's writings, contributed to the making of modern Italy, and the country bears his mark. I remember, some years ago, walking through a village in the Friuli region, in the northeastern part of Italy. It was the night of November 4, Italian Armistice Day, and it was cold. Suddenly, in the deserted street, I heard the sound of "Va pensiero," the haunting chorus from Verdi's youthful *Nabucco*; it was being sung in the local wine shop by a group of nostalgic veterans. The shock of recognition lasted only a moment, but its echo has remained with me, as a summation of Verdi's meaning for Italians. His music, like lifeblood, runs in Italy's veins.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 85: occurs, succor, crocus.

Bellini

Continued from page 70

sea of red velvet seats is dramatically set against the white, gold, and crimson décor. The four upper tiers are richly ornamented with plaster carvings and softly luminous globe lights, while the heavily draped *palco reale* stands thronelike at dead center, a monument to the monarchs of the past. The famous ceiling *Apotheosis of Bellini*—painted in tempera by Giuseppe Sciuti—is comprised of an oval center panel encircled by eight smaller panels depicting scenes from *Norma, Sonnambula, Puritani,* and *Beatrice di Tenda*. All the works of Bellini, except *Zaïra*, have been given time and again in this elegant temple to the composer.

In another part of the city, the presence of Bellini hovers about the green and airy oasis provided by the vast park just off Via Etnea. Its expansive, sculptured planting spells out the name "Giardino Bellini" in rich blossoms, although these public gardens are also known as Villa Bellini. The main fountain near the entrance is populated by swans swimming beneath a marble bust of Bellini, behind which is a fanciful flower clock whose date is repainted daily. Flowers, fountains, winding walks, and even strutting peacocks all are a part of Catania's largest park.

Catania, not a tourist mecca in itself, puts up visitors at the deluxe Excelsior and the first-class Jolly and Central Palace. Dramatic Taormina lies to the north along a coastal highway that passes jagged volcanic boulders jutting out of the sea. The rocks were deposited there, depending on which version you believe, by the rumbling Etna or the blinded Polyphemus, who sought to halt Ulysses' escape with a hail of rocks.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ENGLATIN

A number of Latin words are spelled the same as certain English words but have a different meaning. Virginia Haynes of Wellesley, Mass., asks you to fill in each blank with a word that is both (a) the Latin for the word on its left and (b) an English equivalent of the word on its right. Those who miss the road to Rome will find signposts on page 118.

to give	_____	challenge	farewell!	_____	low region
hail!	_____	ointment	widely	_____	tardy
in peace	_____	step	take!	_____	cloak
why	_____	pooch	after	_____	pole
between	_____	bury	stay!; in the morning	_____	lion-hair
laugh!	_____	be transported	so	_____	beret
it is done	_____	seizure	take care!	_____	hollow

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Tchaikovsky

Continued from page 76

bles a booming industrial corridor in the United States. On the hour-and-a-half drive from Moscow to Klin, one passes an occasional factory, but most of the space is occupied by collective farms. Many of the farm workers live in villages by the roadside that still bear such traditional names as *Lozhka* (spoon) and *Chashka* (cup). Tableware was once turned out in these villages, and even today skilled craftsmen grow up, live, and die doing the same work.

The countryside, an hour's distance from the center of Moscow, retains something of the stillness that inspired Tchaikovsky. In summer, chickens and cows wander into the road despite the steady flow of traffic. Birch and evergreen forests stand quietly near the highway. In winter, all the roadside mud is covered with snow, and the trees are tipped with a peculiarly sturdy, silvery frost the Russians call *inyee*.

The town limits of Klin lie just beyond a Young Pioneer camp named Romantica. In 1885, Tchaikovsky's house was nearly two miles outside of Klin, but now the town has grown around it. The original building was destroyed by the advancing German armies in World War II, but all of the composer's possessions had been evacuated. Restoration was begun shortly after the Germans began to retreat. Through the birch trees in Tchaikovsky's yard, a visitor can see monotonous prefabricated apartment buildings typical of new Soviet construction. Klin, with a population of 85,000, now supports chemical and glass factories.

A museum is one of the best places to strike up conversations with Russians. At the Tchaikovsky house I saw a Russian approach an American visitor and ask, "Do you like Tchaikovsky?" The American replied, "Yes, I like many of his works." The tone of the reply apparently did not convey enough devotion to the composer, because the Russian answered in a loud, firm voice: "Tchaikovsky is one of our greatest geniuses. This genius is one of the most important things we have given the world. It is not to be matched."

The visitor was reminded of an anecdote about Tchaikovsky (perhaps apocryphal) that suggests some links between the Russian character of the last century and today. It seems that during a geography lesson the young Tchaikovsky, whose father was an inspector of mines, passionately kissed the map of Russia and spat on all the other countries. His governess, a French woman, asked him why he had spat on France. "I tried to cover France with my hand," was the boy's reply.

Russians preserve not only minute anecdotes but the most minute physical belongings of their honored dead. They love to gaze upon the clothes, pots and pans, and washrags of their national heroes. The Tchaikovsky museum has the usual quota of these mementos—his clothes, including his pajamas and the worn tailcoat in which he conducted concerts; the colognes he used to pamper his vanity; and an icon of the Virgin that prompts a guide to inform tourists, "Tchaikovsky believed in God, but he was not a fanatic."

There is also a unique piece of needlepoint supposedly worked by Tchaikovsky's mother while she was pregnant with the composer. It was an old Russian custom that an expectant mother must begin a long piece of needlework; if the work were completed by an appointed date, the child would be clever. Tchaikovsky's mother is believed to have shown remarkable prescience by working a musician into her needlepoint pattern. The museum also boasts of Tchaikovsky's piano, now played only twice a year—on the anniversaries of the composer's birth, May 7, 1840, and death, November 6, 1893.

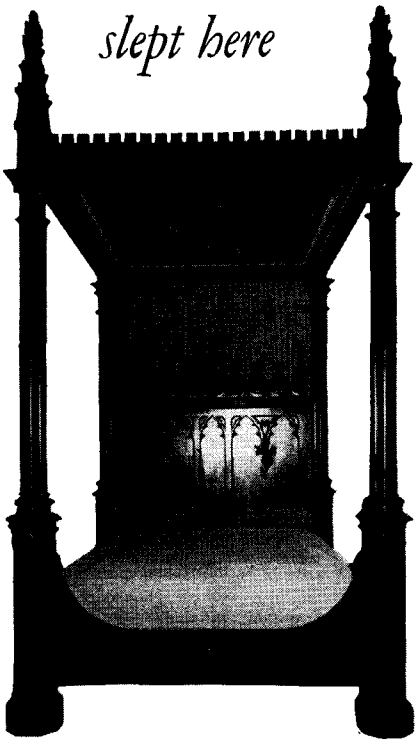
Klin itself has only one restaurant serving anything heavier than snacks. There is little to recommend the food, but the restaurant does offer some excellent hard apple cider that helps put the town in a rosier light.

On an excursion to Novgorod, Intourist will delay stopping for lunch until the bus reaches Kalinin, a large industrial town. There are no hamburger stands by Soviet roadsides—an absence that preserves the scenery but makes long drives extremely tiring.

It is possible to rent a Soviet-made car in Moscow or—after a great deal of advance haggling with the bureaucracy—to drive one's own car into the Soviet Union from eastern Europe or Finland. Most tourists do not drive themselves; it is difficult to solve problems that might arise without speaking Russian. Contrary to the impression of some tourists who deal primarily with their bilingual Intourist guides, most Russians do not speak English.

The collectivist aspects of Soviet society are evident to a traveler who decides to "go it alone." He quickly finds out how much easier it is to do anything in a group. In hotels, for example, the most attractive dining rooms are sometimes reserved for groups, while tourists traveling alone are shunted into a less desirable room. The price difference between group and individual travel is much greater than in

Henry Clay almost slept here



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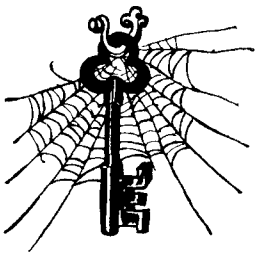

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Western countries; the Soviets prefer tourists in groups. In hotels, blocks of ordinary rooms are reserved for groups. A lone tourist may have to reserve an extravagant suite to get into the hotel of his choice.

Yet, group travel is not the best way to become acquainted with Russians or to see anything of everyday Russian life. An experienced travel agent can work out an itinerary that takes advantage of some Intourist group services but also leaves the traveler free for individual excursions. It costs more money to avoid traveling in a group, but some tourists feel the return justifies the extra expense.

The cheapest air fare between New York and Moscow is now $472 for an excursion that does not allow a tourist to return before the twenty-third day. (The fare will change slightly after May 15.)

It is not possible to travel to the Soviet Union without extensive planning; a tourist used to Western Europe, for example, must realize that ten times as much red tape is involved in traveling in the U.S.S.R. A visa is required; American Express advises applying six weeks in advance. To obtain a visa, a tourist must go to an American travel agent who will work out an itinerary with Intourist (the only Soviet travel agency). Intourist then confirms the applicant's hotel reservations in the Soviet Union. The Russians require confirmation of where a tourist is spending each night in the country. A tourist must have worked out a complete itinerary before he arrives, but it is possible—after considerable hassling with the bureaucracy—to make some changes once in Russia.

Before a tourist sets foot on Soviet soil, he must have paid for his hotel reservations and some meals. Intourist likes to sell coupons for three meals a day, but it is possible to get away with a half pension or even less. Eating in an Intourist hotel is faster than anywhere else, but some of the more interesting food is to be found in restaurants that specialize in dishes from the Soviet republics. Tourists can often jump the long lines of Russians waiting outside the restaurants, but they must be prepared for a long wait at the table; Soviet service is excruciatingly slow.

A tourist must learn to put up with bad service and bureaucratic delays in the Soviet Union. There is no point fighting the system. Sometimes the only answer is to lie back and turn on the radio that may or may not come with your Intourist hotel room. There is no doubt whose music will pour forth. And Tchaikovsky may never sound better.

Britten

Continued from page 80

pastel rows of houses. The gently undulating countryside of East Anglia with its woods, fields, and marshes provides a lovely and appropriate setting for numerous picturesque villages with their beautiful, old churches. Here the bustle and pressures of twentieth-century urban civilization seem blessedly remote, though it is only seventy-five miles from the northeastern outskirts of Greater London and twenty miles from Ipswich, the sizable capital of East Suffolk with a population of well over 100,000. But for the visible evidence of automobiles and their gasoline feeding troughs, as well as the ubiquitous TV aerials, one might have stepped into another century.

To the pampered inhabitant of one of the world's great musical centers, such as London or New York, the Aldeburgh Festival offers experiences that cannot be matched or trumped in the course of a metropolitan season. Since the opening in 1967 of the Maltings concert hall at nearby Snape, Aldeburgh has been able to widen its musical orbit and to cope with the increasing influx of visitors. Last summer, only an hour or two after the festival's opening concert had ended, this splendid hall was gutted by fire, and many events had to be hurriedly transferred to churches in the neighborhood. But the Maltings is being rebuilt and should be ready in good time for the 1970 festival, its outstanding acoustic properties restored.

A concert entitled "Music for a Royal Occasion" will mark the reopening of the Maltings on June 5 in the presence of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. Thereafter it will be the setting for opera performances of Mozart's *Idomeneo* (conducted by Britten) and Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* (with Janet Baker as Lucretia); orchestral concerts by the English Chamber Orchestra under Britten (including the first performance outside the U.S.S.R. of Dmitri Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony); a Mozart evening with Clifford Curzon; Rostropovich in a program of works for cello and orchestra); lieder evenings featuring Pears, Shirley-Quirk, Britten, and Curzon; a Bach program by Rostropovich and George Malcolm; solo recitals by Radu Lupu (Rumanian winner of last year's Leeds piano competition) and Julian Bream; and an operatic concert in which Galina Vishnevskaya and Mark Rezhetin will be accompanied by Rostropovich.

At Orford Church there will be performances of Britten's *Curlew River*, while Aldeburgh's little Jubilee Hall will be used for varied functions, including

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concerts (one of them given by the Sarah Lawrence College Chorus), poetry readings, folk songs, and special seventieth birthday tributes to Noel Coward and Aaron Copland. Then there are lectures, exhibitions, films, and an unusual event inspired by a favorite pastime of the festival's presiding genius. It is called "Church Crawl" and may be defined as a cultural variant of that time-honored English activity, the Pub Crawl. Transported by coaches, the Church Crawlers will explore some of the magnificent old Suffolk churches, their organs, and the beautiful countryside and coastline en route.

Notwithstanding all these multifarious activities, spread over a period of three-and-a-half weeks from June 5 to June 28, Aldeburgh and its surroundings maintain a facade that totally eschews the conventional trappings of a tourist center. Accommodation in the area, if not plentiful, is adequate, though the main hotels in Aldeburgh itself, most of them on the sea front, are usually booked up well in advance. None is in the luxury class, but the Brudenell and the Wentworth are both well above average in comfort; the White Lion is charmingly situated by the Moot Hall; and, away from the sea front, the Uplands Hotel offers peaceful surroundings and excellent food. There are also several smaller hotels, and boarding houses aplenty.

The scattering of accommodations and festival events (Snape is about six miles from Aldeburgh, and it is twice that distance to Orford) makes it clear that visitors who bring their own means of locomotion are at a considerable advantage over those who have to rely on transport arranged by the management. If you cannot bring a car or hire one in London, you will be able to attend whatever events you choose, but independent mobility not only means freedom from organized schedules but will also enable you to explore the East Anglian coast and its delightful hinterland. Indeed, a visitor driving down from London should pursue a somewhat roundabout route, to take in the stunningly beautiful little Suffolk market town of Lavenham.

This gem of a town is dominated by a magnificent late perpendicular church of cathedral proportions which, from its high vantage point, looks down upon the nestling township full of lovely Tudor houses. The half-timbered Guildhall is as perfect an example of this style as can be seen anywhere in Britain, and I can think of few better places to stop for lunch or dinner than Lavenham's justly famous Swan Hotel—another fine Tudor building. Its splendid dining hall not only serves excellent food but also puts on occasional celebrity recitals.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Suk by Susskind; Tippett by Davis

It is well known, even to squares in musical circles, that St. Louis has an improved concert hall recently converted from an old cinema; it is not so well known that it has, to go with it, an improved orchestra recently converted from an older model. The first it owes to the enterprise of local enthusiasts; the second, to judge from their first appearance in Carnegie Hall together, to the expert, invigorating leadership of Walter Susskind, now in his second year as music director.

From the opening of Dvořák's *Carnival Overture,* bold and proclamatory, it was evident that the ears were in for a tingling experience. At moments in the work's course, there was a suggestion that Susskind's sounding of the native wood note (like Dvořák, he is Czech-born) might be a little wilder than was suited to a carnival, unless it had bacchanalian undertones. And in the effort with Mozart's C-minor Piano Concerto that followed (Gina Bachauer was the soloist), the evident youth of many of his first-desk players prompted the thought that Susskind was buying enthusiasm at some cost to finesse.

But in the longest, most difficult work of the program, Susskind had counseled, cajoled, and, perhaps, coerced his clients into a beautifully controlled, eloquently articulate effort that could hardly be bettered by any ensemble between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Nor was it accomplished in a standard repertory item, either, rather in the Second Symphony of Josef Suk, with whom Susskind had studied in Prague. Well known and highly regarded for a variety of smallish works, Suk has no prior identity in New York as a symphonist. That is now a thing of the past, for "Asrael" (as it is subtitled) is a big, spacious, broadly planned work that relates the symphonic substance of Dvořák to the later practices of Mahler—Czech-born also—in a way that projects a national way of thinking from the nineteenth to the twentieth century.

The Symphony owes its emotional impulse to the impact upon Suk (then in his thirties) of the death of Dvořák, not only his beloved teacher but also his father-in-law, and of Otilie Suk within a few months of each other. It is grief ennobled by an artistic transformation that produced a work deeply felt but wholly controlled. In a way, it could be said that Suk honored the memory of Dvořák, the teacher, by disciplining to productive ends the emotion he felt for Dvořák, the father of his wife. In his well-written program note, Susskind relates the work's title to "Asrael, the angel who guides the souls of the Dead, also leads us, the Living, through the full gamut of emotions—till all passion is spent." Beginning with a Liszt-like death motive, it pursues a systematic course through slow movement and scherzo to a finale in which the recollection of past emotional involvements converts the motive of death into a new affirmation of life and peace.

Susskind's faith in the work (which has not, so far as research reveals, had a performance here since it was completed before 1910) was evident in the care he had expended upon its preparation. This brought into precisely formulated, well-sounding articulation difficult unison *pizzicatos* for the strings, broadly sonorous chords in the brass, and explosive eruptions in the timpani. The reward came in the form of esteem both for the work and the manner of its performance.

For this taste, the least satisfactory playing of the evening came in the Mozart Concerto, which was reasonably well realized. "Reasonably well" may be a qualified credit in some literature, but it is the faintest of praise in Mozart. Bachauer made every effort to scale her prodigious tonal output to the modest demands of the keyboard writing and mostly succeeded (some sections of the finale were overpercussive and under-resonant). She is also a musician of taste, well versed in the refinements of the writing. However, Susskind's energetic ensemble is not yet possessed of the technical culture to make a Mozartean match on the high level of the C-minor Concerto. Playing alone, it did well enough; playing alone, she did much better than well enough. But in the many interrelated passages that demand finesse and chamber music interplay, metaphorical thumbs too often took the place of the agile fingers wanted.

Chances are that, with a conductor of Susskind's aural perceptions, a return visit a few years hence will find this phase of the orchestra's abilities sharply upgraded. Beards were abundant among brass, woodwind, and low strings (they don't go too well with violin and viola chin rests), but, the

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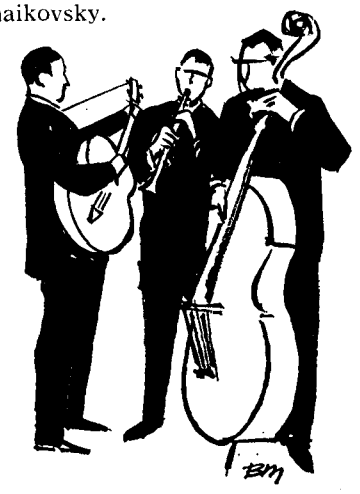
times being as they are, these connoted youth not age. Could he curb some of his dynamic urges (suggestive, at times, of an exaggerated simulation of the late Fritz Reiner's) while continuing to command the whole-bearded collaboration of his players, Susskind could have a very fine orchestra in a remarkably short time. He already has one of which St. Louisans can be proud.

England's Colin Davis celebrated his third year as an adopted cousin of New England by directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a Philharmonic Hall visit that beamed particular attention on the Second Symphony of Michael (now Sir Michael) Tippett. Previously unheard in New York, it gradually established a series of identities with other works (including the opera *King Priam*) heard here and abroad, or from recordings, that defined Tippett as a creator of consistency with a recognizable musical imprint.

No large work of Tippett I have encountered has aroused more than a healthy respect for his command of musical materials and his sense of structure. The Second Symphony sustains consistency in this respect also. Its plan and logic are clearly defined, but the content and substance convey somewhat the aspect of a well-built house still awaiting tenants. Tippett's words in the program book about inventing the work's form before inventing any sounds invite the invidious, but, with or without them, the totality of the work, with its widely spaced string writing, high woodwinds supported by deep brass, involved my attention more than the ideas being expounded. At times, especially in the finale, the sound of the playing gave an impression of an orchestra not absolutely sure of what it was doing, but Davis appeared highly satisfied with the outcome. The evening began with Stravinsky's *Scherzo à la russe* and ended with the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.



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Don't Get Around Much Anymore

by WILLIS CONOVER

A second-floor walk-up, off lower Sixth Avenue, Manhattan. A low-ceilinged room, reasonably unplush. On the walls, some nonrepresentational art, a blowup of Picasso's eyes, photos of Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday, and shots of bands recording. Fourteen or fifteen musicians standing around, warming up on their instruments.

A small, quiet man with a sandy blond mustache and a faintly amused smile is shuffling some music sheets. He is often mistaken for Johnny Carson's bandleader, Doc Severinsen. He is Bill Berry, trumpeter in the *Merv Griffin Show* band. He is about to become a bandleader, at the head of a new phenomenon in the music business, the rehearsal band.

The other musicians include Jimmy Giuffre, Frank Wess, Sol Gubin, Carmen Leggio, Britt Woodman, John Bunch, Al Epstein, and Bill Watrous. As a professional fan, I think of the times I've seen them with Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Woody Herman, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Elliot Lawrence, or Maynard Ferguson. Trombonist Bill Watrous does a switch: He tells *me*, "The first time I saw you was in Washington, D.C., around 1955, when you had the orchestra at Club Kavakos. I was a kid in the Navy, and I was frightened by *everybody* in that band."

Washington was a jazz town in the 1950s. People went out to clubs—there still were clubs. The Howard Theater mixed jazz artists with pop and blues singers and vaudeville acts. I had a jazz record program on a local station. One day three big band alumni came to see me. They were getting a band together. As my broadcasts gave me the only local jazz-related name at the time, they asked me to be, in effect, the band's nonmusical front-man. One of the three, drummer Joe Theimer, would be musical director. Joe carried a heavy load, getting sidemen or substitutes to rehearsals, writing arrangements, and rehearsing the band to excellence. I bought ads, worked on columnists, and broadcast as many free plugs as I could get away with. We opened on a Sunday afternoon at Club Kavakos in northeast Washington. All 400 seats were filled and there was a line outside the club waiting to get in, to dance, listen, and groove. At the end of the afternoon, when I distributed the gate receipts among the musicians, one said, "You mean we get paid, too?" We packed the place Sunday afternoons for three years. Our Brunswick album got a five-star review in *Down Beat*. There were problems and pains, but it was a happy time.

Three unrelated events killed the band. Stan Kenton hired our lead trumpeter, around whose mighty lip most of the book was written. I joined the *Voice of America*, giving up my local radio show, the band's principal publicity outlet. And Joe Theimer, in an uncharacteristic rage, kicked his foot through a glass door panel, severing an artery and developing a clot that finally reached his heart.

In the early 1960s, I began commuting between the *Voice* in Washington and WCBS radio in New York. I ran into George Roumanis, who had written some pieces for the Washington band. A spark ignited. "Let's do it here!" we both said at the same time.

The New York band was really all-star. Clark Terry, Thad Jones, Jimmy Maxwell, Snooky Young, Bill Berry, Danny Stiles, Bernie Glow, Burt Collins, Johnny Coles, Billy Byers, Britt Woodman, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Jerome Richardson, Charles Lloyd, Phil Woods, Gene Quill, Budd Johnson, Gene Allen, Hank Jones, Lalo Schifrin, Jimmy Jones, Richard Davis, Ed Shaughnessey, Grady Tate, and Mel Lewis come to mind. It was too all-star to succeed. These were the most in-demand musicians in New York and commercial obligations conflicted with rehearsals. George Roumanis got busier with jingles. Lalo Schifrin became musical director, with Arif Mardin as assistant. Then Hollywood studios called Schifrin and he went. Meanwhile Mardin's responsibilities grew at Atlantic Records. I was left with a band full of stars, one or two with star temperaments. Although we're now all friends again, there were arguments on programing and policy, several power struggles, and other embarrassments. I hadn't paid enough road dues to argue music with them effectively, so the whole thing came to a halt. I'd learned a lesson: Recognize your limitations.

The next try might not be so all-star, but it might survive longer. It could begin with the status of the live musician today, in TV or where he still exists in radio. All of us—meaning program conductors, as well as musicians—have been given the word. Give the public what it wants to hear. (To learn where this has led radio, listen to radio sometime.)

Isn't it ironic then, with most of the ballrooms and clubs and vaudeville houses gone, almost the only big bands to survive are those with strong musical integrity? The ones who still travel and play to live audiences are led by those who guided rather than followed public taste, the men who are as serious about musical values as they are about cash values. But the bandleaders who lowered their standards to "give the public what it wants to hear" found such a following a fickle one.

In the great days of the big bands, more than four hundred once thrived.

Trumpeters Three—Bill Berry (center) with Dizzy Gillespie (left) and Clark Terry (right) at the White House salute for Duke Ellington.

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Of those with the best and the highest standards, barely a handful are in being the year round—Ellington, Basie, Woody Herman. Goodman and Kenton reassemble intermittently. Krupa, Barnet, Hines, Gillespie, and Mulligan have or will have combos again. Shaw has retired. Miller, the Dorseys, Henderson, Redman, Lunceford, Webb, Savitt, Raeburn, McIntyre, and Thornhill are dead. But more than *four hundred big bands* once thrived. Where are the orchestras that played What the Public Wants to Hear? What happened to audiences for Tommy Tucker, Orrin Tucker, Gray Gordon, Sammy Kaye, Kay Kyser, Blue Barron, Vaughn Monroe, Shep Fields, Horace Heidt, Clyde McCoy, Dick Jurgens, Ozzie Nelson, Charlie Spivak, Ray Anthony, Johnny Messner, Jan Garber, Phil Harris, Rudy Vallee, and hundreds of other crowd-pleasers?

Lester Lanin and Meyer Davis are socially "in." They never led what we mean by big bands. Lawrence Welk or Doc Severinsen could prosper on the road because they are television celebrities; their musical plusses and minuses would be irrelevant. The enduring exceptions are Guy Lombardo and Freddy Martin, who are honestly committed to their own musical standards. But no new bands born since the swing decade have tried saccharin and survived. The Don Ellis band is musically adventurous, though it's a toss-up whether recent infusions of rock will save or sink it. Drummer Buddy Rich and trumpeter Harry James, both products of the swing era, dropped out for years. Their current bands, however, are showcases for virtuosity. Then there's the World's Greatest Jazz Band. As a group they are new, supported for the time being by Denver industrialist Dick Gibson, who puts his money where the foundations' mouths are. Individually, the members are veteran improvisers rather than flaccid coasters. There are one or two more bands I can't pigeonhole easily, the so-called "ghost" bands perpetuating the names, and to some extent the songs and sounds, of prewar leaders. Clarinetist Buddy De Franco directs the current edition of the "Glenn Miller Orchestra," authorized by the Miller estate shortly after World War II and continuing to play a quarter-century after Miller's death. Without the magic Miller name, the band would probably falter.

This brings us back to the three that have continued to thrive without long lay offs and without sacrificing musical integrity: Count Basie and Woody Herman, who have led bands and audience tastes since the 1930s; and Duke Ellington, whose history preceded theirs by a decade, and who has never been without a band since the late 1920s.

I don't know *how* they've done it. I think I know why. Despite the dying locations, long jumps on hard-seat buses, out-of-tune pianos, wheezy sound systems, hurried or missed snacks, lost slumber, and broken homes, despite the incomprehension of a brainwashed younger generation, the condescension of a Europe-oriented cultural establishment, and the insults of record producers who will lay out $90,000 for a single rock session and almost nothing for a band recording, despite all this there is creative challenge and creative satisfaction.

Whatever the hardships, musicians playing in the Ellington, Basie, and Herman orchestras have moments of true glory. Without an opportunity to relive these moments and create new ones, an alumnus can find life intolerable. Hence the phenomenon known as the "rehearsal band."

Bernie Leighton, classically trained pianist, frequent Benny Goodman sideman, and prosperous New York studio musician, says, "You spend your early years learning your instrument. Then you feel you should get paid for your work. Producers call musicians who can read and play any music well, for a jingle, a movie soundtrack, a television variety show, or a singer's record date. No mistakes, no arguments, not too many questions—there are more good musicians than good jobs."

"But you reach a point where you say, 'Wait a minute. This all began with *music*, not with money.' I'm in that situation now," Leighton says. "I charge a heavy price for my commercial work, but if some guy calls me and says he's taking a musical combo into a club and needs me, I'll play for him without even asking what the money is. A lot of musicians feel the same way, and that's why rehearsal bands are happening."

Unlike the big bands of the era, today's rehearsal bands exist because they *don't* go on the road. They find a congenial local spot. They play for local audiences, usually no more than once a week. The band doesn't exist as a unit except on Sundays or Mondays. The pay isn't important. The experience is. Thus, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band was born and grew, and Clark Terry's rehearsal band, Chuck Israels's, Sam Brown's, Duke Pearson's, Dave Remington's in Chicago, Tommy Vig's in Las Vegas, and Gerald Wilson's and Oliver Nelson's in Los Angeles.

And, now, Bill Berry and The New York Band.

"What I want a band for," Berry says, "is to play what *I* consider jazz. The only band I consider a real jazz band is Ellington's: Everybody in it is a soloist. They play every style from Dixieland to ultra-modern, but it all comes out jazz.

"Another thing. Like Duke, I like to hear my writing played. With an orchestra, I can do that. I'm not writing the whole book, of course. As you can see, other writers are bringing in charts.

"The single most important part of all is the personnel. Those notes on the paper are just that until somebody plays them. So I've spent a lot of time thinking about how individuals play, and how they get along with each other. When I write a part, I know who I'm writing it for. That's the Ellington way, again.

"But most musicians in rehearsal bands hope they'll get a chance to play some solos. So I want this to be a whole lot looser than most bands are. Otherwise you lose sight of what jazz is supposed to be."

Two months have passed since Berry's first band rehearsal in the Sixth Avenue walk-up. He's had an eight-week, out-of-town tryout and shake-down cruise. The personnel have jelled. When a substitute is needed (a regular offered a Sunday job can't refuse), an experienced bench is waiting to be called upon. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn have both asked to be first in line.

Dick Gibson, who reopened the Grill Room of the Roosevelt Hotel for his World's Greatest Jazz Band, has given Bill Berry use of the room for Sunday afternoons. The location is historically appropriate. The swing era began when Benny Goodman and his orchestra played the Roosevelt Grill in May 1935. New York's newest rehearsal band will premiere at the Grill Room on Sunday, March 22, at 2 p.m.

Jazz got too cerebral? Lost the beat, the dancers, then the listeners? Some jazz did. The Bill Berry band won't. It's a blowing big band, where emotion is as important as precision. And it's for listening and *dancing*. Save for one concert set, Sunday afternoon's music in the Roosevelt Grill—composed or arranged by Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, Jimmy Mundy, Buster Harding, Charlie Parker, Phil Woods, Al Cohn, Mike Abene, John Bunch, Roger Pemberton, and Bill Berry—will be for dancers, too.

Will the big bands ever come back? Yes, the bands with the survival factor, music. In fact, they're here now. The question now is: Will the big band audiences come back? To some extent, I think, they will. We'll know better on March 22.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Kenny Burrell: *Asphalt Canyon Suite.* Burrell, guitar; Roland Hanna, piano; with orchestra; Johnny Pate, arranger. Verve stereo, V6-8773, $5.98.	"The blues," Burrell once said, "isn't just a matter of a particular musical structure, a rigid harmonic form—it's a *feeling* one gets from certain music." The blues in the Suite on the first side of this record is the blues of sophisticated musicians in a big, cosmopolitan city, musicians whose superior knowledge does not dispel loneliness, melancholy, and ennui any more than do the defiance and intuitive hopes of their less tutored brethren. There is more resignation in this music, but truth and reality are in it, too. Burrell plays with his usual grace, skill, and quiet conviction in both the Suite and the more varied fare of the second side. Pate's arrangements are generally somber in color, but they are intelligently constructed and always unobtrusive.
Jaki Byard: *Solo Piano.* Byard, piano. Prestige stereo, 7686, $4.98.	Byard's broad knowledge of jazz history has sometimes resulted in an uneasy eclecticism, in which different styles clashed and were not synthesized. This set explains who Byard is and what he does better than its predecessors did. "New Orleans Strut," "Spanish Tinge, #2," "A Basin Street Ballad," and an affectionate version of "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?" relate to his appearance last year at the New Orleans Jazzfest, which obviously made a strong impression upon him. Virtuosity, emotional warmth, compositional ability, and a grasp of different idioms are all displayed in a well-ordered program. Perhaps another time Prestige will give us his interpretations of Gottschalk?
Jimmy Forrest: *The Best of Jimmy Forrest.* Forrest, tenor saxophone; with trio, quartet, quintet, and octet. Prestige stereo, 7712, $4.98.	This is one of a "Best of..." series devoted to tenor saxophonists whom Prestige recorded extensively. Other similarly well-chosen sets are by Gene Ammons (7708), Arnett Cobb (7711), and Willis Jackson (7702). Although not notably original, Forrest is a curiously satisfying player. He has a husky, vibrant tone, and he successfully mates something of Coleman Hawkins's drive with Lester Young's phraseology. On the opening track, his is the first solo, the second and third being by King Curtis and Oliver Nelson, respectively. The selections suggest a desire to repay a debt to Duke Ellington, with whom Forrest was briefly associated. On the record reviewed, however, it is Ellington's "Rocks in My Bed" that follows "Perdido," and not "Bolo Blues" as listed on liner and label.
Coleman Hawkins: *Night Hawk.* Hawkins and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, tenor saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Prestige stereo, 7686, $4.98.	With one important exception, all these performances were previously issued on Swingville 2016. The exception is a fine version of "Lover" that runs nearly seven minutes. When these were recorded in 1960, we were more accustomed to finding taste and consistency on jazz records than we are today, and this music did not receive the attention it deserved, perhaps because such high standards were always expected of Hawkins. Certainly, Davis proves an admirable foil, providing bright, jaunty contrasts in style and tone with the weight and authority of the master's statements. Flanagan, long one of Hawkins's preferred accompanists, is in excellent form.
Shuggie Otis: *Here Comes Shuggie Otis.* Otis, guitar, vocal, piano, organ, celeste, and harpsichord; with orchestra; Johnny Otis and Roger Spotts, arrangers. Epic stereo, BN-26511, $4.98.	Although the fifteen-year-old Otis plays guitar impressively, this is an extremely disappointing set compared with *Cold Shot* (Kent 534), on which he made his debut last year. The integrity of the latter is almost everywhere missing. On the opening selection, for example, French horns and strings enter with supreme and hilarious illogicality, sounding for all the world like fugitives from a rehearsal of *Swan Lake.* Even more depressing is Columbia CS-9951, on which Otis is "introduced" by a rock producer named Al Kooper, the genius presumably responsible for one performance's being "electronically reproduced to recreate an old scratchy record."
Lonnie Smith: *Move Your Hand.* Smith, organ and vocal; Rudy Jones, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Larry McGee, guitar; Sylvester Goshay, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-84326, $5.98.	Recorded live in Atlantic City, this is less pretentious than and in most respects superior to Smith's last album (*Turning Point,* Blue Note BST-84313). One reason may be the presence of Cuber, an energetic, driving musician who formerly worked with Smith in George Benson's group, and who combines very effectively here with Jones. A sympathetic audience may also have helped. The organist sounds far more comfortable and relaxed, although his debut as a vocalist is not altogether auspicious. That of guitarist McGee is, however, full of promise.
Various Artists: *Master Jazz Piano, Volume I.* Earl Hines, Claude Hopkins, Cliff Jackson, Jay McShann, Sonny White, piano. Master Jazz stereo, MJR-8105, $5. (Postpaid: Master Jazz, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.)	With 1970 already an exceptional year for records of jazz piano, here is another album of outstanding interest. Each man plays a blues on the first side, a number of his own choice on the reverse. Born within three years of each other in the century's first decade, Jackson, Hopkins, and Hines are surprisingly dissimilar in their approach to the blues: the first formal, almost sedate, with a strong left hand; the second reflective and relatively gentle; and the third the most spontaneous and unpredictable. McShann and White, born ten or more years later, also surprise, the former in a joyous "Friday Strut" taken at a finger-breaking tempo that recalls Kansas City practices of the Thirties. White, now with Jonah Jones, makes the most of a solo opportunity such as he never previously had on records. His poised, musicianly performance reflects his admiration for both Teddy Wilson and Fats Waller. The second side, just as fascinating, begins with "I Got Rhythm" by Hines, who shows how much can still be done with this old favorite despite its harmonic simplicity.
Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson: *The Original Cleanhead.* Vinson, vocal and alto saxophone; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Artie Butler, piano and organ; Joe Pass, David Cohen, guitars; Arthur Wright, bass; Earl Palmer, drums. BluesTime stereo, BTS-9007, $4.98.	Vinson, who came to the fore in Cootie Williams's big band during the Forties, is still a powerful and enjoyable blues artist. He retains the humorous, hiccuping catch in his voice several singers from Texas affected during that period, and his blues are all concerned with women —never with social, economic, military, or political problems. In the last vocal track, he sings in a more romantic fashion, and unexpectedly challenges Joe Williams on his own ground. He is also a very capable saxophonist, which probably accounts for the sureness of his phrasing as a singer. —Stanley Dance.

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Lerner and Duke Revisited

Ben Bagley's staunch contention that he is "incurably insane" (see liner credits) has incontrovertible substantiation in his issuing, in this time of *Hair, Oh! Calcutta!* and *Promises, Promises,* of two new discs in his "Revisited" series: *Alan Jay Lerner Revisited* (CR 1337, $5.98) and *Vernon Duke Revisited* (CR 1342, $5.98). But the mania may be an infectious one, to judge from my response to their pleasure content. There may well be thousands of other equally susceptible past-seekers who recall when a musical show began, irrationally enough, with music.

To some new on the scene a volume entitled *Alan Jay Lerner Revisited* may suggest a dipping into *Paint Your Wagon* or *Brigadoon* as preludes to the great words for the great music in *My Fair Lady, Gigi,* and *Camelot.* However, to Ben Bagley, whose enterprise has added Lerner and Duke to his previous successes with Porter and Rodgers-Hart, it really means what it says—a back-dating of the Lerner talents to such shows as *Love Life* (1948) in collaboration with Kurt Weill, onward and backward to *The Day Before Spring* with the indispensable Loewe (1945), and also a bit from the score from *Royal Wedding* (1951) with his most recent collaborator, Burton Lane (*On a Clear Day*).

Lest there be some misunderstanding of the content, it should be emphasized that these are all products of specially organized studio sessions, not dubbings or compilations from some issues of the remote past.

As is necessarily the case where the music comes from different sources, it is variable both in style and quality. Weill's "Progress" and "Economics" are somewhat more excellent Broadway than top Weill, but Loewe's "I Love You This Morning," "This Is My Holiday," and "You Haven't Changed at All" are decidedly his own. Throughout, the connecting link is provided by the adroit and resourceful word-spinning of Lerner, which is clearly related to the literate as well as the literary values of Ira Gershwin, Larry Hart, and Howard Dietz.

In the culling of Duke, reaching back to the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1934,* the continuing line is provided, of course, by the music. Duke was not fortunate, ever, to have a permanent connection with a single lyric writer (Ira Gershwin was one great one for "I Can't Get Started," as E. Y. Harburg was another for "April in Paris"), but the musical vein was solid for the mining, whether the show project faltered or prospered, or the writer of the moment was Ogden Nash, Ted Fetter, or the previously mentioned Mr. Dietz.

Both discs abound in excellent performances, beginning in Duke's case with "The Theatre Is a Lady" led by Jack Haskell and ending with "That Moment of Moments" (again with Haskell), with Tammy Grimes ("If You Can't Get the Love You Want"), and Joan Rivers ("Life's a Funny Present") along the way. With Lerner, the Bagley stock company of Blossom Dearie, Roddy McDowell, Jerry Orbach, and Nancy Walker reaches levels of suitability often lacking in "original cast" presentations. As much may be said for Norman Paris, whose arrangements regularly surpass their "authentic" predecessors. For those whose lives have been, of late years, blighted by the lack of new shows in the great tradition of old, such departed delights as the Lerner-Loewe "The Day Before Spring" or Duke's "Low and Lazy" (both sung by Blossom Dearie) will be a source of sustenance until the real (new) thing comes along.

—Irving Kolodin.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Mephisto and the FCC

HARD-NOSED LAWYERS at the FCC are chuckling over a gentle irony contained in a request filed recently at the commission. The request asks that a nonprofit, black and white citizens group be allowed to operate television station WLBT in Jackson, Mississippi, pending the selection of a new licensee in a coming comparative hearing. It was the FCC's handling of this case that drew from Warren Burger—then a judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, District of Columbia—the sharpest judicial rebuke in the commission's history. In overruling the FCC, and vacating the license of the incumbent owner, Justice Burger wrote: "The administrative conduct reflected in this record is beyond repair." He referred specifically to the hostility shown by the FCC to the Public Intervenors in the case, the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ.

Now comes the same church offering the commission an attractive chance to redeem itself and to bring some good out of the six-year mess for both black and white citizens in the WLBT area. The church office is financing Communications Improvement, Inc., the local Jackson group that has offered to operate the station on an interim basis. The group wants to improve race relations in the South and to demonstrate that a station can program imaginatively in the public interest and still make money. It includes among the black and white incorporators noted figures in journalism and broadcasting, educators, churchmen, a hotel operator, and other businessmen in the Jackson area. They plan to turn over all profits from the temporary operation of WLBT to other "nonprofit organizations engaged in activities relating to broadcasting primarily in Mississippi."

One-half would go to the development of educational TV in the state, and one-half to "a predominantly Negro college in Mississippi to train blacks in communications techniques." The group would have no influence or control over the program content of either the ETV station that it chose to support or the college program. From the FCC's viewpoint, support of ETV in Mississippi, at a time of crisis for the state's public school system in the desegregation battle, is certainly in the public interest; the training of black communicators is related significantly to the larger uses of broadcasting, which the commission is constrained by statute to promote. The commission has other options, of course, in providing for interim operation of WLBT, but it is difficult to see how they could outweigh the benefits of the plan proposed by Communications Improvement, Inc. One alternative would be to allow a consortium of the five new applicants for the license to operate the station temporarily on some nonprofit basis. It is doubtful that such a consortium could turn over all profits to purposes *pro bono publico*.

New applicants, when sharing an interim operation (rather than allow the station to go off the air), tend to drag out comparative hearings to the last bitter delay, allowing the partners to gain profits and their lawyers to stretch their fees. In fact, this is how comparative hearings in such instances are financed. Even if the consortium were willing to forgo some or all profits, it is hardly likely that the partners would be willing to program as innovatively as Communications Improvement, Inc., for they would be reluctant to set so high a standard of programing that its continuation, once a winner was chosen, would involve less profit-making opportunity. To permit Lamar Life Insurance Company, the holders of the vacated license, to operate WLBT in the interim period—on any basis—would be unconscionable, given the commission's alternatives. The vacated licensee is, indeed, in the Appellate Court now, trying desperately to hold on to its status as a renewal and not as a new applicant.

The FCC, regardless of the outcome of that appeal, has the power to order the present owners of WLBT to negotiate immediately with Communications Improvement, Inc., for the lease of its studios and transmitter. The nonprofit interim operator, if its offer were accepted by the commission, would probably retain the present staff, even to the management level—thus removing any threat to the current employees during the period of the comparative hearings. There really ought to be no delay. The offer of the United Church of Christ's Office of Communication — whose director, the Reverend Everett C. Parker, has shepherded the six-year battle through the FCC and the courts—has poetic justice and a Christian spirit. It breathes of reconciliation and the public interest.

Goethe's Mephistopheles, when he presented himself to Faust, described himself as "a part of that force which always wills the bad, yet always achieves the good." Any resemblance between Mephisto and the FCC is purely coincidental, but there is an aptness to the role in this particular instance that invites the playing of it.

CORRECTION: Due to an editorial misunderstanding, a sentence in Mr. Shayon's column of February 28 entitled "Clout Bout" that dealt with the coming FCC hearings on the Channel 11 (WPIX)/Forum Communications, Inc., case incorrectly read: "At the hearing, the FCC's Broadcast Bureau will weigh the charges of news distortion, following its own investigation." The sentence should have read: "The FCC's own Broadcast Bureau will 'prosecute' the news distortion information and allegations at the hearings, following the bureau's own investigation of the charges." The Commission's Broadcast Bureau does, in fact, play the "prosecutor" in this phase of the hearings; the judge is the Hearing Examiner. The "investigation" occurs before the start of the hearings.

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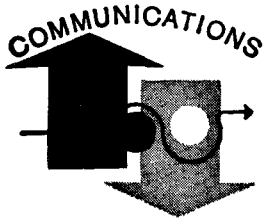

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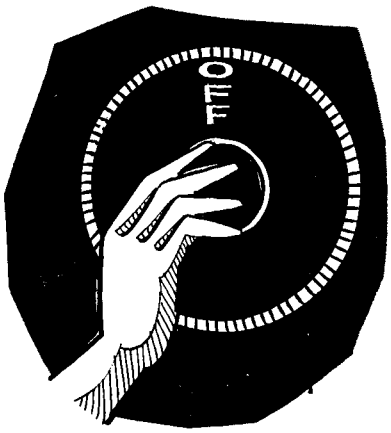

Five Acts of Violence Per Hour

Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island wrote recently in *TV Guide*: "Television is not the only villain, but anyone who suggests that it has no power to influence the actions of people is either dangerously obtuse or deliberately evasive." In the same publication, Professor Martin Maloney of Northwestern said: "If anything is poisoning our lives and weakening our society, it is reality—and not the fabrications of television writers and producers." So the battle rages still.

Thomas P. F. Hoving, retiring chairman of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, an organization formed to end the threat to our children's values, taste, and sensitivity posed by prevailing television patterns, states flatly that 95 per cent of all prime time regularly scheduled programing undermines, rather than reinforces, those values that any normal parents would wish to impart to their children as responsible members of society. At the present time, says Mr. Hoving, $52-billion in public funds is being spent annually on public education. He adds: "Yet the 22,000 hours of television that an average American child will watch before the age of eighteen will undo at night all that we have done with our tax dollars during the day." Mr. Hoving says that, while the child is "receiving 50 per cent more of his basic education and initial impressions in front of a television set than he will in the classroom, he will be witnessing five acts of violence for every viewing hour."

Latest to enter the lists against violence on TV is the American Lutheran Church, which has just told its 2.5 million members that children can acquire false standards, false values, false images of reality and a propensity for violence by watching television. On the other hand, the ALC from months of research on the impact of TV on youthful minds concludes that it's up to parents to decide, in each home, whether the TV their offspring absorb is stimulating, informative, and educational rather than violence-producing and desensitizing. The ALC's conclusion is that the most important button on a TV set, in these days of unending and pervasive cruelty and violence over the air, is the "off" switch.

Last October we published an editorial in these pages entitled "When Violence Begets Violence." Richard M. Kaul's freshman English classes in the John Edwards School at Port Edwards, Wisconsin, used the editorial as the basis of a class discussion, and, in the end, almost all of the students disagreed with the premise of the piece. Mr. Kaul sent the students' letters on to us, and the consensus appeared to be that most young people believe they remain unaffected by blood and thunder on television. Many felt as did Frances McGinley: "I think it is the home environment which forms many of our criminals today. If the home environment of a child is good, then television should have little, if any, influence on that child." Susan McTavish said that "a normal child will be satisfied to enjoy the exciting events on television and let it go at that." On the other hand, Mike Barsanti put it this way: "Yes, children will watch a program and go out and pretend they are the characters in that program. But if the child is not taught in the right way to respect the law and morals of people, it is just as much the parents' fault that he or she has turned out this way." Sheila Bentz said: "I watch shows with violence in them, and it doesn't affect me or my friends in any way. I feel they are no worse than other shows they have that are sexy and dirty."

What we said in October and on many an occasion before and since is that two things happen when brutal-

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ity and violence fill the home screen every hour on the hour. The first is that any feeling of sensitivity, of revulsion or shock or, sometimes, even sympathy for the unfortunate victim of continuous, brutal TV violence is quickly neutralized by repetition. In other words, many of the children in Mr. Kaul's class may already have been mesmerized to believe that it doesn't matter what you do to a person because it happens all the time on TV, and, anyway, there's no real connection between shadowplay and reality. The other point is the disastrous waste of time and talent, and of the child's many hours in front of the TV set when, as Mr. Hoving points out, he will be subjected to five acts of violence per hour on an average. Not only has our national sensitivity been blunted when it comes to the infliction of pain and discomfort on others, but an almost frightening parallel is already apparent with the expanding brutality of ancient Rome where, little by little, the most unspeakable torments that can be inflicted on the human body were gradually exposed to public view in the Colosseum and other public arenas to satisfy an ever increasing public appetite for sadistic spectacle.

What we have been trying to say to the freshman English class in Port Edwards, and to anyone else who will listen, is a quite simple truth but one not always obvious to the young since they have no way of comparing their lives with the lives of other generations at their age. The truth is that this new generation is already brighter, more aware, better informed, and more thoroughly brutalized than their fathers and their fathers' fathers were. The vigilante effect from unending Westerns in which people take the law into their own hands echoes in screaming violence that suspends the right of someone with whom students disagree from having his say. Cruelty to animals among old and young, violent acts by children scarcely old enough to lift a weapon, unrestrained use of stimulants and narcotics, simplistic solutions for ill-defined issues, overdramatic views of "crises" that are not crises at all, popularity of soothsayers' answers to rational questions—these antics identify modern society to a most alarming degree when one remembers Roman history and its deadly parallels. And the mass media, of which TV is the foremost, cannot escape at least some, and maybe most, of the responsibility for having pushed us a long way back to Rome from what was once potentially a rational, viable, democratic way of living. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Switching Off TV Commercials

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "Spots Before Our Eyes" [*SR*, Feb. 14] was a much needed protest against the flood of commercials invading the privacy of our homes. He says: "On TV, they [the viewers] *must* hear and see the ads, unless they are energetic enough to turn them off." Well, in my home it doesn't take much energy. Simply flipping a switch at the end of a cord attached to the sound mechanism provides an effective ear-saving blab-off. Of course, one has to *watch* the ad in order to be prepared to let the show go on, but one can do that out of the corner of one's eye.

(Rev.) ELBRIDGE F. STONEHAM,
Newfields, N.H.

IT WAS WITH a great deal of personal satisfaction that I read R.L.T.'s editorial on the stupidity and perfidy of commercial TV. I suspect, however, that the great masses of viewers not only don't mind the commercials, but, in fact, may even believe them. I base this feeling on the belief that what is not acceptable to the majority soon falls by the wayside. If the products didn't sell, the commercials and the miserable programs would be replaced.

I have long felt that the population of America usually gets what it wants, and manages to demolish the rest as, for instance, going way back—the show *Aluminum, Ltd.*, and later *That Was the Week That Was*. Many splendid shows bit the dust for lack of viewers. For my money, the general public taste and sensitivity *stink*. On today's shows, some of the commercials are more interesting and intelligent than the so-called performance.

It is too bad that TV is not used as it should be—for education and cultural enrichment. Most viewers don't give a damn about either—they merely prefer shows to drink beer by and to drown out their everyday miseries. Will the day come when our citizens will reach a higher level of true education, and be in a position to demand intelligent programing and advertising that don't insult the sensibilities?

MRS. DOROTHY HERSHMAN,
Cornwells Heights, Pa.

ONE OF THE most blatant cases of "Spots Before Our Eyes" was CBS-TV's showing of the film *Elmer Gantry*. Through the "miracle" of film editing, this two-hour-forty-minute film was cut to two and a half hours, including all commercials and station breaks. Counting commercial time, this would have eliminated approximately a half hour from the original film. Missing was the prostitution scene that won Shirley Jones an Academy Award. Without this scene, the film lost much of its meaning. This is a typical end result of those spots before our eyes.

R.L.T.'s editorial sufficiently presented the problem, but offered little in the way of a solution. I would recommend as one alternative that stations double the cost of their spots and concurrently present half as many. Thus, a commercial would have double the impact on viewers with only half as many interruptions. People should pressure the FCC to remedy this situation. As long as the TV public remains apathetic, those spots before our eyes will become fixated.

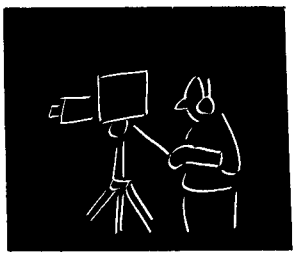
IRVIN M. HASS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

THE PRIZE for "nauseating vulgarity" on TV in 1969 has to go to an episode on *To Tell the Truth*, in which a lady alligator wrestler was the mystery guest, and the poor little beast, fettered and trussed within an inch of its life, had no chance against the lady in the post-identification demonstration. This patent cruelty to a helpless animal did not seem to appall Kitty Carlisle, who was too wrapped up in the latest fashion, or Orson Bean, who was still laughing at his own "wit," but Bill Cullen and Gary Moore were, I think, a bit taken aback by the spectacle.

HENRY J. FREYLIGER,
New York, N.Y.

I HAVE JUST gone through a long season of football TV, and there is still peace in the family. Perhaps some of *SR*'s other readers might like to know my simple system for future use.

At the start of each game, I keep the volume on only long enough to find out



which team is wearing dark shirts. The newspaper prints the line-up with the teams' numbers, and that's all I need to enjoy the game without the constant and repetitious chatter of the experts. During the commercials I read. This system works just as well with all other sports.

SIDNEY COVAN,
New York, N.Y.

Is Advertising a Profession?

I LIKE Walter Weir as a friend and former ad agency associate, but I disagree with his efforts over many years and in "What Is an Advertising Agency?" [MADISON AVENUE, *SR*, Jan. 17] to dignify advertising as a profession. As long as agencies and their clients, in too many instances, promote permissible lies and ridicule of the public, permissible in their view because they think it will produce greater profits, then advertising merits little respect as a business, let alone as a profession. Truthful, informative advertising contributes to the economy, but *bad*vertising, which deceives and insults the intelligence, under-

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mines the national morality and performs a profound disservice to society.

SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER,
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

WALTER WEIR is certainly qualified to answer his own query: "What Is an Advertising Agency?" And I agree with everything he had to say about the confusion, uncertainty, and fierce ferment now bedeviling both agencies and their clients. It is for these very reasons, however, that his question deserves to be answered.

Why are managements, government, our youth, and embattled consumers alike now scrutinizing advertising as perhaps never before? Could it be because the industry has not redefined itself in the light of contemporary developments?

Every industry needs the power of a basic concept or idea to sustain it. But that idea is usually derived from its most visible or dominant (or most needed) products, and as an industry becomes increasingly successful and complex, it can easily lose sight of what it is and where it is going. And so despite their growth, the proud, dedicated, and vital agencies with which America is blessed now seem to have lost—at least temporarily—their sense of mission and purpose.

Why have so many other outside services usurped what Mr. Weir calls "the place they [the agencies] once enjoyed in splendid isolation"? Why do agencies keep addressing themselves to narrower and narrower sectors of total communications' needs and budgets? And have they truly identified for what they are now most needed by business, and by the larger society of which all are a part?

Make no mistake about it, the next decade is destined to become "the Societal Seventies." In this era of instant—and total – communication, agencies would seem to be more important than ever before to top business executives who (in addition to fulfilling their inexorable growth and profit goals) are determined to demonstrate social responsibility and the ability of business to solve problems of all kinds. What is an agency's proper role in all of this? I'm not sure that meaningful clues can be found in terms of just an advertising agency. Perhaps it would help to rephrase Weir's question thusly: What must a great advertising agency always know more about—and do more of—than any other organization? The answers then become simple. Deceptively simple, as "truth" always is. These six are—and always have been—the most important:

1) A great advertising agency must be a repository for the most authoritative, complete, and integrated knowledge available about mankind. Or, if you will, the human condition.

2) It must possess and pursue the most skilled expertise available (in both empirical and hypothetical areas) on how human beings absorb information and conviction, and how they communicate with each other most directly and with the least misunderstanding.

3) It must experiment constantly with how to best mesh these two fields of skills and knowledge so as to be able to communicate faster and with greater certainty via all appropriate vehicles.

4) It must get results for those whom it serves, and be able to prove the same.

5) It must employ a large part (perhaps even the major part) of its expertise and energies in dedicated "midwife" fashion to help usher in the future. And its talents should always be available at cost or gratis to good causes if economically feasible.

6) It must constantly demonstrate and practice to perfect its knowledge of people and communications—and its own integrity as an organization—in its day-to-day relationships with its own people, its clients, its suppliers, the industry's professional societies, and the various communities of which it is a part.

Were an agency truly to do these things as best it knows how, were an agency to innovate in these areas and forget other siren lures, most of its problems would solve themselves.

What is an advertising agency? The only possible answer for the 1970s is: "An organization expert at interpreting mankind to mankind—in the service of improving society." And that, I submit, is a high calling, indeed! May God make Madison Avenue worthy of it.

PAUL E. FUNK,
New York, N.Y.

View from the Postal Worker

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "Patronage, Privilege, and Postal Service" [*SR*, Jan. 17] reveals a certain lack of communication. Not many facts are getting through, but a lot of propaganda is. Former Postmaster General O'Brien, now actively promoting the Postal Corporation, was quoted as having recently said, "If the country's telephone system were run the same way as the Post Office Department, the carrier pigeon would have a great future." In October 1967, when he was Postmaster General, O'Brien pointed with pride to a Roper survey indicating that 95 per cent of all Americans were satisfied with the postal service. He said, "I fully agree that the mail service is good now. We have said that all along, and we are pleased that the American people agree with us." Is it possible that Mr. O'Brien is a self-serving political loser seeking a cushy job?

There is a persistent myth concerning postal unions. Calling them "as strong a lobby group as ever fed upon Capitol Hill," and again "the most formidable lobby on Capitol Hill," Tobin admits, "wage scales on the outside are generally better than anything a postal employee can look forward to." How does he reconcile the awesome power of postal unions with the inadequacy of postal salaries? The truth is that postal workers have always been paid less than a living wage. I was with the Post Office for twenty-seven years, and I never knew a fellow employee who didn't moonlight, have a wife that worked, or else teeter on the slippery edge of poverty.

The Postal Corporation may sound fine to outsiders, but it doesn't look good to postal workers. We would lose the security of Civil Service, we would no longer be able to appeal to Congress, and we would not gain the right to strike, which is really the only effective way to deal with a private corporation.

J. B. CURRAN, JR.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Training English Journalists

RE: John Tebbel's "Can Journalism Schools Improve the Press?" [*SR*, Jan. 17]. I am afraid Mr. Tebbel has some erroneous ideas regarding the training of journalists in England. He is correct in his reference to the regrettable fact that so far "every effort to make journalism education a part of university training has failed," though some of us who have been concerned with these efforts have not by any means given up hope. As far as I know —and I have been personally involved as a past chairman of Britain's National Council for the Training of Journalists—there has been no opposition from newspaper proprietors or trade unions, as is stated in Tebbel's article.

It is true that the NCTJ (with Mr. Alec Newman as its director) is now working under the aegis of the Printing and Publishing Industry Training Board, but it is vigorously pursuing its original policies for the training of young journalists that involve carefully planned courses, including the new and popular one-year pre-entry course for selected applicants with specified educational qualifications. There is certainly no truth whatever in Tebbel's assertion that on-the-job training for young journalists "may soon disappear in the new educational bureaucracy controlling British universities." Frankly, I do not understand this statement at all; it does not make sense, as on-the-job training is not controlled by the NCTJ and, in any event, has nothing whatever to do with British universities since, as yet, they are not involved in journalism education.

FLORENCE K. CLEMETSON,
Editor-in-chief, *Kent and Sussex Courier*,
Tunbridge Wells, England.

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Have the News Media Become Too Big to Fight?

by ALAN M. ADELSON

Though they weren't reporting it on their newscasts or in their columns, the giants of the American news media were receiving strange subpoenas between October and February. The documents demanded that television networks and stations, newspapers, and magazines turn over to grand juries in several states the raw materials of their reporting about the Black Panthers and the SDS Weathermen. The subpoenas were shockingly broad because they seemed to be based on the assumption that everything the news media turn up in the course of their work is fair game for use in controversial investigations and prosecutions. Such an assumption means that the privilege of secrecy between a priest and his confessor or a psychiatrist and his patient cannot also be guaranteed to a reporter and his news source.

Somehow, during those four months, the news media neglected to defend fully the right to privacy with their sources. Faced with legal demands that they cooperate with the government, several of the most prominent news institutions actually turned over films and reporters, accounts of interviews and disturbances. For weeks they kept their part in the investigations secret, even at times misleading one another. The result was that each thought it was essentially alone and without any choice in the situation.

Finally, the news of what had been happening with the news broke at the end of January. Media executives saw they hadn't been alone in the issue after all, and decided their vital methods of news gathering had been threatened. And so at last came the traditional statements defending freedom of the press from government intrusion and harassment. The deans of journalism schools and civil libertarians joined in, and eventually Attorney General John Mitchell admitted that the subpoenas had been something of a mistake in the first place.

Although much still remains unreported about what happened inside those media offices during the four-month subpoena siege, executives are now admitting that they made some dangerous mistakes by not digging in for a defense of the traditional independence of news organizations. And as they ponder the difficult legal questions raised by the subpoenas, they are also beginning to confront this disturbing possibility: The burgeoning of the news media into great corporate complexes has brought with it tremendous handicaps that hinder them in waging the age-old battle to defend basic freedoms.

That at least is what a review of what can be learned of the media's response to the subpoenas seems to show. In the early days of mass American media there were gigantic journalistic empires. But there was no question who was running them. And while William Randolph Hearst or Joseph Pulitzer may have made a practice of sacrificing journalistic purity to promote journalistic prosperity, the choice was theirs. But when *Time* magazine in October received a subpoena demanding its files on a rampage by Weathermen in Chicago, it immediately turned the question over to its corporate attorneys. According to several accounts, the lawyers saw not only no alternative to complying with the subpoenas but little reason not to. As Barton Clausen of the American Civil Liberties Union puts it: "Corporate attorneys don't even know about press freedom." While that judgment may be a bit harsh, the accepted practice for media attorneys is to worry about protecting first profits and the stockholder interests, and then the freedoms and prerogatives of the journalists.

"We simply didn't regard the situation back then as seriously as we do now that we know the full magnitude of the number of subpoenas that were issued," admits Donald M. Wilson, vice president of Time, Inc., in charge of its corporate and public affairs. "We now wish we hadn't given the stuff over to the government."

One of the chief reasons *Time* gave in the first time, Mr. Wilson indicates, is that it didn't recognize from its own subpoena that it was faced with a whole new relationship between the government and the press. "We regarded it as a rare, onetime case. Now that we are confronted with a great number of similar subpoenas, the situation seems very different."

Ironically, *Time* was actually notified that it wasn't alone in the situation. In a rare bit of communication between two bitter rivals, an editor at *Newsweek* called his counterparts over at *Time* in October to say his shop had been subpoenaed and to inquire if *Time* had also been asked to provide evidence. But because the subpoena was considered a purely legal matter at *Time*, its editors didn't even know about the subpoena, which was in the hands of the magazine's lawyers. No, the *Time* editors said, we haven't heard anything. And *Newsweek*, after casting about for someone to make their stand with, began to go it alone in secret talks with the Justice Department.

Officials at the Columbia Broadcasting System admit that an internecine conflict broke out between the news department and the corporate lawyers over whether the network should deliver its films and notes on the Black Panthers. Knowing nothing of the possibility that a subpoena was coming before it arrived, CBS News President Richard S. Salant suddenly found himself confronted on Friday, January 16, with two Secret Service officers and a subpoena demanding he hand over by the following Monday all the film and tape shot for a report on the Black Panthers that had been broadcast on the program *60 Minutes*.

As far as Mr. Salant is concerned, the question of compliance with the subpoena was still being debated (he strongly opposed handing over anything) when it was decided they ought at least to get the footage in question together. And the network's archivist, having been instructed to gather up the films and tapes called for in the subpoena, mistakenly thought he was also supposed to hand them over when a few days later the Secret Servicemen again appeared and demanded them. "I'd like to get it all back, but I

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don't know how," says Mr. Salant plaintively.

But like *Time* and *Newsweek*, CBS made no public mention of the whole business. By one account, attorneys for all three companies not only advised against any hope of winning a court battle but suggested that everyone keep the whole question quiet. But a week later Jack Gould, the enterprising television reporter for *The New York Times*, learned at a party that CBS had been subpoenaed. He called Mr. Salant, who readily admitted the subpoena had come, although even he apparently still didn't know of the mixed-up compliance. If I have my way, he told the reporter, we'll fight it. The *Times* ran the story on page one—fair notification for the other besieged publications that they weren't the only ones subpoenaed. And so when *Times* reporters called to ask if rumors that they had also been subpoenaed were true, both *Time* and *Newsweek* confirmed it.

"We didn't make it public ourselves, because we were fighting, and we didn't want to put ourselves in an untenable position," says *Newsweek*'s news editor, Hal Bruno. "I thought it would have been in bad taste, or unethical, to do a story we ourselves were involved in. We didn't want to try our own case in our own news columns." But *Newsweek* ended up doing a story in its own pages once the issue broke, and Mr. Bruno says if the magazine is again subpoenaed it might decide "to fight it in the news" from the beginning.

Newsweek wasn't giving the Justice Department what it was demanding very willingly. After stalling until the U.S. Attorney's office threatened a contempt proceeding, *Newsweek*'s editors and lawyers handed over the files on the Weathermen's disturbances. But *Newsweek* was deeply concerned over the whole issue of violating the confidences of its sources, and so, by their own description, the reporters and editors "scissored" out of the files any identification of the people who had spoken to them "off the record." Convinced it was in an unwinnable legal battle, *Newsweek* fell back on its "prepared position."

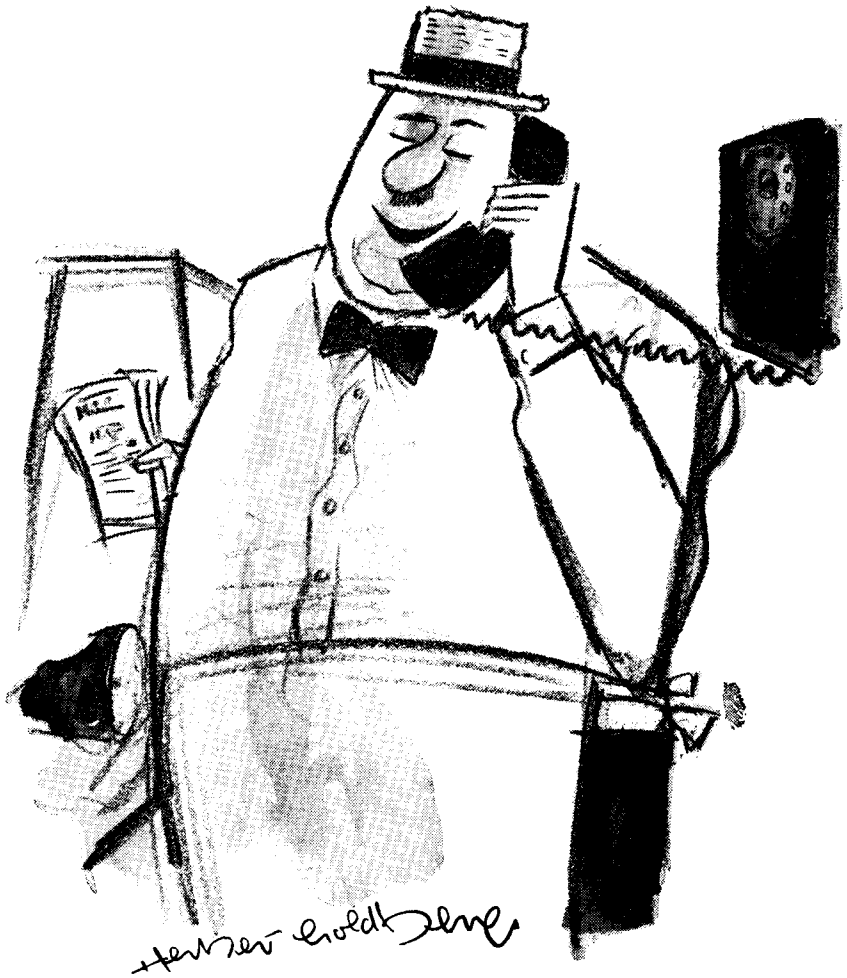
The matter is hardly a foolish or petty one. Privacy is as essential in news gathering as it is in the confessional or a doctor's office. Without its being guaranteed, the system simply won't work. News sources constantly insist that their identities not be revealed before they consent to tell what they know and believe. Ironically, government officials are perhaps touchiest in this respect. That's why so much news is mysteriously attributed to "high officials." The practice is so common hardly anyone questions it. Newsmen have always had to work like this. And since that's the way they have to work, they've always been vigilant about protecting their right to operate that way—even on occasion going to jail themselves rather than breaking a confidence and revealing who provided them with a particular piece of information.

It is easy to see how the system could be sabotaged by such subpoenas. What would happen, for instance, if the government's own device boomeranged back on it and the press were subpoenaed to make public its notes from an off-the-record briefing by the Attorney General on certain prosecutions? Not only could the official be deeply embarrassed, but in all likelihood he'd cut out that sort of briefing altogether. And the public would end up that much more ignorant of what transpires within the Justice Department.

But strong arguments have been made in condemning *Newsweek* for accepting its lawyers' advice and delivering anything other than its own published reports. Sidney Zion, who was once an assistant U.S. attorney himself and who has now launched a new investigative magazine, says any compliance is tantamount to support. He was forced to testify as a prosecution witness when the government tried Dr. Benjamin Spock and others last year for conspiring against the draft, he recalls. Nearly fifty reporters were called and asked, in effect, merely to verify what they had written for their publications. Mr. Zion was a reporter for the *Times* at the time, and to him it seemed the government's chief purpose in forcing him to appear was to make it look as if the prestigious *New York Times* supported the prosecution. "I was there to lend the name of the *Times* to the case against Dr. Spock," he says.

When the issue arose last year, Zion suggested to an editor at the *Times* that his being subpoenaed to appear at the Spock trial was a violation of the First Amendment guarantees of press freedom, he recalls. But he says he was told not to make an issue of it and to answer.

Things were very different when, after the CBS, *Time*, and *Newsweek* subpoenas had come to light (along with several other similar demands for reportage), Earl Caldwell of the *Times* was subpoenaed on February 2



"This is Stan Hinkle, your friendly neighborhood butcher If you don't pay your bill, I'll see you in court."

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to testify before a grand jury in San Francisco investigating the Black Panther Party. Unlike its media colleagues, the *Times* printed the story immediately and noted it had asked for the advice of its attorneys. Finally, the next day, the *Times*, CBS, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and others went on record as deploring the threats to press freedom that the subpoenas represented. The *Times* indicated its lawyers were backing Caldwell and were looking for a way to prevent the subpoenas from throwing up a barrier between reporters and their sources.

And in a flood came the somewhat hedging declarations from other news organizations of their intent to fight the next unjustified subpoena to hit them. "It is the intention of CBS to contest demands of this nature as soon as appropriate cases are presented. We have instructed our attorneys to proceed accordingly," said Dr. Frank Stanton, president of that network.

"It will be this company's policy to analyze each subpoena carefully and weigh its relevance to trial proceedings or criminal actions. Should we believe that there is no immediate relevance and that a law enforcement body is on a 'fishing expedition' for information, we will take appropriate legal action to contest the subpoena," said Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief of *Time*.

"Under pressure of subpoena we may be legally compelled to submit our files, but we believe that all confidential sources must and will be protected. We have been subpoenaed at various times by both the government and the defense, and our position has been consistent. We have not revealed the identity of confidential sources to anyone, and we intend to resist by all the means at our disposal any unwarranted uses of subpoena power," declared Osborn Elliott, editor-in-chief of *Newsweek*.

Interestingly, in their statements neither *Time* nor CBS noted their own previous capitulations to subpoenas. In fact, CBS by that time had received a second subpoena, this one asking for every bit of footage it had shot of the Weathermen. The network still hasn't indicated if that subpoena is one its lawyers deem "appropriate" to contest.

There is little agreement about whether or not the media could win a legal battle over rights to remain out of a judicial investigation. The Supreme Court has never ruled on such a case, though lower courts have gone against the media in most of the precedents. But not all attorneys are as pessimistic as the media's own law firms on the chances for a favorable ruling that would defend the media's right to refuse to act as arms of the prosecuting process. And some experts are already deploring the stalemate that has resulted in the controversy with the Attorney General's vaguely pledging to "negotiate" with the media over what will be subpoenaed.

"We cannot leave the defense of freedom of the press solely to the whims of corporate officers and lawyers of the media," says Frank Askin, a professor of law at Rutgers University and a former journalist. "We the people of the United States gave the media the protection of the First Amendment, not to strengthen their bargaining position or to enhance their profits, but to play the necessary role of disseminating information."

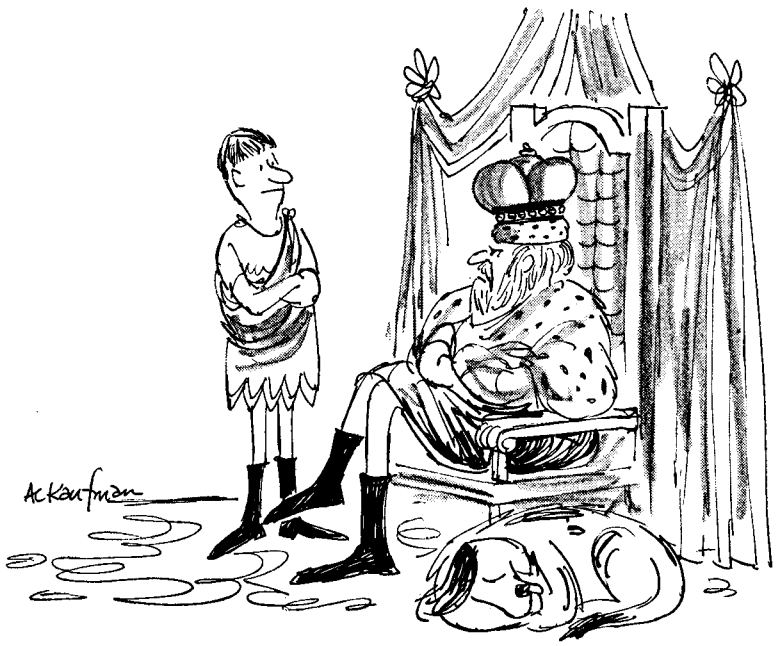
In a treatise to be published in *Inside Media* by Media Mobilization, a group of New York journalists concerned about the declining independence of the media, Professor Askin outlines possible legal grounds for fighting subpoenas such as those issued for information on the Panthers and Weathermen.

Federal subpoenas must be "reasonable," according to law, and "relevant to proper government concerns," he says. It could be argued then that the government has no proper interest in political and philosophical beliefs and associations such as are involved in the investigations of the two radical groups. "The question then becomes: Can the government compel the media to give it what it can't properly gather itself?" he says. "And that is a question which should not be left for negotiation between the media and the Justice Department."

But if such matters aren't to be left for the media and the government to negotiate, what are the alternatives? Askin raises the prospect of legislation ruling out subpoenas in the first place, or a landmark legal battle, which, if successful, could give the medium the right to decline to give evidence when it feels that by doing so it would be aligning itself with only one of the contesting elements of society and thereby be cutting itself off from the others.

But none of that really seems to solve the problems of how to cope with a news medium so burdened with corporate responsibilities that it won't bother to fight to defend itself. There are still a number of news organizations and individual journalists who take being subpoenaed to testify as a compliment rather than a threat. Like having their reportage read into the *Congressional Record*, being called into court is considered an acknowledgment that they have uncovered vital facts. Jack Mabley, associate editor and a daily columnist of *Chicago Today*, admits he saves all his subpoenas as mementos. "I still have a subpoena from 1939, when I was called by a grand jury investigating whorehouses in Champaign, Illinois," he notes.

And Norman E. Isaacs, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and executive editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, warns that the fight for journalistic freedom may not be up to the journalists to direct. "I get kind of truculent over things like these subpoenas, and I'd fight them. But I don't own the property. I'm the editor, but what happens when they serve the corporate types? I can't answer that."



"I don't mind being king. It's just that I look like that damned margarine commercial!"

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The Free Press Is on Trial

by JOHN HOHENBERG

There is widespread public dissatisfaction today with representative government and the imperfections of the system of free discussion and free press upon which its value ultimately depends.

In the third decade of the atomic age, when man has grasped the means of his own destruction, the governors have become too far removed from the governed in almost every land where self-government exists. The governed suspect, too, with good reason, that they often are being told too little and taxed too much.

When they feel there is a lack of sufficient information or understanding of their problems in the higher reaches of government, they, not unnaturally, attach to the press a share of the blame for their plight. And they are not always so terribly wrong. Before a war breaks out, or before people take to the streets to seek redress of their grievances, the press does have a positive duty to blast off with a warning trumpet call and make it loud and clear.

After an existence of nearly three centuries, therefore, the relationship between free peoples and a free press has been placed under increasing strain. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the free press is on trial in every open society, and its partnership with free peoples is being called into question by some of those who were once its strongest supporters. This may be tragic, but only the blindest of editors (and quite a few are still around) would deny it.

What has gone wrong? No one can be quite sure. In Western Europe, the British Commonwealth, Japan, and the United States, it is one of the commonplaces of public discourse to ascribe every difficulty to a "crisis of confidence" in the institutions of democratic society. This is a mouth-filling phrase that may cover any number of grievances, depending on the person or group involved, from the failure of the government of India to solve its food problem to the outrageous conduct of the young.

The common quality in such problems is that they are not easily solved. It is therefore difficult for either the governors or the governed to find anybody, outside each other, to blame for their troubles. Under the circumstances, a certain amount of critical fallout is bound to descend on the press. For one reason, it is a convenient and visible symbol of national torment; for another, over the years the press has become a ready target for the release of accumulated frustrations and abuse by all sides. Nobody has yet asked it to pay reparations for past indignities, but perhaps nobody has yet thought of it. Give them time. Almost anybody in or out of government these days, no matter how weak his leadership, can create a temporary impression that he is a veritable St. George by denouncing the press for crimes that are either fancied or real.

This is not to suggest that the press is in the process of being turned into a national scapegoat and the inheritor of original sin. In his unprincipled political attack on the news media for criticism of President Nixon, Vice President Agnew tried to rally public opinion against the press because it was too independent to suit him. He may have scared some editors, but on balance their numbers were few. For his was a pernicious attempt at intimidation that, being so rare in the United States, was quickly recognized by the press as a dangerous course for government and news media alike.

True, the Spironic attack drew cheers from the unthinking who rejoiced because someone in government had struck out against a stiff-necked press. But even among these zealots for autocratic conduct, a certain amount of doubt must have been raised by two subsequent moves—the use of government subpoenas that could have uncovered sources of press information about radical organizations and the infiltration of the Saigon press corps by military agents posing as newsmen. Of course, the government disavowed harmful intentions against the press. But doubts in such cases, once raised, are hard to put down.

The press, however, eventually will have to deal with the basic issue that Agnew and others in government have raised. For if it is the independent newspaper's contention that it is the principal common medium for discourse between the American government and the American people, then it cannot complain if it is blamed for clogged channels or an actual breakdown in communications between the governors and the governed. Certainly, television can't do the job in thirty minutes of newscasting or even an hour, a day. No network is going to bother very much about budgets, social security, new tax schedules, or excerpts from government debates on public welfare, education problems, or foreign aid. There may not be much sex in such stuff, as the saying goes, but it makes an enormous difference in peoples' lives.

News may be too important to be left to the newspaper, but it remains the only available medium that can provide news in sufficient volume and detail to make it understandable to the public every day.

What it all comes down to, in reality, is whether the daily newspaper, as presently constituted, is capable of publishing the news at the same time it is trying to get at the truth. The public, as is evidenced by the widespread use of the phrase "newspaper talk," long ago recognized that the two functions were not necessarily identical.

This is the nature of the communications gap that will have to be bridged in one way or another, in the United States and elsewhere. For people are weary in every self-governing land of the nonparliamentary aspects of parliamentary democracy, through which so much of the business of elected representatives is done behind closed doors, and of the evasions and half-truths that are, unfortunately, so much a part of accepted government procedures. People are, on the whole, not much interested any longer in the calculated and stage-managed events that masquerade under the headlines and on the tube as news. And this, in essence, is what rebellious youths on American campuses talk about when they ask their elders to "tell it like it is."

Of course the truth is hard to come by in the complicated modern world. But neither the elite of democratic governments nor the paladins of the press can shrug off public dissatisfaction by pleading that the job is difficult and perhaps even impossible to do to everybody's satisfaction. Two thousand years ago, nobody was satisfied, either, with Pontius Pilate's crafty evasion, "What is truth?"

This article is adapted from John Hohenberg's new book, "The Best Cause: Free Press-Free People," to be published in 1970 by Columbia University Press.

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Socrates had a better answer. When he was condemned to death on false charges in 399 B.C., he phrased the never ending quest for truth to his fellow Athenians in these immortal words:

> In me you have a stimulating critic, persistently urging you with persuasion and reproaches, persistently testing your opinion and trying to show you that you are really ignorant of what you suppose you know. Daily discussion of the matters about which you hear me conversing is the highest good for man. Life that is not tested by such discussion is not worth living.

When Socrates was obliged to drain the cup of hemlock, his fate sharply discouraged the practice of the art of the "stimulating critic" among the politicians in the Agora of ancient Athens. Nor are such people, regardless of their wisdom or lack of it, anymore popular in the modern world. In the closed society of the Soviet Union, they are generally packed off in the night to work camps or prisons. In the open societies of the West, every excuse from the needs of national security to the precipitous flight of officeholders to the country over the weekend may be invoked to escape the Socratic persuasion and reproaches, the persistent testing of opinion.

As for the news media, television will invite a few well-chosen and controversial nonconformists to perform now and then if they are capable of a good show and rapid talk. The press, of course, continues to publish a handful of letters to the editor daily, and usually more on Sundays. But for all practical purposes, public access to the news media is even more limited than public access to officeholders. Except in the smallest towns, government is very far removed from the people—and the big corporations are even more isolated.

If communication between the governors and the governed is to be restored and enlarged in democratic societies, if the testing of ideas is to be resumed as a matter of national policy and public necessity, the independent newspaper is the only available force that can set a proper example. Such newspapers of quality and conscience as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* have recognized the problem, but only to the extent of denying the government's right to force them to open their columns to dissenting opinions. The *Post-Dispatch* wrote:

> The newspaper (which is in no way licensed by the government as a broadcasting station) has an obligation to the community in which it is published to present fairly unpopular as well as popular sides of a question. Enforcing such a dictum by law is constitutionally impossible, and should be. As a practical matter, a newspaper which consistently refuses to give expression to viewpoints with which it differs is not likely to succeed, and doesn't deserve to.

This begs the question, in a way. The point is not to force newspapers by law or by codes of conduct, voluntary or not, into performing their proper duty. That is just as much a violation of the rights of the free press as the scattered attempts that have been made, here and there, to license reporters or revive taxes on news and other levies on knowledge. Nor can reasonable people differ with the *Post-Dispatch*'s conclusion that a newspaper

should not suppress unpopular opinions. The fact is that, despite a number of brilliant exceptions, too many newspapers in every open society still pay insufficient attention to minority causes and unpopular opinions generally. Righteousness is rationed in too large a section of the press, and the unpopular critics and the minorities are the first to say so.

It is no answer to contend that the press hasn't space enough to recognize the protests of every crack-brained agitator, the first response of many an outraged editor. The description could have been applied, among others, to Thomas Masaryk and Mahatma Gandhi, who had to start their own papers to put their views before the public. So did Lenin, for that matter.

The modern paper in the more prosperous democratic countries has space for everything from pants for women (pages of pictures, even in *The New York Times*) to the most voluminous and detailed reports on sports and the financial markets. Why cannot the human condition and the quality of life on this unhappy planet be treated just as frankly, honestly, and persistently? Why is it so difficult to stimulate the testing of ideas so that the practice will be pursued at every level of society and in every matter of importance to public opinion?

The British Press Council, which gives the public a better break in matters that require redress in the newspapers, has recovered from a poor beginning and has such wide support at home that the example has been followed in a half-dozen other lands. The mere excuse that the United States is "too big" can scarcely be considered sufficient for postponing a fair trial of the system. The first experiments in Bend, Oregon, and Seattle did not come off too badly. Nor are the extensions of the press council idea, Norman E. Isaacs's notion of a grievance committee, or the Scandinavian "courts of honor," without merit as procedures in which the public has at least a slight chance of communicating with its peers.

There are other proposals worth considering, as well. The Louisville *Times* and *Courier-Journal* have not exactly been forced to their knees, or otherwise lost their standing as independent publications, because they picked up the notion of employing an ombudsman, or public defender, to represent the public in the Swedish manner. And the Milwaukee *Journal*, owned by its employees, demonstrates anew the feasibility of diversifying membership of the boards of directors of newspapers, particularly when their stocks are offered to the public. *Le Monde*, *France-Soir*, *Stern*, and *Der Spiegel*, all publications of standing, have welcomed employee representation on their boards and made additional grants of power to them. Why not public representatives—and in particular *young* ones—on American newspaper boards?

Aside from changes in management practices, the newspapers could also look into the matter of a greater allotment of space—and time—in the shaping of public policy through public participation. What is really needed is an approach more imaginative than the letters to the editor—a public reporter. Philip Meyer—in his now-famous inquiries into the opinions of black communities in Detroit and Miami for the Detroit *Free Press* and Miami *Herald*—established the validity of this amalgam of sociology and journalism. Of course, it is expensive. It also takes journalists who are trained in the social sciences.

Whatever the method and however difficult it may prove to be, the revitalizing of the press is a matter of the first moment for the cause of representative government and the health of democratic society. The familiar words of Judge Learned Hand, in breaking down a local monopoly of the Associated Press in the United States, deserve to be framed over every editor's desk: "The First Amendment presupposes that right conclusions are more likely to be gathered out of a multitude of tongues than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and will always be, folly; but we have staked upon it our all."

This bulwark of free peoples will have to be rebuilt in our time, if freedom is to endure. That is, and must always be, the mission of a free press.

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What's the News?

by JOHN TEBBEL

As Joseph Medill, the Chicago *Tribune*'s publisher, lay dying on his ranch near San Antonio in March 1899, he raised himself on one elbow, so the no doubt apocryphal story goes, and with his final breath inquired, "What's the news?"

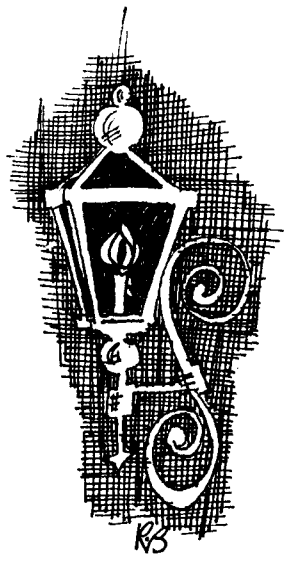
Among noted last words, Medill's must rank with the most appropriate. What more could be asked of a man who was one of the great publishers of his time? Yet it is sobering to reflect how much more easily the question could be answered seventy years ago than it can be today. Most newspapermen may agree what news is, as they did then, but in the present climate they are confronted by a public that has a hundred opinions, all different and none like their own, about what constitutes news.

Imagine Medill's outrage if contemporary standards had been applied to the news coverage of his last days. The *Tribune* had been one of many papers to beat the drums for the Spanish-American War (although mildly, because only one Illinois regiment had reached Cuba), but in today's terms it would be denounced for promoting another excursion in American imperialism. Newspaper coverage of the war would be described as blatantly jingoistic, far different from the relatively objective war reporting of today, and the press would have been blamed further for playing a major role in precipitating American entry, as indeed it did. (Hearst may have been the noisiest of the fourth estate voices, but he was far from alone.)

Most of the problems that plague us today already existed in 1899. The cities were crowded, the environment even then polluted, the poor and the blacks oppressed, injustice of every variety rampant; yet the newspapers, with only a few exceptions, carried on in the manner first prescribed by James Gordon Bennett, Sr.: skimming the surface of events. Spot news was king. The interpretive story, news analysis, trying to clarify difficult national problems for the average reader—all this was virtually unknown. People accepted the newspapers for what they were, and, although the perennial complaints about them were heard—complaints as old as the Republic—they were taken pretty much on their own terms, except on the occasions when they offended someone politically or morally.

Instant communications and instant opinions have changed matters. Today, it appears, everyone has his own definition of news, and, quite often, it is entirely different from the professional newsman's. In a recent colloquy with the press, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger provided some insight into how public officials think about the media these days. Burger had been forbidding broadcast coverage of most of his public speeches, and a television reporter wanted to know why, inasmuch as such speeches, given by a public servant paid by the taxpayers, are presumably in the public interest. The Chief Justice said only that it was because no advance arrangements had been made with him. But the following day he told *The New York Times* that, first of all, the television lights distracted him, and then he went on: "The disruption of the meaning in terms of how little they use and then their selection of what they use is so bad that it is just not worth the trouble."

Presumably, then, if the Chief Justice's speeches were reported at length, even on a fifteen-minute newscast, and if the excerpts from them were those he approved of—in other words, if they were what he considered to be the news—then Americans would be permitted to see him utter them on the home screen. Otherwise, as things stand, since these conditions can hardly be met, nothing less than a censorship of television prevails.



Newspapermen often find the situation reversed; when a public official who wants to reach the largest possible audience—Vice President Agnew, for example—gives television a virtual exclusive while he denounces it. Nothing the Vice President says in the speech may be news intrinsically, but the networks and the newspapers must cover him because he is the Vice President and represents the administration.

The press is finding it impossible to satisfy competing ideas of what news is and, no matter what it prints, finds at least part of its audience irate because it did not print something else. Periodically, the press searches its soul and there are earnest attempts to redefine news in the context of new times and new ways of thinking. These efforts always return, however, to the same base: News is anything that happens. The argument today centers on selection, emphasis, and whether what is printed serves the purposes of a particular individual or group. Meanwhile, newsmen continue to judge the news as they always have, in terms of basic human interests and of relative importance to the particular medium's audience.

In that light, it is instructive to consider the *Columbia Journalism Review*'s list of what it believes were the least (or worst) covered stories of 1969. The stories are not specific events, but institutions, and they include Congress, the Defense Department, the police, the courts, state legislatures, local governments, medical care, education, industry, and the media themselves.

Taking the last first, there would be general agreement that the media ought to be making a much greater effort to report on and examine themselves, since they have made no discernible effort to do so thus far. On the other hand, if they did, it would have to be in the nature of public service programing, such as serious television documentaries, since experience abundantly proves that mass readership interest in media problems is near zero. People like to read stories attacking the media, but they are seized with acute boredom when confronted with sober analyses of media problems. It is a truism in the book business that books about journalism, with a few rare exceptions, die quietly, with total sales seldom in excess of 5,000.

About the other nine institutions on the *Review*'s list, it also would not be difficult to get general professional agreement that every one of them is

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under-reported, although in some areas, such as education and industry, the press has done much better recently. It is only when the institutions are considered in the light of what the public thinks is news about them that the difficulties begin to appear.

From the amount of political news in any single edition or newscast, it might not seem that Congress suffers from neglect by the media, but it does. The basis of selection the media make in this case is to report, out of the immense activity that Congress generates daily, what is of most significance to the largest number of readers. The spectrum must be broad, because businessmen, for example, are interested in stories about possible regulation and any act that may affect the economy, but the poor, the blacks, and large masses of students will not read that news, which they consider to be Establishment lies in any case. It is true that the reporters on Capitol Hill report what they are told, or can find out, to whatever extent is possible, while protecting sources and maintaining relationships with the powerful men who control the news; and in that sense they are Establishment spokesmen. To report what really goes on in Congress, however, if that were possible, would be totally unacceptable to the American people, as every reporter knows.

One is reminded of the Midwestern editor, familiar with this problem, who, in a fit of sheer frustration, instructed his staff to report, for just one day, everything that happened at City Hall *exactly* as it happened. The result nearly cost him his newspaper. Among other things, readers learned, many of them for the first time, that the mayor did not actually speak in the plastic language employed by all politicians in newspapers, but was an extremely profane man. Since the paper was in a God-fearing Bible Belt community, the political consequences may well be imagined. One recalls, too, the editor of a great metropolitan newspaper who visited his Washington bureau on a tour of inspection for the first time, and, after a long day of fascinating conversations, remarked plaintively to his bureau chief, "Why don't I ever see in our paper what I've heard today?" The answer to that question is that if what he heard did reach print, an outraged readership would only consider it another gross example of the press's lies, and his staff's news contacts would wither away.

Much the same could be said for the Defense Department, with the added difficulty that the public business being transacted there is considered private by the government, for the most part, so the news is extremely hard to get. Then, too, everything that emanates from Defense has a political coloration, so that no matter what the newspaper prints, part of its readership will think it is lying.

"Hold it! Make that two million."

It is a little hard to understand why the *Review* includes the police on its list, since they are so prominently in the news every day. No doubt the argument is that the reading and viewing public only see the police in the context of violence, while the many other things policemen do go unreported. That is true, but it would be hard to make news stories out of guarding money on its way to the bank, or killing time on the beat, or settling small arguments, or being sure store doors are locked, or picking up winos, or the hundreds of other chores policemen do routinely. What really may be unreported is the administration of police departments, about which the public knows little and which is an area that is often far more shocking or newsworthy than battles with demonstrators.

Similarly, readers and viewers are told about what happens in courtrooms, in a more or less faithful transcription of what was said or done, decided or not decided, but the atmosphere of the administration of justice, especially criminal justice, in this country is seldom conveyed in the press, nor are the personalities of bench and bar adequately portrayed except when they are eccentric enough to attract public attention. The press, in fact, adopts a rather protective attitude toward the courts, although lately there appears to be a great deal less of this stance as a result of the growing hostility between the two institutions.

As for state legislatures, everything that has been said about presenting Congress to readers and viewers could be doubled and redoubled. Of course they are inadequately reported, but it is a serious question whether readers would accept the truth. Not long before it died, the lamented New York *Herald Tribune* made just such an attempt, lifting the lid only a little on life in Albany. Friends and well-wishers of the politicians involved thought the paper had said far too much and they were extremely vehement about it, while the enemies of those in power thought too little had been printed and accused the paper of pussyfooting. So much for objective reporting.

Summing up the remainder of the list, local government is in the same position as state and federal, and in need of even greater investigation. Medical care remains one of the great unreported stories in the United States, but again, full reports of this open national scandal might only frighten and anger readers and add to their disbelief in the media. Coverage of education is increasing and getting better every year, but so many conflicting, special interests are involved that it is hopeless to convince the public the press is doing a particularly good job in this area. And finally, industry has been saved from press oblivion by the emergence of the environmental crisis as news, and is now getting far more attention than some of its leaders find comfortable. Yet, once again polarization is rapidly dividing the country into attackers and defenders, and the media, as usual, are in the middle, although neither side thinks so.

What is news, then? News is what is being reported about what happens, and questions of how it is to be covered and displayed must be left to the media, because to do otherwise is both unconstitutional and completely impractical. Nevertheless, for the sake of national sanity and an informed public, even when the public shows no particular interest in being informed, the media need to explore in much greater depth these inadequately reported American institutions. In that case, the basic definition of news does not change, but the news itself may be given much more significance. To paraphrase the familiar Scripps-Howard slogan, if the people are given enough light, it is still possible they may find their way.

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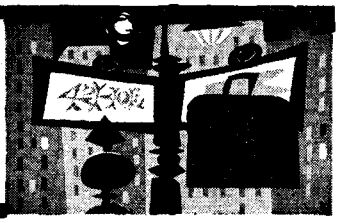
Madison Avenue



Marketing and the Vocal Minority

With the cold reality of the Seventies breaking like dawn on the marketing horizon, it is understandable why so many gatherings have been held recently at which presumed experts have attempted to descry the shape and nature of the market place of the future.

It is less comprehensible why so few gatherings have been held to review the way marketing has come during the Sixties, what it encountered en route, what it did about such encounters, and to assess the characteristics of the terrain from which it will continue its journey into the Seventies. While the last two figures of the dates signed on checks and on letters have changed to mark the arrival of the new decade, it is obvious that what lies immediately ahead cannot differ too much from what has already occurred. The human computation of time is considerably more arbitrary than time itself; the arrival of a year with a zero holds no magic of sufficient potency to cause sudden and violent change all by itself.

If anything can be predicted about marketing in the Seventies, it is undoubtedly that any change that takes place will be largely an extension of changes already experienced—but that, as marketing people become more competent in dealing with them, another dawn will break, revealing that the transformation in the market place during the Sixties was undoubtedly more drastic than any that may occur during the Seventies or, for that matter, during the remaining decades of this century.

The terrain in which marketers find themselves today and from which they step into the Seventies is littered with the shards and bits and pieces of shattered consumer loyalties on which, in a more confident past, dedicated marketing people could establish lengthy brand franchises, and during which time Arthur Brisbane's dictum "Repetition builds reputation" could be made the keystone of countless advertising arches. Today, repetition can be counted on chiefly to perpetuate boredom, growing apathy, and ultimate marketing failure. Success in the market place currently and for some time to come would appear to lie in the proliferation of new products rather than in the preservation of old. In cigarettes, breakfast cereals, automobiles, detergents, and clothing (both male and female), in household items, toiletries, and countless other products, the Sixties saw a profusion and variety that would have stunned and appalled the marketing conservationists of the first half of the century.

"Market segmentation" it was called. But market segmentation is an abstraction that can obscure both what has really happened and the actual source of change. Significantly, advertising—the voice of marketing—has undergone similar change and upheaval, and appears in a form today that stuns and appalls many champions of the unique-claim and reason-why school that worked so predictably in days gone by. Not only has advertising changed in form and content, but the manner in which it is used and its timing have altered radically. Just a short while ago, for example, a committee of the judges in the Andy awards met to determine and define what is meant today by an advertising campaign—which was once understood to comprise a series of messages that either looked alike or sounded alike, and that were exposed to the human eye or ear on a rhythmic pattern in a given time. It is unlikely that an advertising campaign will ever again be characterized chiefly by the repetition of a slogan or a format. It is also unlikely that a campaign will be distinguished by rhythmic exposure simply because the twelve months and the fifty-two weeks of a year can be evenly divided into segments. These campaign characteristics were and are far too mechanistic an approach to the reality of the marketing problem—which is human at the core and therefore not too readily given to solution by formula. This situation is what the Sixties discovered and what will obtain in the Seventies.

Marketing and advertising have changed radically, because the consuming human being has changed radically—and is changing radically—in basic beliefs, outlook, and attitude. These changes will extend into the Seventies and intensify; any marketer who doesn't give them serious thought and attention is mortgaging his future. Brand loyalty—for which every manufacturer strove—required for its existence unshakable conviction in the rightness of what has been done and accomplished; in the reliability of authority and of widely known institutions; and, of course, the confidence of being with the majority. All these convictions have been shaken, and the results are being felt as necessarily in the marketing world as in the political world.

Marketing and advertising, now and henceforward, will be dealing with a consumer who accepts innovation at whatever time it can be arranged for his benefit and by whomever it can be arranged, and who, at the same time, stubbornly and a little proudly refuses to do what advertising asks him simply because it asks him and is constantly there. Currently and tomorrow, advertising must appeal not just in the sense of entreating but even more vitally in the sense of engaging its reader or auditor. Hence, like the proliferation of products, the proliferation of the so-called small creative shops—agencies whose primary reason for being is effective communication in today's tongue. Those established agencies who pooh-pooh this development claim access to a silent majority whose views must ultimately prevail, overlooking the fact that significant change has invariably come from the vocal minority. Indeed, the chief risk of relying on a silent majority is its silence. There is no feedback and hence no way of knowing at what rate it may be changing and/or ceasing to be a majority.

If there is any prediction that can safely be made for the Seventies, it is that marketing will not retrogress to its pre-Sixties state, but will continue to evolve and develop from where it is now. Advertising, as its voice, will have no choice but to speak the language that is current and most immediately understood by those who shape the course and dictate the nature of the market place, because they *are* vocal.

—Walter Weir.

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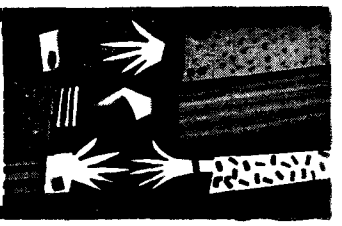
Public Relations



Learning the Hard Way

When President Nixon, in a message to Congress last October, said that consumerism "is a healthy development that is here to stay," many corporate public relations directors were shocked. And when the President in his State of the Union Message in January, added that the great question of the Seventies is: "Shall we surrender to our surroundings or shall we make our peace with nature and begin to make reparations for the damage we have done to our air, to our land, and to our water?" some corporate managers shook their heads in wonder. Could this be the Republican President they voted for?

What these public relations men and their bosses do not understand is that the public desire will be served, and no President dares stand in its way regardless of party. The public demands have been clear for some time: The consumer has a vote, and he's sick of being bamboozled, inhaling polluted air, watching his rivers and streams being treated as sewers, being deafened by shattering noise, and being choked by traffic. And when the voter "has had it up to here," those in the seats of government are going to listen and act.

Some public relations practitioners forget that their biggest problems are political. Those who do not understand this simple fact of democratic life are as useful to their companies as a diseased appendix. Nor will all the attacks on politicians be of any avail. It is the height of idiocy to blame politicians for listening to the public, for the officeholder who doesn't listen to the growls of his constituency soon will be an ex-officeholder.

Upton Sinclair was not created by politicians; filthy conditions in meat packing plants made Sinclair. Rachel Carson was not created by politicians; the poisoned environment made her. Ralph Nader was not created by politicians, but the excesses of business. Conditions these authors did not create brought legislation. The writers exposed conditions that business had created. Politicians only acted because they were compelled to do so by public outcry.

There are still public relations men who attack those who would legislate to end abuses. Others, more sophisticated, do not oppose legislation. They only agitate to becloud the issues, to fudge, to develop diversionary tactics so that the legislation becomes meaningless or no machinery is set up to enforce it. It simply will not work that way, for a public denied its valid demand will not sit by idly. The only way to prevent legislation that corporations do not like is to clean up the condition that caused the agitation. Fortunately, there are corporate managers who understand this, and they are now moving as rapidly as possible to correct the conditions to which the public objects.

It is an amazing performance—business and public relations men attacking the consumer. It is the consumer who will buy or refuse to buy goods and make the enterprises go, and yet many businessmen treat the consumer as if he were a nuisance or infant who need not be told what he is buying, the price per pound, or the rate of interest he is paying on credit purchases. What happened to the solid belief that the customer is always right?

It would be instructive for the nearsighted executive to read the report on business and the consumer released by the Council on Trends and Perspective of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. The findings make it clear that "the trend toward greater protection of the consumer at all levels of government, through the enactment of new legislative measures and the stricter enforcement of current consumer laws, will increase during the coming decade." The report also points out that, "consistent with past trends, higher and higher performance levels and greater public scrutiny of business can be expected in the future. In addition, the trend away from private contract relationships to more consumer-industry relationships determined by statute will continue in future years."

A list of topics dealt with by major consumer legislation enacted during the 89th and the 90th Congresses is worth pondering by those who still think consumerism is a fad—"like the hula-hoop," according to one businessman—automobile safety, cigarette labeling, fair packaging and labeling, establishment of the National Commission on Product Safety, authority for federal inspection of clinical laboratories, expansion of the flammable fabrics act coverage, meat and poultry inspection, authorization for a federal program on fire research and safety, truth-in-lending, establishment of pilot consumer counseling programs, regulation of interstate sales of land, and gas pipeline safety.

This list, compiled by the Chamber of Commerce's special study group, is exclusive of what is being done by states and municipalities. In addition, there are some 150 consumer protection bills now before Congress, with still more to come in every level of government. Nor does this include the watchdog job by President Nixon's White House special assistant for consumer affairs, Mrs. Virginia Knauer.

In fact, so favorable has been the response to governmental actions to improve the environment and further consumer protection, that business long will be under attack for not adjusting to demands fast enough. Those who are moving quickly to make up for delay will feel the public wrath least. Those who refuse to change their ways, who continue to care little about the quality of their product, will wonder what hit them. In the movement toward an end to pollution and consumer protection, corporate leaders must be satisfied with a smaller short-term profit or they very well may be out of business altogether. Wise businessmen long ago decided that the fast buck can be dangerous. To them profit can only be maximized in the long term. Anything less is to court disaster.

More than ten years ago, on November 5, 1959, Lammot du Pont Copeland, now chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, spoke at the annual meeting of the Public Relations Society of America. He warned his listeners that "back in the third decade of this century, businessmen learned the hard way that they could not be indifferent to what the public thought of them and their deeds. They found that the public had an agency through which it could speak and act, an agency larger and more powerful than any company, or even than all the companies as a group. They learned that the government of the United States could, under public pressure, compel obedience to the public will. It was a hard lesson, and the scars are still with us. But I believe it was thoroughly learned by most businessmen."

Those who did not learn the lesson in the Thirties will have to be quick studies today.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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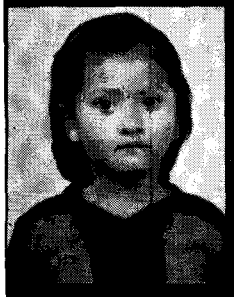
The Koerners aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.



For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and sweat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

Self-help. That's what Save The Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy a child a few hot meals, a new coat, or shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give people the boost they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece, the Middle East, as well as Appalachian and American Indian children. You can select the child's nationality and will receive a photo, regular progress reports and a chance to correspond and visit.

Richard Koerner hopes that one day, one of his business trips will enable him to meet the Fuentes. Many sponsors do visit their children, and tell us that it is one of the most gratifying experiences of their lives.

The Koerners know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Koerners. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list):
Faith Baldwin, Hon. James A. Farley, Gene Kelly, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Frank Sinatra.

Save The Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

Save The Children Federation

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

I WISH TO CONTRIBUTE $180 ANNUALLY TO HELP A CHILD.
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☐ AMERICAN INDIAN ☐ APPALACHIA ☐ KOREA ☐ GREECE
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ENCLOSED IS MY FIRST PAYMENT
☐ $15.00 MONTHLY ☐ $90.00 SEMI-ANNUALLY
☐ $45.00 QUARTERLY ☐ $180.00 ANNUALLY

I CAN'T SPONSOR A CHILD. ENCLOSED IS A CONTRIBUTION OF $_____

☐ PLEASE SEND ME MORE INFORMATION.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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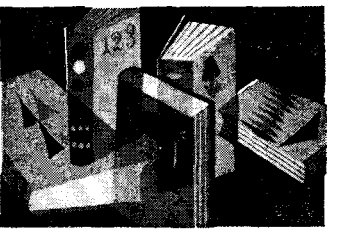
Books in Communications



The Watchful Critic

Nicholas Johnson is a public official who speaks not for the prerogatives of office, but for the concerns of the private citizen. An outspoken member of the Federal Communications Commission since July 1966, Johnson continually upsets some of his colleagues by not being protective of their governmental domain and instead by exposing the weaknesses and mistakes of the FCC. And he has been an anathema to the broadcasters because of his persistent criticism of their commercialism.

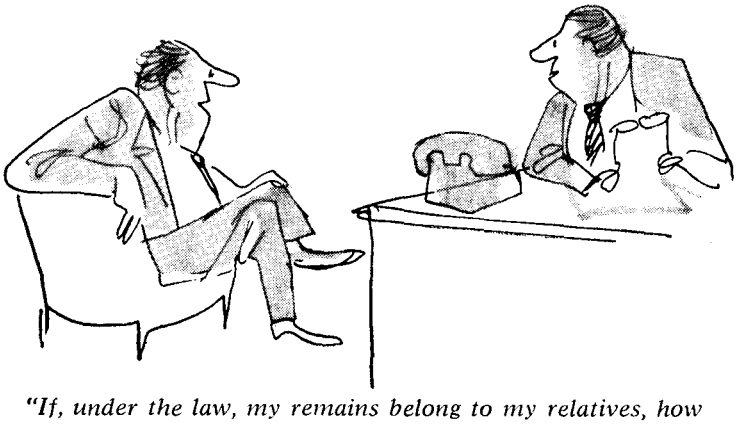
Too young, perhaps too iconoclastic to be a public spokesman or statesman in communications, Johnson is yet one of its most articulate critics and one of the most reliable interpreters of government policy. He demonstrates this once again, as he has in speeches and articles, in his welcome, sensible, and beautifully clear first book, *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75).

This is a collection of position papers rather than a program. It states relative values instead of categorizing, and identifies without assigning a final importance to the competing interests of, say, the powerful networks, the conglomerate media set-ups, the telephone companies, and the impatient CATV industry. He speculates about the future, but will not be caught in flat prediction. "Virtually no one wants to go on record with what he thinks the next twenty years are going to see in communication advances."

Johnson deplores the present condition of television—where America obtains "most of [its] education, entertainment, information, and opinion." Unwilling to settle for the status quo of three networks with their disagreeable outflow of material consumption, sex, and violence, he looks to diversified systems and mixed public and private broadcasting better able to serve more minority interests (intellectual as well as racial). CATV could become a major creator of such diversity—or it could one day be consigned to the technological junk heap by the rise of a now unknown technology. Johnson leaves the question of CATV open.

For all the concerns he articulates on behalf of a sometime docile public, Johnson seeks some sort of an "institutional home," knowing that the industry is too preoccupied with economics and government, too sensitive to political pressures. His voice is a plea for human values to prevail. Before government policy can begin to sort out the complex economic and technological forces, there must be public understanding. In his book, Johnson does his part to see that at least we comprehend what is happening to us.

Model Text: Since fiction is in decline and nonfiction in the ascendancy in publishing, *The Nonfiction Book, How to Write and Sell It* by Paul R. Reynolds (William Morrow, $5) is a most useful book for writers to have around. In an earlier book, Mr. Reynolds covered fiction. His advice in the nonfiction field strikes me to be so sensible, so well thought-out, so knowing of every facet of nonfiction production as to make this the ideal small text for the writing of lengthy works. There is no conceivable question, from how to summarize a central idea, do research, fashion an outline, revise the text, and deal with a publisher contractually, that Reynolds does not answer plainly, thoughtfully, and completely. He is especially strong on construction. In the how-to genre this is a well-nigh perfect work. And a good English text on any learning level.



"If, under the law, my remains belong to my relatives, how can I make sure they don't give me away piecemeal?"

Reprints and Pictures: Picture books in the communications field and reprint works come in coffee-table dimension, and the four books listed below are grouped according to size primarily, although they are also all historically interesting texts. *The American Newspaper* by Will Irwin, edited by Clifford F. Weigle and David E. Clark (Iowa University Press, $6.95), is a reprint book consisting of fifteen articles by Irwin as they originally appeared in *Collier's* in 1911. They make remarkable reading in the light of some of today's debates; even in this unwieldy reprint size, preserving all the old *Collier's* graphics, they make a useful journalistic text. *Give Me Liberty*, with an introduction by Richard Armour (World, $12.50), is a collection mostly of advertisements from *Liberty* from 1924 to 1949, and shows that in one perspective even ads have historical interest. The collection opens with a Boston Garter ad, includes one for an unrounded model Chevrolet selling for $695, and closes with an ad for a mobile supper, as TV dinners were called twenty years ago. *A Pictorial History of Television* by Irving Settel and William Laas (Grosset & Dunlap, $7.95) dramatizes the enormous expansion of the medium from a curious toy in 1938, when the first unscheduled news event, a fire on New York's Welfare Island, was televised, into a medium that dominates the American mind. A fascinating and useful history. Finally, *NBC News Picture Book of the Year* edited by Ben Grauer (Crown, $10), the third in an annual series, with a foreword by Henry Steele Commager, puts the year 1969 into words and pictures in a manner that is useful in its own way, if somewhat unrelated to radio or television coverage of the same events.

In Terms of Media: Two experts from Massachusetts have devised a source book and guide to media technology that covers marketing, advertising, public relations, radio and television, photography and film-making, and graphics. *Marketing and Communications Media Dictionary* by Tom Vigrolio and Jack Zahler (NBS Company, Publishing Services Division, $12.95) presents the obvious terms along with the sticklers, and also contains useful charts and tables, publications lists, and type styles. —STUART W. LITTLE.

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Chopin

Continued from page 79

months. As you climb toward Valldemosa (1,393 feet above the sea) the landscape turns into a maze of narrow terraces supported by mossy rock walls and teeming with mimosa, palms, cactus, cypresses, pines, olives, oranges, and lemons. In all directions there are plunging valley perspectives of the Brueghel sort; eventually one of these reveals the village, a surprisingly compact little mass of weathered stone and tile.

The Charterhouse, which occupies a plateau overlooking the village and the cultivated valley, suggests from a distance a Tibetan lamasery. Near at hand it turns out to be an architectural cluster, largely of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, whose principal elements are a church, some courtyards, and a row of roomy cells that open from one side into a long, groined corridor and from the other side onto a terrace divided into tangled gardens that could be called English Romantic in style if the vegetation were not so tropical. The cells very probably used by Chopin and Sand (they may have tried several during their stay) have been converted into a museum of manuscripts, pictures, pianos, and other mementos.

In 1838, the monks, expelled by a Spanish government that was temporarily liberal, had been gone for three years; and the only regular frequenters of the place were an old ex-Carthusian who had remained in charge of the monastery's primitive drugstore, a village Don Juan who acted as sacristan, a woman who concerned herself with summer visitors, and a potty drunk who haunted the corridor at night, praying, swearing, pounding on cell doors, and calling for a long departed Father Nicolás.

At first the new tenants were delighted. Sand called the monastery "the most poetic residence on earth." Chopin dreamed of composing "in the cell of an old monk who perhaps had more fire in his soul than I have and who put it out." He and Sand hiked up to a romantic hermitage, about a mile away, inhabited by real, if quite unappetizing, hermits. It is still there. But a letter of his dated December 28 reveals a bit of edginess:

> You can imagine me, between rocks and sea, in a cell of a vast abandoned Charterhouse with doors bigger than any carriage gateway in Paris. Here I am, with neither curled hair nor white gloves, and pale as usual. My cell, in the shape of a huge coffin, has an enormous dusty vault and a little window opening onto the orange trees, the palms, and the cypresses in the garden. . . . Silence. You can scream. Still silence. In brief, I am writing to you from a very queer place.

And after that the expedition slid slowly into failure. It rained, and his sickness grew worse. The villagers were hostile, because of their fear of tuberculosis, and because of Sand's evident lack of virtue and religion. Chopin could not stomach the olive oil, the pork, and the harsh local red wine (according to Graves, the thing to do is to temper it with water, in Classical Greek style). One day he was served a chicken that had fleas on it. The peasants, combining xenophobia with greed, charged scandalous prices for their produce. The Pleyel piano reached Palma and then was held up until January 20 by the demands of the Spanish customs men.

Chopin continued to work, completing notably not only the famous *Raindrop Prelude* (the fifteenth, the eighth, or the sixth, according to which musicologist you like) but the rest of Opus 28. There were good days; on January 21, encouraged perhaps by the piano news, he writes of "an African sun" and of the possibility of staying until May. But finally Sand had to bundle him back to Palma, and on February 13 they boarded the steamer for Barcelona. This time the helmsman did not sing.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1388

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1388 will be found in the next issue.

PR EDHYXB ODU D JVN-EXDB-

AIJ PDI, MSH YX IXLXB

PAUUXN D QVKR VE HYX IXO

RVBW HAPXU XAHYXB.

—X. M. OYAHX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1387

Genius is the capacity for seeing relationships where lesser men see none. —WILLIAM JAMES.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 23

more dancing attendance by traditional gallantries. Praise be, I can relax at last: M 'lady will be just one of the gang! Cheerfully will I grant every feminist demand —logically so correct—and thus gain for *myself* the freedom to afford m'lady exactly the same courtesy and respect earned (sometimes) by male associates. But no whit more. I ask only that m'lady declare the conventions she plays: old or new. No halfway measures, please. Jupiter! I can hardly *wait* till m'lady goes honest. Think of the time, money, and emotional energy I'm going to save!

LOUIS E. KEEFER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I AGREE that the mother/wife role or the mistress role are not the only ones to which women ought to aspire. It does not follow, however, that because a woman does enjoy being a woman she has lost her identity. I suggest that the opposite is true. A woman can be whatever she wishes to be: lawyer, doctor, editor, mother, wife, homemaker, teacher, or a combination of as many of the above as she has the talent and the energy to be. Women do not have to acquire masculine characteristics to succeed at anything, and a woman who struggles to deny her basic femininity will certainly not be happy whatever her occupational success. Perhaps what we need most is to teach our daughters to have the "sense of self" so necessary for each human being; to be as proud of their femininity as they are of their intellect or their creativity.

(MRS.) PATRICIA CLOUD DUTTWEILER,
Athens, Ga.

DEAR MISS KOMISAR:
You state with acerbic rigidity
The reasons for female frigidity.
You say I'm unhappy, 'cause living with Pappy
Inhibits creative activity.
You exhibit a certain proclivity
For female and male unanimity,
But please don't deride, until you have tried
Marriage's potential validity.
My chores are dispatched with rapidity,
I express myself without timidity,
When all's said and done, I have so much fun,
I'm reveling in my stupidity.

ADRIANNE B. SUNDHEIM,
Tampa, Fla.

Two Sides to "Sesame Street"

FOR FUTURE social occasions, along with photographs of home and family, I shall gird myself with Robert Lewis Shayon's article on *Sesame Street*, "Cutting Oedipal Ties" [TV-RADIO, Feb. 14]. To date it is the one perceptive evaluation of the program I have encountered, though the reviews and raves have been many. Perhaps within the terminology lies the difference: a "review" implying a one- or two-shot viewing, while an "evaluation" suggests thoughtful observation over a longer period of time. Granted, my first im-

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pressions were as hyperbolic as most of the favorable things I have since read. Later, however, and far more importantly, having been given the opportunity of witnessing its effects on my four-year-old son, the gnawing doubts that accompanied the first bits of poor grammar ("You did that real good, Big Bird.") and the daily drubbing of slang ("Hey, man," "You guys," "Groovy!"), plus the frenetic pace that causes the calmest of minds to boggle, I began to wonder if the educational benefits were really worth the format of a *Laugh-In* for children.

Supposedly conceived and designed with the underprivileged child in mind, I find that it is my middle-income child who is being underprivileged. He does not truthfully relate to the setting nor the language that take such pains to be realistic; nor does he feel any warmth toward or from the human adult characters. This has nothing to do with their color; they could all be green and he would still sense that their attitudes are condescending, forced, and basically insincere. Like sex without love, the performance is all.

Negativism runs rife. The highly touted bevy of psychologists behind the scenes seem to have forgotten that the grouchy voice of Oscar emanating from his trash can carries farther in the child's world than the patient discipline of the sometimes duller but positive straight man.

I am told "this is life; your objections are missives from an ivory tower." Ivory towers stand next to castles in the air. Each day my son gives away an hour of his childhood. Rather let it be to voices from a tower than a trash can.

MRS. JOAN SCHWARTZ,
Meguon, Wis.

IT IS MOST regrettable that Robert Lewis Shayon finds it necessary to oppose learning in his review of *Sesame Street*. Indeed, my wife and I suspect that culture will have little meaning to our children now or as adults, if they are not provided with the basic learning that encourages their curiosity and the meaningfulness of our surrounding culture. That the writers and producers of *Sesame Street* have discovered a technique for conveying basic education to young children will be confirmed by many more parents than ourselves, we are sure, and they are to be commended for this regardless of the source of their inspiration.

By all means, let us expand children's television programs into cultural areas. But let us not try to disguise through some kind of psychological hocus-pocus the real values *Sesame Street* brings to children's learning processes. An ability to apply reason to life may prove a healthy drug for our current emotional needs, and *Sesame Street* provides a beginning for beginners.

(Rev.) ROBERT EDWARD GREEN,
Brattleboro, Vt.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Reading down, the link words are: *dare, salve, pace, cur, inter, ride, fit; vale, late, cape, post, mane, tam, cave.* (*Nota bene*: No more bilingual puzzles are being accepted.)

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions: 52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

NORTHERN ITALY—facing beautiful Largo di Garda—wish to sublet August 2 complete apartments—living room, bedroom and bath, kitchen. Box T-382.

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VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

N.C., NEAR CHAPEL HILL, small estate 4½ acres, 1 bedroom house. Ideal for couple retirement, artist. Price $38,500. SR Box S-486.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

ADIRONDACKS—Lovely country home on 100 acres mountain view land. Stone fireplace, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. $40,000. Anderson, Box 804, Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983.

VACATIONLAND, Northeast Pennsylvania. 28 clear acres high on ski and wilderness ELK MOUNTAIN. $28,200. Tel. 717-586-5776.

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HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-513, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

SPECIAL CAMPS

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472. Member A.C.A.

CAMPS

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN. New horizons in travel-camping experiences for high school youth. Unique program: wild-river trips; mountaineering; wilderness canoeing; camping and survival; wildlife study and ecology; fishing. Early registration. Small coed group. 8 weeks. Dr. R. S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

TRAVEL CAMP—38 days. Europe by jet, sightseeing, summer skiing, ice skating, tennis, swimming, sailing. Sporteen Tours, 244 North Franklin Street, Hempstead, N.Y. 516-538-6433.

TOWERING PINES FOR BOYS, Eagle River, Wisconsin. Your son . . . his welfare, his safety, his future and his pride in accomplishment . . . is of concern to us, too. Unusually varied program for boys 6-16. 7½ week season. Sister camp: Woodland for girls. Catalogue: John M. Jordan, 242 Bristol Street, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides ranch/travel adventures, boys 13-17. 24th summer. Girls' travel program: Pacific Coast, Alaska. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for students currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade: four weeks' audio-lingual instruction in French, German, Hebrew, Italian or Spanish followed by a 3-to 4-week homestay in a foreign land. The Experiment has proved that learning a language can be fun—and "living" it in the country where it is spoken exciting. Write: Language Camp, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP for girls 7-17. On private lake near Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Swimming (Red Cross Water Safety), Sailing, Water Skiing, Golf, Riding, Tennis. Arts and Crafts. Nature Study. Dancing, Music, Dramatics. Outdoor Cooking. Mountain Trips. Typing. 650 acres wood and meadows. Expert staff. Special program for Juniors. 48th year. Miss Bette Huber, Owner-Director, Lisbon, N.H. 03585.

(Continued on page 122)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 121)

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

ALPINE MUSICAMP, COLORADO—near Aspen. June 21st-August 2nd. Coeducational, 9-16. Professional instruction; all instruments. Hike, swim, ride. Brochures: 2927 South Lafayette Drive, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

CAMPING—Western Europe and Yugoslavia. Discover the land and its people. With European students we bike, sail, hike, swim, climb glaciers. Flexible itineraries allow you to go where and when you like. 12th year. Students Abroad, 771-C West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 12-17. Arts, science program providing optional challenges for responsible participants. David Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

CAMP KAPITACHOUANE, Kapitachuan Club, Province Quebec. Canoe and fishing trips in central Quebec. Three 4-week trips each month. C trip, ages 12-13; B trip, ages 14-15; A trip, ages 15-19. 10 boys, 3 counselors in each. Enroll one month or two. R. Beebe, Jr., The Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut 06793, C. H. Williams, Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

CAMP RENAPE, Strafford, Vermont. Girls 9 to 16. Semistructured program encourages motivation and creativity. Camp-owned horses, mountain trips, tennis, swimming, outdoor theatre, caving, fishing, riflery, crafts, folk singing, Indian lore. Miss Charlotte McCartney, Strafford, Vermont 05072.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

CAMP WEDIKO, Hillsboro, New Hampshire, specializing in the rehabilitation of emotionally disturbed boys, is now accepting applications for its 21st season. Referrals are made through guidance centers, schools and therapists in private practice. Address inquiries to: Edward R. Boyd, Director, Guidance Camps, Inc., 412 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Heart of the Rocky Mountains in Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty—Jr. High, High School, and College—Vocal, Instrumental, and Ballet. Write winter address, P.O. Box 6100, Dept. S-R, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN—The Summer Camp for Girls where French is a Way of Fun. The camp with the longest experience in teaching conversational French—the staff are equally specialized in instruction of all activities. 80 highly qualified, bilingual counselors give daily instruction in small groups in French—including theatre and operetta—riding, tennis, swimming, sailing, canoeing, water skiing; arts, music and dance. Situated on Lake Champlain in Vermont, 3 miles of shore, 800 acres including 7 tennis courts and 60 horses. Girls 6 to 16 in 4 separate age groups; plus European programs for older girls. 47th year under family direction. Mr. Claude-A. Schaetz & Mrs. Chase Schaetz, Ecole Champlain, Box R, Ferrisburg, Vermont 05456.

CAMPS

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP, Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 70 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Lake white water, mountain trips. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed. 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. 40th year. Wilderness trips, all land and water sports. Program tailored to individual needs. 80 boys, 9-15. 7-week session. Lance R. Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

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ABOUT TO RETIRE? Enjoy it with maximum freedom, desired privacy in a gracious suburban-residential setting. Affordable Life lease, monthly fee provides meals, services, scheduled health care. J. J. Boomgard, Friends Fellowship Community, 2031 Chester Boulevard, Richmond, Indiana 47374.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

OZARKS RETIREMENT. Magazine's special report, 25¢. Ozarks Mountaineer, Branson, Missouri 65616.

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VACATION ABOARD MYSTIC WHALER! Glorious, adventuresome, 7 days UNDER SAIL . . . American and British Virgin Islands December-May. New England coast, summers. Always smooth sailing. All new U.S. flag windjammer. Greatest Vacation in America. Free Folder: MYSTIC WHALER, Mystic, Connecticut. 203-249-9341.

SUN AND SAND and a beautiful beach. Sebastian's on Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Small, informal. Brochure.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs. amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

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PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun siestas.

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COWBOYS AND INDIANS, peace and quiet, comfort and beauty. The West still lives in the Pine Ridge. Not a dude ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

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DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PUERTO RICO Beach House—3 bedrooms, Costa Azul at Luquillo. Convenient to San Juan, Rain Forest, Fajardo Peninsula. For rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 610 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10024.

CROWN POINT, "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $16.00 single to $31.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing, Reducing, Fasting. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

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STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

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ACAPULCO. Your own air-conditioned pink casita (250 in all), with pool (200) at hilltop Las Brisas (10°-12° cooler than sea level). Low summer rates include continental breakfast, membership exclusive La Concha Private Beach Club, pink and white jeep (included in some plans). For folder, write LAS BRISAS HOTEL, Dept. SR, 211 East 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

SO MANY SEA FANS feel so strongly its beaches are best on the island . . . Small wonder The Buccaneer is St. Croix's Number 1 hotel. THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands. For reservations contact Ralph Locke, 315 East 72nd Street, Box T, New York City. 212-JU 6-3070.

"CARIBE PLAYA"—In exotic southeast Puerto Rico provides remarkable Caribbean sea and mountain environment; private, picturesque coconut beach, best year-round climate; relaxing activities. New efficiencies, moderate costs. Guardarraya, Puerto Rico.

SINT MAARTEN-CARIBBEAN. Vacationgoers—waterfront efficiency apartments. Fred Kroon, 12th Avenue, Seaside Park, N.J. 08752.

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WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 28th-July 25th. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

VACATION WITH THE ARTS—In beautiful Laurel Highlands, August 16th-22nd. Tent living in one of Pennsylvania's most modern camps. Your choice of activities—drawing and painting, ceramics, creative stitchery, golf, fly-tying, etc. For information write Box T-371.

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MOUNT PLEASANT SUMMER in England—For students 9th-11th grades. Unique six-week program starting June 17th: informal seminars, English faculty with wide U.S. experience. Interestingly planned excursions, full recreational facilities. Students live in country houses of historic/architectural interest; participate local activities. Optional 25-day European field trip. For details, write Bruce Cobbold, Tabor Academy, Marion, Massachusetts 02738. Call 617-748-0918.

LESLEY FROST, daughter of Robert Frost, is now considering applications for her seventh summer (July-August) of her school in Spain (near Segovia), for girls 15-17. Spanish and French taught; art and history emphasized. Weekends in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, etc. Tour of Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba. Address Miss Frost, 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10010.

LANGUAGES, SPORTS, EXCURSIONS—Coed to 19. Share experiences with European students, private schools, Switzerland, Italy. Supervision. Josephine McCarthy, 3755 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10463.

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LA SORBONNE, College students. $680. 6 weeks. Includes round trip jet transportation, tuition, directors' fees, room and board for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. Also, University de Grenoble. June-August. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Tel: 203-966-3807.

FOR SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENTS interested in study, travel and homestay, Mount Hermon Summer Schools offers programs in England, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Mexico, Japan, Russia and Spain. All programs are coeducational. Faculty are carefully selected highly qualified teachers. June 24th-August 20th. $1,200 all inclusive fee. For brochure and application materials, write Department A, Mount Hermon Summer Schools, Mount Hermon, Massachusetts 01354.

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STUDIES ABROAD

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GHANA, INDIA, JAPAN, YUGOSLAVIA and nine other countries. Fifteen-week academic term abroad for college undergraduates featuring personal involvement in host country culture and flexible academic program. College credit for program which includes intensive language training, homestay, area studies and individual study project. Summer, fall or spring term. Write: Independent Study Program, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

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TRAVEL

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TRAVEL

(Continued from page 123)

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS: We investigate the natural history of the world, emphasizing bird observation but seeking broad ecological coverage. Three-week overseas tours: AFRICA: Three routes—South, Central, East Africa and Madagascar; summer. LATIN AMERICA. Yucatan, Colombia (extraordinary ornithological experience), Mexico, throughout year. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN tours: Florida, Arizona, Texas, West Coast and exceptional coverage of Alaska. Come along! Crowder Nature Tours, Box 222-R, Harpers Ferry, W.Va. 25425.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1875

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Rides tantivy	24 30 50 58 66 132 6
B. Insecure; vacillating	162 181 143 168 193 28 51 63
C. Washington Irving's schoolmaster of Sleepy Hollow (full name)	89 96 114 125 150 158 176 169 29 180 21 214
D. Raked over the coals, bawled out (2 wds.)	185 198 204 19 34 70 91
E. Book of the Old Testament; emigration, usu. of a large number of people	92 98 183 149 110 156
F. Visigothic king in Spain (653-72)	165 171 71 47 60 65 118 136 200 2
G. Daft, off one's rocker (4 wds.)	36 45 55 57 64 73 83 107 112 113 124 147
H. Judged the value of	152 87 130 18 213 33 145 182
I. Town in NW Israel, great place of pilgrimage	103 146 119 142 161 166 4 10
J. "The ——— is at hand; be ye therefore sober." (4 wds.; I Peter 4:7)	76 106 179 206 216 11 14 32 61 128 20 43 116 172
K. Large game fish of the Western Atlantic from Mass. to Brazil	178 211 48 81 93 85 167 13 7
L. Pity or compassion	174 86 39 138
M. Pre-Socratic Greek, the first recorded western philosopher	9 17 160 209 84 111
N. Stepped lively, hurried	186 139 38 1 153 190 195
O. Rotter, bum, stinker	215 40 105 121 23 144 202
P. Fabrics sold from the bolt (2 wds.)	27 37 67 100 79 104 129 197 8
Q. "Great Pompey/Would stand and make his eyes ———," says Cleopatra. (4 wds., "Antony and Cleopatra")	140 74 97 127 49 157 22 122 123 94 133 207
R. Revival; renaissance; calling forth again	117 135 170 141 53 102 203 80 99 199 163
S. Novel by George Moore (2 wds.)	208 44 134 189 101 109 159 173 26 115 46 16
T. Cerulean	78 120 5 54 3
U. Dance that had great popularity in the early '60's (2 wds.)	12 72 148 88 31 52 188 82
V. City on Fyn Island, Denmark	194 212 56 42 126 164
W. Luck of ———: enamelled glass goblet, subject of a ballad by Uhland, translated by Longfellow (2 wds.)	131 41 187 184 25 15 75 59
X. Lazy; lacking in resourcefulness	175 62 95 35 137 191 177 90 108
Y. A fielder playing very close to the batsman's wicket in cricket (3 wds.)	205 155 154 210 151 77 196 68 69 192 201

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 N	2 F	3 T		4 I	5 T	6 A	7 K	8 P		9 M	10 I	11 J	12 U		13 K	14 J
15 W	16 S	17 M	18 H	19 D		20 J	21 C		22 Q	23 O	24 A	25 W	26 S	27 P		28 B	29 C
30 A	31 U	32 J	33 H		34 D	35 X		36 Q	37 P	38 N	39 L	40 O	41 W	42 V	43 J	44 S	
45 G	46 S	47 F		48 K	49 Q	50 A	51 B	52 U	53 R	54 T	55 G		56 V	57 Q	58 A	59 W	60 F
	61 J	62 X	63 B		64 Q	65 F	66 A	67 P	68 Y		69 Y	70 D		71 F	72 U	73 Q	74 Q
75 W	76 J	77 Y	78 T	79 P	80 R	81 K		82 U	83 G	84 M		85 K	86 L	87 H	88 U		89 C
90 X		91 D	92 E	93 K	94 Q	95 X	96 C		97 Q	98 E	99 R	100 P	101 S		102 R	103 I	104 P
105 O	106 J		107 G	108 X		109 S	110 E	111 M	112 G		113 G	114 C	115 S		116 J	117 R	118 F
119 I	120 T	121 O	122 Q		123 Q	124 G	125 C	126 V		127 Q	128 J	129 P	130 H	131 W		132 A	133 Q
134 S	135 R	136 F	137 X		138 L	139 N	140 Q		141 R	142 I	143 B		144 O	145 H	146 I	147 G	148 U
149 E		150 C	151 Y		152 H	153 N	154 Y		155 Y	156 E		157 Q	158 C	159 S		160 M	
161 I	162 B	163 R		164 V	165 F	166 I	167 K	168 B		169 C	170 R	171 F	172 J	173 S	174 L	175 X	
176 C	177 X	178 K	179 J		180 C	181 B	182 H		183 E	184 W		185 D	186 N	187 W		188 U	189 S
190 N	191 X	192 Y		193 B	194 V	195 N		196 Y		197 P	198 D	199 R	200 F		201 Y	202 O	203 R
204 D		205 Y	206 J		207 Q	208 S	209 M	210 Y		211 K	212 V	213 H	214 C	215 O	216 J		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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UNDER TODAY'S HEADLINE THERE'S A THREAD OF HOPE

Enduring, persistent
and resilient
hope.
It rides the
hurricane to outlive
death-stained
statistics
and make the
promise of rebirth.
The same words
that celebrate
in blackness
the poor fruit of
old age neglected,
of unrest and
poverty,
of ignorance and
injustice,
can turn to the
light.

And become the
words of promise.
The durable
thread of hope.
We know about
rebirth behind the
headlines.
We make paper out of
paper.
Wash out the blackness.
Flush away old clays,
old resins,
old binders.
Collect the threads,
the renewed fibers.
Clean,
twice tamed.
Rewoven and
re-formed
for endurance and
longevity.
Remade to record
the everlastingness of
a thread of hope.
Bergstrom Papers,
Neenah, Wisconsin.

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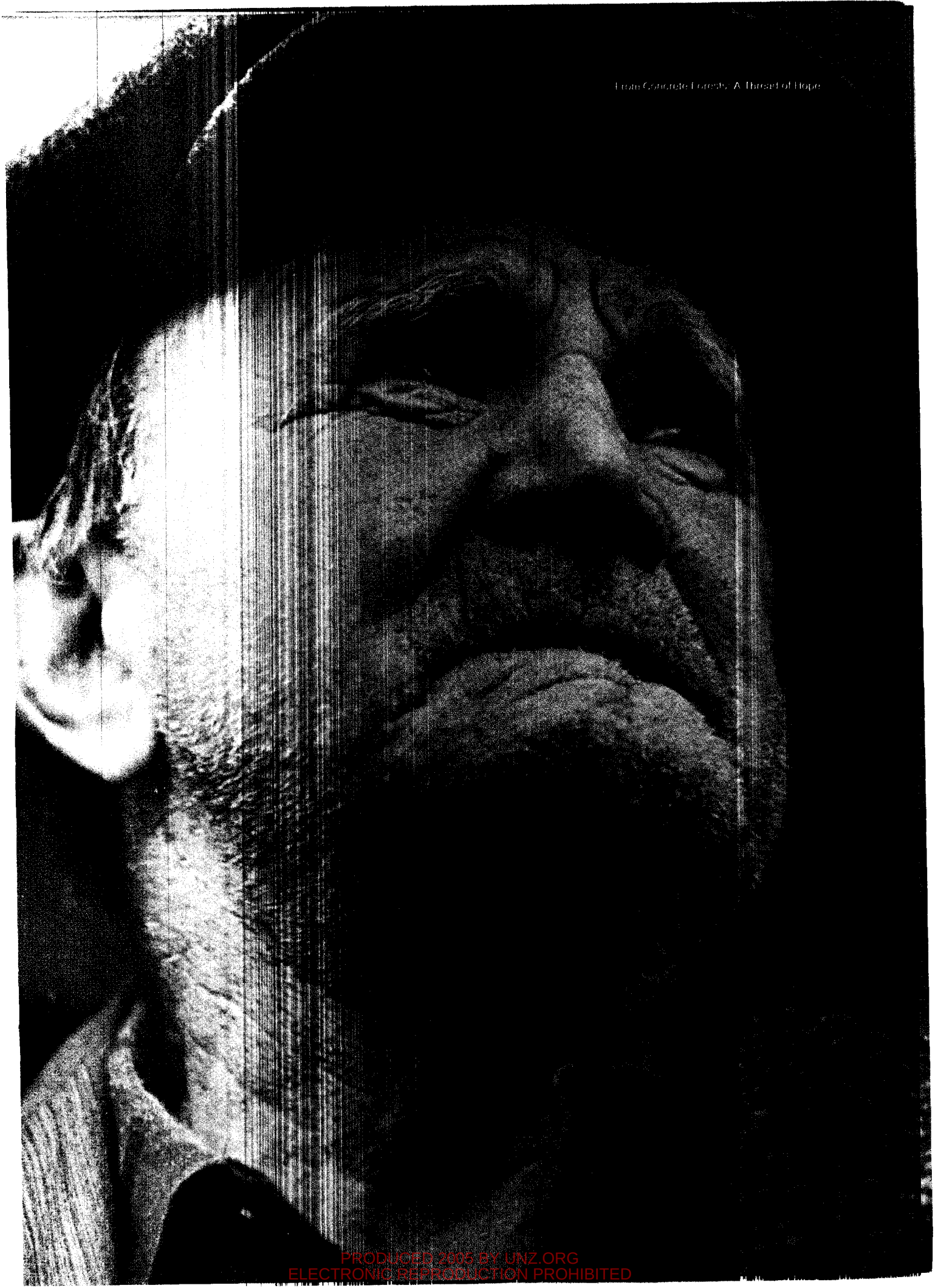

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